MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL #377

OCTOBER 2014

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

GRACE AMBROSE (NEW TOP 10!)

- UNA BÉSTIA INCONTROLABLE – live
- QLOAQA LETAL – Nunca, Siempre LP
- ORDEN MUNDIAL – Obediencia Debida LP
- SORROWS – demo / IN SCHOOL – live
- TERCER MUNDO – Ser Nosotros Mismos LP
- PRIMETIME – Tied Down EP
- WILD YOUTH – Wot 'Bout Me/Anti You 45
- BÖRN – LP / INFEKZIOA – Ezin Da Alde... EP
- LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS – Bat/X-Rod 45
- CODE BMUS – Strike Now 12" / BLANK PAGES – LP

LYDIA ATHANASOPOULOU

- QLOAQA LETAL – Nunca, Siempre LP
- ORDEN MUNDIAL – Obediencia Debida LP
- TERCER MUNDO – Ser Nosotros Mismos LP
- UNA BÉSTIA INCONTROLABLE – live
- BIG ZIT / OOZE – live
- STRASBOURG – Sexe et Violence LP
- CONTINGENT – Homme Sauvage/Vivons Tres Vite 45
- WILD YOUTH – Wot 'Bout Me/Anti You 45
- KOWARD / GREEN BERET – live
- PUFF – Identitätsverlust EP

MATT BADENHOP

- TERCER MUNDO – Ser Nosotros Mismos LP & live
- KNUSTE RUTER – Bruddstykker LP
- INFEKZIOA – Ezin Da Alde... EP
- MUJERCITOS – demo
- BÖRN – LP
- AUTONOMY/NO SIR, I WON'T – split LP
- ORDEN MUNDIAL – Obediencia Debida LP
- CARTOUCHE – Bread & Roses CD
- MAAILMANLOPPU/KUUDES SILMÄ – live
- BLANK PAGES – live

WILL BLOMQUIST

- COMMUNION OF THIEVES – live
- PROTESTANT – In Thy Name – LP
- MOTH – One Two LP / NERVOUS TREND –12"
- INFEKZIOA – Ezin Da Alde… EP
- SKAVEN – Discography LP
- QLOAQA LETAL – Nunca, Siempre LP
- CIORAN – 12"
- CODE BMUS – Strike Now 12" / DEADFEST – fest
- MAAILIMANLOPPU / VATS – live
- APOCALYPSE NOW / DEZ YUSUF – live

MITCH CARDWELL

- LIFE STINKS – Portraits/Sweep It Under the Rug 45
- THE YOLKS – Kings of Awesome LP
- APACHE DROPOUT – Heavy Window LP
- DANCER – Rootbeer Station EP
- ANOMALYS – Deadline Blues/No More! 45
- GIORGIO MURDERER – Primitive World EP
- AUSMUTEANTS – Stale White Boys... EP
- STORMTROOPER – I'm A Mess/It's Not Me 45
- SUBTLE TURNHIPS – Redhair With Some LP
- IMPEDIMENTS – live

ROBERT COLLINS

- NERV – live / NERVOUS TREND – LP
- ANIMALIA – El Ser Humano… cassette
- UNA BÉSTIA INCONTROLABLE – live
- PISS PISS PISS – Never Heard of Amebix cassette
- PROTESTANT – In Thy Name LP / CUM RAG – demo
- TERCER MUNDO – LP & live / BÖRN – LP
- WET DRAG – Silhouette Team cassette
- RESIST CONTROL – Cessation LP
- HERO DISHONEST – Kaikki Hajoaa EP
- HOT TIP - demo / BUSTED OUTLOOK – live

LAYLA GIBBON

- TERCER MUNDO – Ser Nosotros Mismos LP
- QLOAQA LETAL – Nunca, Siempre LP
- GIORGIO MURDERER – Primitive World EP
- LIFE STINKS – 45 / LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS – 45
- PRIMETIME – Tied Down EP
- STRASBOURG – LP / CONTINGENT – 45
- AR-KAICS – LP
- WILD YOUTH – 45 / CODE BMUS – 12"
- IN SCHOOL / VEXX / FLESH WORLD – live
- ORDEN MUNDIAL – LP / UNA BÉSTIA – live

DAN GOETZ

- BIG ZIT – live
- SORROWS – demo
- VEXX – live / IN SCHOOL – live
- GREEN BERET / KOWARD – live
- PISS TEST – LP
- TERCER MUNDO – Ser Nosotros Mismos LP & live
- SWEARIN' – What a Dump 12"
- OOZE – live
- BLOOD PRESSURE – The Facts EP
- BAD BLOOD – live / MISLED YOUTH – Waste EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

GREG HARVESTER

- TERCER MUNDO – Ser Nosotros Mismos LP
- PUFF – Identitätsverlust EP
- LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS – Bat/X-Rod 45
- COLD BEAT – Over Me LP
- PRIMETIME – Tied Down EP
- FISCAL CLIFF – demo
- POOR FORM – demo
- NERVOUS TREND – 12"
- USELESS EATERS – Desperate Living EP
- CODE BMUS – Strike Now 12"

KENNY KAOS

In Vinalhaven

CAROLYN KEDDY

- THE ACHTUNGS – Full of Hate LP
- GIORGIO MURDERER – Primitive World EP
- AR-KAICS – LP / MANATEEES – Earworm EP
- X-RAYS – Jameson Shot EP
- AUSMUTEANTS – Stale White Boys... EP
- GHETTO GHOULS – Plastic Violence/Things 45
- DANCER – Rootbeer Station EP
- WILD YOUTH – Wot 'Bout Me/Anti You 45
- CONTINGENT– Homme Sauvage/Vivons Tres Vite 45
- CALVARY – film

RAY LUJAN

- BEAR TRADE – Blood And Sand LP
- COLD BEAT – Over Me LP
- PAUL COLLINS – Feel The Noise CD
- IRON CHIC – Split N' Shit EP
- MARTHA – Courting Strong LP
- MOTHER'S CHILDREN – Lemon LP
- NERVOUS TREND – 12" / THE COPYRIGHTS – live
- SONNY VINCENT – Cyanide Consommé LP
- UNFUN – Shores Of Lake Erie 12"
- JOANNA GRUESOME – live / TWEENS – live

FRED SCHRUNK

- PRIMETIME – Tied Down EP
- TERCER MUNDO – Ser Nosotros Mismos LP
- QLOAQA LETAL – Nunca, Siempre LP
- SWEARIN' – What A Dump 12"
- BLANK PAGES – LP
- MURMURS – Fly With the Unkindness LP
- STRASBOURG – Sexe et Violence LP
- AUTONOMY/NO SIR, I WON'T – split LP
- PERTTI KURIKAN NIMIPÄIVÄT – Jarmo EP
- BÖRN – LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- BORN WRONG – Art District EP
- INKFEKZIOA – Ezin Da Alde... EP
- MANATEEES – Earworm EP
- USELESS EATERS – Desperate Living EP
- BLOOD PRESSURE – The Facts EP
- QLOAQA LETAL – Nunca, Siempre LP
- ORDEN MUNDIAL – Obediencia Debida LP
- TERCER MUNDO – Ser Nosotros Mismos LP
- STRASBOURG – Sexe et Violence LP
- BLANK PAGES – LP

DIANA VASHTI

- BIG ZIT – live
- TERCER MUNDO – Ser Nosotros Mismos LP
- MOTH – First Second LP
- RHYTHM OF CRUELTY – Dysphoria LP
- MANATEEES – Earworm EP
- BITTER FRUIT – It Gets Worse LP
- BLANK PAGES – LP
- COLD BEAT – Over Me LP
- BÖRN – LP
- NERVOUS TREND – LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Degenerate* #15
- *Radical Domesticity* #1 and #2
- *Music We Hate* #3
- *Nuts!* #14
- *Pure Hell* #1
- *Something for Nothing* #10
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- *Student Insurgent* Vol. 24, Issue 4
- *Zine Nation* #2
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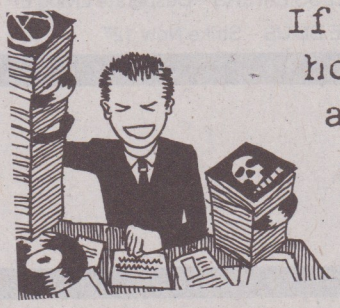

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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GCs, GOre Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/Novomber '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235 December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war Scene Reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in IRaq," "Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Mortician's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, Portland, Boston & Germany Scene Reports.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, Al, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/Sept. '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex ,Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by Icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hryduverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjertestop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, the Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special-Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports. Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History Part 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History Part 3.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part 1, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses Zine.

#345/February '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report Part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spokey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globsters, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester Zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#349/June '12. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scene Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground Part 1, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary Part 2, Girth records.

#357/February '13. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit scene report.

#358/March '13. 2012 Year End Top Tens, Brontez Purnell, Potty Mouth, Nitad, Schizophazia, East Anglia scene report.

#359/April '13. Sickoids, Hassler. Divorce. Cancer Spreading. la Flingue. the Line. White Murder, the Paper Bags versus the Meat Sluts. Greenville, SC scene report.

#360/May '13. Stress, Proxy, the Kids, Kalte Lust, HIRS, Autonomy, Nuclear Frost, Dead Air Studio, Blood Orange Infoshop, Death Traitors, Elks Lodge Massacre Revisited.

#361/June '13. Organize and Arise, Fear of Extinction, The Rats Tour Diary, Kathleen Hanna, The Shorts, Hard Feelings, No Power, Melusaaste, We Got Power Zine Part I.

#362/July '13. Jeff Paul, Trust Zine, Shaved Women, Hondartzako Hondakinak, Kurraka, Born Wrong, Homicide, United Arab Emirates & Toronto, Canada scene reports, We Got Power Zine Part II.

#363/August '13. Las Otras, Toinen Vaihtoehto zine, Sudor, Terveet Kädet, Black & White, Stillsuit, Taquila Mockingbird, Arturo Vega, Ruined Families, Baitline!!! zine, R.O.T.T.E.R., No Mistake, Siren Songs, Yorba Linda, CA scene report.

#364/September '13. Last Chaos, Snob Value, NE! Records, RAD, Asile, Whatever Brains, The New Flesh, Trashies, Forgotten Generation, Nightfall/ Population Zero, Texas Filth Scene Report.

#365/Ocotber '13. Condition Tour Diary, Zudas Krust, Doomed Society Radio, Kontrasekt, Bib Black Cloud, Hero Dishonest, Violent Party, Helvetin Viemärit, Malcolm, Clearview Records, Brno, CZ Scene Report.

#366/November '13. Chaos Destroy, Permanent Ruin, Thisclose, Halsey Swain, Rosa Apatrida, No More Fiction, Räjäyttäjät, Nudes, Tarantuja, Destruye y Huye, Vertical House Records, Punk Photo Roadtrip.

#367/December '13. The Mob, Creem, Gag, generacion Suicida, Good Throb, Force Fed Drugs, Total Trash, Life Chain, Concrete Worms, War// Plague, Julia Ostertag, Bad American.

#368/January '14. Queer Issue with Anti-Corpos, Shopping, Glory Hole, Porcelain, Strong Boys, Ejaculoid, Closet Burner, Peeple Watchin', Samuel Shanahoy, Dures et Gays, Priests, Groke, Screaming Queens tour diary, Queer Zine Fest London, International Queer Scene Report.

#369/February '14. Dezerter, Arctic Flowers, Stoic Violence, Strange Factory, Gobierno Militar, Poliskitzo, Voight-Kampff, Rat/Xerox, Nü-kle-er Blast Suntan.

#370/March '14. Year End Top Tens, Nervosas, Komplikations, Mallwalkers, New Orleans punk documentary Almost Ready.

#371/April '14. Bill Bondsman, Crapoulet Records, O! Kult, Rational Animals, Stab, Woolf, Varix, New York's Alright Fest, Miami Scene Report.

#372/May '14. EU's Arse, Siege, XAXAXA, Razorcake, Alert! Alert! Space Wolves, Rhythm of Cruelty, Straight Crimes, PMMA, Strange Attractor, Revenge of the Psychotronic Man, Scotland Scene Report.

#373/June '14. Anti You, Crusades, Rat Damage, Hank., Cottaging, Pesadilla, Distopika, Fed Up Fest, Damn Broads, Destry Hampton, Ben Snakepit & Mitch Clem, Los Culitos, The Lowest.

#374/July '14. No Babies, Grand Collapse, Gulag Beach, 1984, Quaaludes, Ausmuteants, Countdown to Armageddon, Wañuy, Fear of the Future, Bishops Green, Colombia Scene Report, Igor Vidmar, Endless Grinning Skulls.

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear Maximum—
Sorry I could only give one copy of the record this time, we just pressed too few.

I just wanted to say that we have been reading the mag forever and that as much as it seems that punk hasn't grown up well with all the trends of modern society that seem to infiltrate and permeate it so easily now, we still appreciate the effort. I read something about going digital and I guess it's unavoidable, but the sad thing is that without its archaic traditions punk really is nothing special. I hate seeing indie websites littered with indie ads, but don't mind flipping through *MRR*'s ads, you know? It just feels less invasive, if that makes sense.

Oh and this band [Moth] is from Copenhagen, Denmark, and the music is very much borderline punk, but the band and the label are very much punk forever...

—Mass Media Records Family

Dear MRR *crew*—
Another record of a yet totally unknown band called WWHIRR. The band is a three-piece combo from the suburbs of Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Emi at the vocals is the head behind them and also plays in Tools of the Trade. Man is playing the bass and is involved in the bands Crimescene, Saryan Hassan, and Annihilation Turbo Kids. Both Emi and Man are the heads of a gig place called Rumah Api, a squat-like venue supporting the growing HC community in Kuala Lumpur and Southeast Asia.

First time I met them and WWHIRR was when Tragedy toured Southeast Asia last spring. I returned to Kuala Lumpur last December to attend the Chaos in Rumah Api Fest, the first real international fest in a legal venue [in Malaysia], happening over three days with lots of Southeast Asian bands, but [with bands] from Europe, Korea, and the US as well.

Even though I haven't been active in the scene for quite some time, I felt the energy in Kuala Lumpur so strongly, like back in the days in Potsdam, Berlin. That's why I decided to put out that record and there might be more to follow, as most labels seem to ignore the scene in Southeast Asia.

I've always been curious about bands from "obscure" destinations. That's why I tried to explore it in Israel in 1998/1999, Russia and Southeast Asia since like 2006. Hope I'm able to open a door that's still hidden for most Western hardcore kids. More, I hope to open a door to your heart with that record, put out with lots of love and patience.

Thank you very much for taking time for it and putting ugly green tape around it.
MRR Crew, you rock it!

Sincerely yours,
Jørn
merciless.records@gmx.de

Dear MRR—
Hi! Just received the August issue of *MRR*. It's good to be back in contact. I'm in a drug rehab facility in Coloma, California called the Progress House. I'm loving this place and learning a lot about myself. It's in the hills above Sacramento and it is amazing beautiful up here. We're close to the river and have deer and wild turkeys come through the property. We have weights, too, and a CD player. I'm in the process of trying to get some good street punk, Oi! and hardcore to pump some iron to. Motivation, you know?!

That's sort of why I'm writing. I wanna know if anyone out there can let me know what's going on with the street punk/Oi! movement? I'm interested in zines, labels, events, etc. Especially interested in bands like Discharger, Plan of Attack, Fed Up, Doc Evil, and Razorcut.

Besides that, I got an old friend doing life that reads your magazine. His name is Robert Valencia—"Small Block." If you read this or if anyone knows what's up with him, his whereabouts, etc., have him write!

Well, that's it for now. Take care. My address is as below.

—Greg Busby
PO Box 437
Coloma, CA 95613

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EUROPEAN TOUR FALL 2014!

OCTOBER	NOVEMBER
9/10 KOLN (DE)	1/11 MUNICH (DE)
10/10 MANNHEIM (DE)	2/11 LEIPZIG (DE)
11/10 FREIBURG (DE)	3/11 BERLIN (DE)
12/10 LYON (FR)	4/11 POTSDAM (DE)
13/10 BORDEAUX (FR)	5/11 HAMBURG (DE)
14/10 BARCELONA (SP)	7/11 HANNOVER (DE)
15/10 VALENCIA (SP)	9/11 AMSTERDAM (NE)
16/10 MADRID (SP)	10/11 PARIS (FR)
17/10 PAU (FR)	11/11 CAEN (FR)
18/10 TOULOUSE (FR)	12/11 BRISTOL (UK)
19/10 MARSEILLE (FR)	13/11 BIRMINGHAM (UK)
20/10 MILAN (IT)	14/11 MANCHESTER (UK)
22/10 BOLOGNA (IT)	15/11 SHEFFIELD (UK)
23/10 ILLIRSKA BISTRICA (SLO)	16/11 DURHAM (UK)
24/10 ZAGREB (CR)	17/11 LEEDS (UK)
25/10 BELGRADE (SER)	18/11 NOTTINGHAM (UK)
26/10 OSIJEK (CR)	19/11 LONDON (UK)
27/10 SZEGED (HU)	20/11 KORTRIJK (BE)
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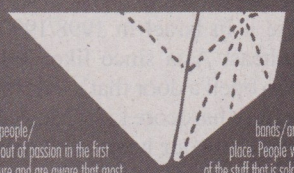
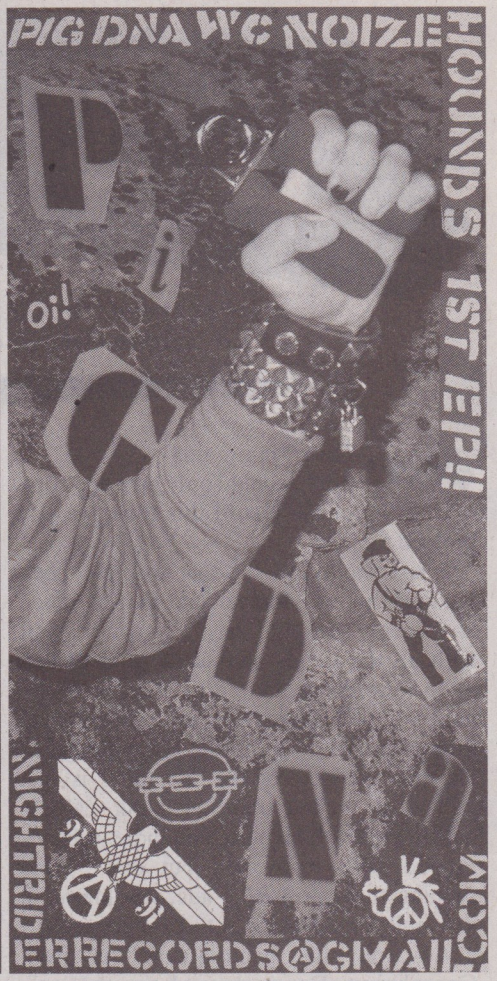


We like to meet people/ do what they do out of passion in the first underground culture and are aware that most that flag is total crap only made to make money. get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

bands/art/sport/etc. that place. People who believe in a of the stuff that is sold nowadays under And, if you feel you can write and relate,

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

PIG DNA WC NOIZE



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COLUMNS

A new zine has come out in Melbourne, surprisingly well done for a first issue. It's a power pop fanzine called *Teenage Fantasies*, that comes with a free mixtape of such tunes. There's a stack of content, the layout is perfect for the style and the writing is informative and easy to read. The accompanying mix tape contains well-known hits as well as some underground obscurities. It sold out straight away (which is what happens when you only make 40 copies) but they'll make more after this success. There are old adverts, reviews, recommendations, opinion pieces, interviews and photos from a time in the '60s and '70s when this genre boomed, but also including some more contemporary bangers—all and everything that's good about power pop and first wave punk music. So grab a copy if you're into oldies but goodies like the SHIVVERS, PROTEX, the RASPBERRIES, the Exploding HEARTS and lots more.

A few months ago, Kate, who is one of two contributing people to *Teenage Fantasies*, was at my house. She spotted a punk calendar one of my housemates had hung on our kitchen wall, and we started having a good chuckle about how terrible it was. A bunch of punk guys, mostly naked, in suggestive poses. There was no art or creativity in the photography or the calendar, besides using props in the photos. An ironic spin off on a usual calendar best-seller of scantily clad ladies, but ultimately plain and boring. We joked about how we could do it better and how neat it would be to do an Australian punk ladies calendar. That idea suddenly because a real possibility and so, as in addition to the upcoming releases of *Stitches in My Head* #7 and *Teenage Fantasies* #2 comes a calendar of Australian punk ladies for 2015. We're super excited about this project, and just before you start jumping to conclusions, it's not a nudie. Every page is themed and there are some artists and contributors doing different things, all ladies except for our "New York Dolls" month (spoiler alert). All up, it contains a bunch (unfortunately there are not enough months to fit all) of awesome ladies in the punk scene, whether in bands or doing art, photos etc. that excel in their skill, and for me, it was a way of telling the underground punk world how admirable these ladies are who contribute to our local Australian punk scene. It is currently a work in progress, as we are still taking photos and putting it all together. If interested, you can find it through either fanzine closer to the end of the year, with an expected launch date around end of November.

Back to the punk fanzine scene, there are a few other new punk-orientated zines out in Melbourne this year that I would like to cover. *Homo Gestalt* is done by Scott, who drums in DIPLOID, a hardcore/sludge/screamo band from the south-side punk scene. In the intro of the first (and so far only) issue, he states "the main aim of this zine is to provide a wider spectrum of the punk scene that [he] felt was undocumented…[that] needed to have a light shed on them as [he] feel[s] they are doing something interesting, whether it be weird, contemporary…" However, in the four interviews that make up this fanzine, two of those people are well known or have already been heavily interviewed in the punk scene, seemingly passing up on his wanting to document the undocumented, firstly, and secondly, in this making the weird not as weird as expected. The other two interviews however are a lot more in line with his intro. The catch is that I, and I assume majority of other people that read this zine, will take interest in the former of the two, as they are already familiar to us. The interviews are with Lewis who does No Patience Records in Adelaide, and Rohan who is well known as the mind behind EXTORTION. He currently plays bass in on-again off-again grind band TRENCH SISTERS. The other two interviews are with LA based artist YANN NOVAK and local cultist MANDEK PENHA. It all boils down to his questions though, as he focuses on areas that are easily overlooked, questioning the smaller details that say a lot more about the person than the generic questions an interviewer can find hard to pull away from. He sums up all that general information in the intro and uses the interview to dig deep. He takes inspiration from *Distort* and *SSEX*, but mostly it's just him, and not only brings out a deeper side of the person being interviewed but also shows a lot about himself. All up a good read.

Nrrrds to the Front is done by Nicole Goodwin, who takes photos at straightedge hardcore shows, and is assisted by partner Michael Fitzsimmons. He runs Life.Lair.Regrets Records with his twin brother Robert, a Melbourne straightedge hardcore label and distro, who put together a lot of good all ages shows and organize tours. They're really active and efficient in what they do, check out some of their releases from MAN HUNT, FROZEN OVER, IMPACT ZONE, IRON MIND, LIFE'S FATE, STARVATION, NEGATIVE REINFORCEMENT and more. The fanzine title represents and encourages diversities in the scene—it's OK to be straightedge, females are welcome and will be treated as equals. I'm sure they would have put references to gay rights and race diversity if they could fit it in the title too, but knowing these guys and their all-encompassing unity and encouragement, it's implied anyway. I received issue #2 in the mail and was impressed that the zine was so thick, which I assumed meant lots of content. It did have that, but there were also a lot of big fonts and layout that could be improved. I skimmed over it and was disappointed as a lot of the same questions were used for each interview, with only slight changes between them. It seemed they took the easy way out to amass a large amount of content to put a zine together, but it lacked any depth. However, this view comes from constantly looking at fanzines that are striving to be weirder, focusing on unheard of cult obscurities, etc. I like zines like *Nrrrds to the Front* because it reminds me that it's OK to make your zine however you want and not follow a formula to fit in. It is aimed at an audience of teenagers just coming into the scene and looking to be active. The right approach is taken in encouraging and supporting the reader. The interviews in this issue have big names like Henry Rollins, local labels like Lewis of No Patience and Graham of Resist Records, and musicians like Erle from EXTINCT EXIST and TRENCH SISTERS. Also underground internationals like Chris of Bridge Nine Records and Greg from Toronto's Not Dead Yet Fest. The questions ask what the interviewee does in the scene, how they got into hardcore, other projects they do in the scene, what's coming up for them and if they think hardcore has an age limit. The editors also give advise on putting on shows, putting out your band's music on cassette tape, and it also has a great guest piece about feminism in the male dominated hardcore scene. "Male, female or otherwise, who gives a fuck—we all have a bone to pick with the world, so let's do it together". The writing has a few jokes and is light hearted but contains serious information

and a lot of passion for music too. They list upcoming hardcore shows at the end and have random "Nrrrd" facts throughout the zine. All over a positive vibe and good funny reading material (that's a compliment). New issues coming out quick and constantly.

A new issue of *SSEX* has finally come out but unfortunately I haven't gotten my hands on a copy yet. Other zines out this year include another *Distort, Down and Out, Stitches in My Head, Bad//Teeth* and a few others. Five to ten years ago the majority of music zines coming out of Australia were a lot more straight up hardcore inspired and maybe one or two crust ones. For the moment, it's mostly punk. Search the titles online and buy a copy.

I don't think anyone should take advice, but there are a lot of things for the punks to talk about, so we might as well do it here. Think of this more as an opinion *column though.*
(...and if we need a tagline for that I hope it can be something as vague as: "A column for people who are intrigued by the subtle difference between "punks" and "punx.")

Dear Mr. R,
I love my friends but I don't actually like any of the bands they are in. What is a good way to be supportive of them without faking a deep love of drivel?

Love,
Anonymous Hater

A person once wisely said, "You can't like all of your friend's bands. It's statistically impossible." We gotta be right out in the open to ourselves about the kind of haters we are willing to be. You know, like, we could choose to be haters to our friends, or we could choose to be haters of all those mystery people who are apparently writing in our permanent punk record when we mosh too hard for a friend's terrible hardcore band.

I'm really glad that this question asks *how* to support your friends and not whether or not you should be obligated to do so in the first place. One of the things that attracts people to punk is that it's not supposed to be perfect. It has historically tried to destroy hierarchy and find beauty in imperfection, but it's not always like that. We could stand to be far less judgmental of each other socially as well as creatively. Not that you should have to, but faking a deep love of drivel is not the worst possible decision. And being supportive doesn't mean you have to offer any feedback, go to every single show, have a back patch or say "OMG that was *sooo* good" to people when you don't really mean it.

Consider the way people handle appearance questions. You don't have to tell everyone that their mohawk is lopsided. And even if fanny packs are stupid, you can appreciate their usefulness and the way this particular fanny pack brings out the color of your friend's eyes. Even though I know that you actually asked how not to have to resort to that sort of thing, I guess, really, my only real suggestion is perspective. Try to remember that it doesn't even matter whether or not the band is good. If you go to the show, you'll probably have fun, and if you choose not to go because the band might suck, you're running the risk of turning square overnight.

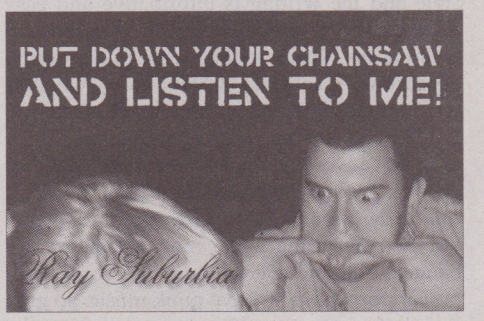
Dear Mr. R,
I don't wanna sound like an old grump, but what the fuck is the deal with crowdfunding *everything* these days? I'll happily give people money for things like medical bills, rehab, pre-ordering a book or LP (for a normal price), and whatnot. Lately, though, people seem so entitled, that they will "kickstart" everything from a new van, to plane tickets, or a road trip. I get it—money sucks and so do jobs. If you are so excited and motivated for your project why don't you get a job (or pull a couple of easy scams) to pay for it? *Especially* if it is your first tour, LP, movie, zine etc...

Yours,
Kickstopper

Maybe punks should actually start a punk point accrual program so that they can build up points that can then be exchanged for services instead of having to use actual money. You know, a bitcoin kinda thing. Then nobody would have to write out these embarrassing profiles explaining why they're so deserving of all of our punk dollars. 'Cause they're currently really, *really* embarrassing to read. So embarrassing.

I mean, I suppose when I imagine people coming up with these profiles and their big plans to internet fundraise piles of money for something as nonessential as a new tour van or money to go on a puppet show vacation or whatever, I have to assume that they are picturing themselves taking rich faceless internet beings for everything they have, and not their loving DIY punk community. So maybe it needs to be said: Hey. You're actually asking your friends to support you. And you're usually asking them over and over and over again and asking them to ask their friends on your behalf over and over and over again. And do you really think your friends believe you when you tell them that building a loft in your van is going to cost $5,000? And why do you need them to pay to put out your book, *and* your record, *and* send you on your tour *and* pay all those T-shirt printing costs, all at the same time? People even tend to beef up their projects in order to cover the fees the sites tack on while trying to make themselves seem even more vital/needy on the crowdfunding scale. It makes for a bigger internet payday. I know that no one forces anyone else to give money to those things, and that if we're really opposed we can just choose not to give, but, to me, the existence of these things is divisive and creatively stunting whether or not I contribute. We need to remember that punk has finite resources, okay? If you don't want to get a job or take the time to find a new copy scam, don't ask your friends to be financially responsible for your creativity.

I definitely do agree that there are some things that make sense to crowdfund. I've given money for friend's medical bills and unforeseen emergencies, and luckily, I hadn't just given my last dollar to buy someone a plane ticket to Europe and was able to help when they needed me. But, yeah, preprinting/preordering costs make sense too, but people seem to be incapable of seeing themselves and their projects/needs as any less deserving than anyone else's and we run the risk of desensitizing ourselves to matters of actual importance. So, in summation, let's always remember to try to DIO (Do It Ourselves) first, and to tell our friends directly when we feel like they are being unreasonable.
Send all of your inquiries to askmrr@mail.com! Think your friend is totally *wrong about something other than just their most recent kickstarter? Let me settle your friendly dispute! The winner will receive one hundred punk points, redeemable for one hundredth of a tour van!*
(Disclaimer: Contrary to popular belief, MRR *is not actually a licensed dealer of punk points)*



"You can look at anything as a cult."
—Phillip Seymour Hoffman

One of the first things I did when I moved to San Francisco was go down to 1859 Geary Boulevard, not too far from the MRR compound. Nothing much to see there these days, but a few decades back it was the headquarters of one of San Francisco's most famous exporters of Kool-Aid, The Peoples Temple. You see, I kind of love cults—at least the idea of them. I find fascism so incredibly fascinating (apologies to Susan for that one), and the interpersonal fascism of cults is just so intriguing to me. And what better place to be if you're into cults than San Francisco?

Considering how small this city is (49 square miles), the amount of cults that have operated here is pretty astounding. It's as if there is some kind of magnetic draw to the city for them. Oakland is too busy working to have the time to join a cult, and Berkeley is way too liberal to want to engage in the kind of fascist-tinged freedoms that cult life has to offer. But San Francisco, this small city, was pretty much made on the back of get-rich-quick prospectors and missionaries. Money and power. Cult.

California is pretty much the literal fringe of the Western world, and the kind of Europeans that came to this part of the Americas were fucking insane. You had to be to cross mountains and desert and decide to build a city on hills so crazy that they inlay staircases into the sidewalks. You also had to be tough, and ruthless, and be able to convince a group of people—or follow a convincing leader—to make it. San Francisco is the freaky fascist capital of the West. This is where fringe of the fringe come to lay their roots.

The Peoples Temple is probably the city's most historically famous cult, what after killing a congressman and the largest amount of American citizens in a single act prior to 9/11. What a lot of people don't remember is how Jim Jones' personal fascism was cloaked in classic San Francisco liberal progressivism. The reason Jones moved the cult to Guyana was because he feared the US government was making a fascist turn. He wanted his largely black, working class church to live in a socialist communal community in a historically black country. The Peoples Temple also basically rigged the election of progressive, liberal SF mayor George Moscone in 1975 and helped work the community outreach campaign of Harvey Milk. They also would let punk bands have shows there—Alice Bag once said one of her favorite shows with the Bags was at the Peoples Temple space. Isn't there something just deliciously creepy about all this?

Beyond the Peoples Temple you've got the Satanic Church whose Black House headquarters was located in the Richmond neighborhood from 1966 until Anton LaVey's death in 1997. Again, here we have a group of people using fascist styled art and ritualized pageantry to promote "let your blackened freak flag fly," "do what thou wilt shall be the whole of my bag, man" freedom. Let's play a quick game—who said this, Benito Mussolini or Anton LaVey?:

"Love is one of the most intense feelings felt by man; another is hate. Forcing yourself to feel indiscriminate love is very unnatural. If you try to love everyone you only lessen your feelings for those who deserve your love. Repressed hatred can lead to many physical and emotional ailments. By learning to release your hatred towards those who deserve it, you cleanse yourself of these malignant emotions and need not take your pent-up hatred out on your loved ones."

Yup! Good old Spooky Tony with that one! But seriously, isn't that some genuinely scary shit? Much more terrifying in its ideology than all those capes and cowls and Marilyn Manson endorsements from the '90s.

If you want to put on your tinfoil hats for a moment, we can talk about the world-controlling cult of The Bohemian Club who have been orchestrated the direction of the world at their yearly retreat in Bohemian Grove since 1878. Their Cremation of Care ceremony (err... "theatrical production") and Grove Plays (read: crypto-fascist productions lauding the strength of men, leadership and power over the weak and deservedly underfoot) would also be deliciously creepy if not for the fact that the cult's (shit, sorry, "club's") membership list is keep mostly secret, but has been known to have *every* Republican president since 1932, a good handful of the Democratic ones, some Secretaries of State, CEOs of some of the largest corporations ever... and Tennessee Ernie Ford.

This is the twist that I find most intriguing with Bohemian Grove. What started as a club for rough-and-tumble muckraking journalists, over time, turned into a cult of corporate and political power—a great metaphor for the transformation that the city is currently going through. This tech revolution has had some people claiming that Crime was right and that San Francisco's doomed. At every show and bar I hear of the lamentation of the loss of "weird" San Francisco. How the old San Francisco of cults and the Diggers and the freaky-freaky Haight hippies is long gone. I know I've done it countless times.

But how wrong I was. How wrong we all are.

This city's long mythological lineage of as the end of the Western world, the final point of Western thought, the end of the sanity of the West has not been severed. Oh no. We've just been blinded by how goddamn cult-y this city has actually become. There has never been a time as vibrant and exciting as now for someone who wants to join a cult in San Francisco. All you have to do is remember one thing:

Don't be evil.

While we've all been stuck in the past, wondering where all the flowing white robes and sex magick and people on the street corners passing out pamphlets went, we've been missing the cult take over of San Francisco by the city's newest cults. The cults of tech. Facebook. Twitter. And the grooviest guru of them all, Google—the new Peoples Temple.

Just think about it for a minute—these people *are not* normal. They put computers on their faces, refer to themselves as Explorers and Early Adopters, and then treat everyone else like they're doomed fools for not joining them. Oh, and they're not just gonna change the world, but save it—by making it exactly how they think it should be. Oh, Google and Twitter, you rapscallious Svengalis you, I had you pegged all wrong. #creepycrawl.

Cults are about one thing: power. Cults exist within a very specific top-down power dynamic. Those in charge use their power to give the *feeling* of empowerment to those below them. By giving people a sense of power, you now have what you need to maintain power: control.

Google buses are always attacked as a symbol of tech snobbery and creeping gentrification. When I wrote my column about tech in the Bay months ago I was blind to the larger picture. The buses aren't just there because tech companies wants to keep us non-tech folk at bay, they want to keep their followers (sorry... employees) in.

Tom Forenski, formerly of the *Financial Times*, is a media and technology analyst that has spent some time looking into Google/tech as cult. He now blogs for such sites as ZDNet.com and SiliconValleyWatcher.com and has published a couple pieces specifically about this subject. Instead of paraphrasing him, I'd like to just give you a couple excerpts from an article he published on ZDNet on January 21st, 2014:

"Building a company culture is the same as building a cult and the practices are well known, studied and effective at controlling people, and are used by many mainstream organizations such as Alcoholics Anonymous, not just Google. They tell their members to use anonymity and secrecy. Google, for example, discourages staff from identifying themselves as employees. Cults keep their members in groups and indoctrinate them daily with an ideology that is designed to separate them psychologically, not just physically. Group dynamics indoctrinate faster than can be done individually. Members are repeatedly told they are not like the rest of the world. Cult members often travel with a minder (bus driver) that makes sure they don't stray along the way. When criticized by outsiders, a cult's hold on its members is strengthened, it emphasizes the 'us and them' isolation."

He also has a pretty tidy list of tech cult practices:

"The tech workers are scooped up in shuttle buses early in the morning and dropped off late in the evening. No time to socialize locally. During the day tens of thousands are inside guarded campus enclaves. No one goes out to local stores and restaurants and around Google's HQ, there's a struggle to stay in business. Tech companies provide free food, haircuts, dental appointments, gym, laundry, and dry cleaning, even apartment cleaning. No need to shop local or interact locally. Mealtimes are important social events and here, tech workers are encouraged to eat in company facilities. Yet another interface with local people is removed. There's very little time during the week to make friends outside of work."

To make up for this lack of social interaction, a lot of tech firms and venture capitalists are increasingly pushing for retreats. Is there anything more cult-y than a group of like-minded people isolating themselves from the world to become even more tight-knit? There's a multimillion-dollar company by the name of Summit that bought a mountain in Colorado for retreats last year.

That's right, *they bought a fucking mountain.* For 40 million dollars Summit purchased Powder Mountain and renamed it... *Eden.* I have to applaud this move. Mountain isolation is classic cult, but that some next level shit. Summit's definitely got the cult game on lockdown. I recommend looking up the perfectly titled article "The Startup Crowd is Becoming an Actual Cult" on Valleywag for some further insight into how events at Eden go down. The screenshots and pics from the attendees and their remarks on the experience are one step away from, "Where the fuck is the Kool-Aid, yo?!"

Now buying a mountain retreat and isolating people from the larger society is all good and cult-y, but where's the music? What's an SF

cult without some weirdo bangers? Both the Peoples Temple and Anton LaVey cut some hot platters. The Diggers had the Dead and Jefferson Airplane providing the soundtrack to their communal experiences. Everyone knows that music is probably the second best way to get people involved in your cult (the first being money, and the cult of tech has got that in spades).

Well, we can look forward to the progress and results of the SFMusicTech Summit series, whose mission statement is "Bring[ing] together visionaries in the evolving music/business/technology ecosystem, along with the best and brightest developers, entrepreneurs, investors, service providers, journalists, musicians, and organizations who work with them at the convergence of culture and commerce." And by the looks of it, it seems to be working. Shitworker extraordinaire, Heidi, has a story of being Google Glassed at a bar during a set by a Ramones cover band made up of tech workers.

The cult of tech is using the Ramones to bring people in. That's so SF cult that it almost makes me smile. We are officially through the Google Glass, people.

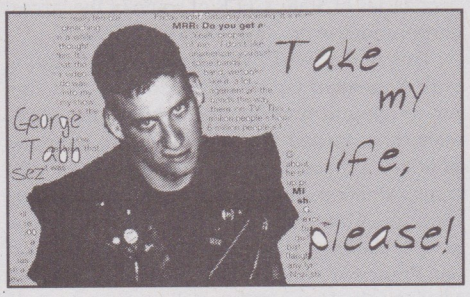
I used to walk around San Francisco cursing the darkness as to the dearth of weirdos and freakers in 2014. No more. My eyes have been opened. Where I was once blind, now I see. *Hallelujah!* The creeping corporate fascism of Google is almost total. It's now in the area just before civic religion—cult. Good, old fashioned SF cult. With a decidedly modern twist. Honestly, through this lens, I kinda like the techies a little bit more.

So next time you're riding on BART and see someone pull out a laptop and start coding, or a giant white bus with blacked out windows rolls past you on the street, don't think, "Man, these squares are ruining the freak-vibe of old San Francisco," just smile and think to yourself, "Finally, the cults of SF have taken over."

Somewhere Jim Jones is smiling down on his city.

END NOTES:

1. Not only am I back doing stuff with *MRR*, I'm also starting a new print/digital zine by the name of *No Friends*. Like this rag here, it's gonna be a contributor-based DIY zine, though the content will have a little wider in scope than some of the other bigger punk zines out there right now—a good compliment to this zine and our buddies over at *Razorcake*. I'm currently looking for people interested in contributing to it, as well as people interested in advertising and labels interested in sending in material for review (both physical and digital). Shoot an email to nofriendszine@gmail.com if you wanna be a part of it. I'm assembling the first two issues, with the goal to have issue #1 out in January.
2. I wanna congratulate Grace on being the new coordinator at *MRR*. She seems like a rad lady that can handle the endless punk onslaught that is this zine.
3. Someone teach me to code cause it seems like that's the only way to join a cult around here these days.
4. Hortense Powdermaker just moved to San Francisco. Come by Thrillhouse Records and hang out with her. She could use some new friends.
5. The new Weird Al album is *amazing*. Get it.



"You wrote about your butt doctor last month," explains Elena, and she prepares to feed to the barking Yorkshire Terrorists in the kitchen, Rocket and Jett.

Jett is spinning in circles faster than a turbo clothes dryer.

Rocket is barking louder than a Ramones concert. In my bathroom.

"Uh huh," I manage to say the three ring circus.

"well," Elena says, "what are you gonna write about this month? Your penis doctor?"

***

The light is so bright that I feel like I am being interrogated by the nazis or something. I imagine the conversation to go something like "So, Jew, we know there are others like you, others who are involved in your underground movement. We want their names."

Of course I would refuse to talk.

"You'll never get anything out of me, nazi swine. You'll have to kill me first," I'd say.

"Kill you? That'd be too good for you. No. We have something better planned."

I'd tell them that nothing, nothing they could do to me would make me talk. Make me give up my friends, or the movement.

Then the nazi would speak again.

"Hans, take Mr. Tabb here to Florida."

I'd scream, "No, not Florida. Evan, he's in the movement. Michael, him too. Tim, he has a magazine, go after him. Please, just don't take me to Florida!"

But the light wasn't a truth device from the Gestapo.

It was an operating room light used in surgery.

And I was the patient.

Laying on a cold white table with my urologist, Dr. Reckler, standing in front of me.

"Well, George, like I told you before, this examination won't really hurt all that much."

I tell him good, I really don't enjoy pain too much. Especially when it is my own.

He goes on to explain that this is a relatively simple procedure, and should be over within a half-hour. He also tells me that some patients are put under a general for this, but seeing as I am a strong young man, I should have no problem.

I tell him that I am a strong young man, and as long as he is not sending me south of Georgia, I'll be just fine. He just looks at me.

"So, George," the doctor explains, "this procedure is called a Cystostopy. What I am going to do is basically insert this tube here into your urethra. Then we will have a look around through the microscope lens on the end of the tube, and see how you are doing inside."

I tell him that that is no problem.

I don't know what the hell he is talking about. "How are you going to get into my urethra?" I ask him.

I don't even know what a urethra is.

I had thought it was that black woman who sang "Respect" in the Blues Brothers Movie.

"Oh," explains the doctor, "that is simple, we shall just enter through the tip of your penis."

"My what?" I yell.

"Your penis, through the hole in it, I'll insert the tube, travel through your urethra, have a look at your testicles, your oversized prostate, and your kidneys."

I almost faint.

Then I ask him to see the tube.

"You don't really want to see it, it doesn't matter. It is just a simple ridged steel tube with a periscope-type device on the end."

"Lemme see it," I exclaim. If someone is gonna stick something inside my dick, I wanna know what it looks like.

"Okay," says Dr. Reckler, "Nurse, hand me the scope."

The sweet looking blonde nurse opens a folded sheet on the O.R. table and hands the doctor the scope.

"Hold it up, I can't see it", I say to Dr. Reckler.

"You sure you wanna see this?" he says.

"Yes," I say, getting impatient. The doctor holds up the scope. It does have a periscope end on it. About the diameter of a diaphragm.

Then I look at the tube part.

It is steel.

And has the width of, oh, I'd say a pencil. Or a Sharpie.

I calmly say to Dr. Reckler, "Sorry, there is no way that is going inside of me. Have a nice day," and I start to get up off the table.

He pushes me back down. "It's not that bad," he says to me. But it is.

***

Dr Reckler tells me to relax, and I finally say that I will try.

Try.

Dr. Reckler then explains to me that he is now going to remove my sweat pants, as he take off my sneakers.

I figure it is okay.

He is a doctor. Ya seen one schlong, ya seen 'em all. And besides, it was just us two guys and one nurse in the room.

She has probably seen lots of schlongs. I bet, close up, even.

And so what if the doctor was gonna touch it and stuff, I mean, he did that all day long. That was his job.

I just hoped that I didn't get excited or anything. I mean, what would the nurse think. The doctor touching me, and me getting a woody or something. Two guys, together.

I didn't wanna think about it.

So the doctor removes my sweats and, well, my penis is now out for him and the nurse to see.

He doesn't seem to really notice it, but I see the nurse looking at it. Then she looks at me.

And smiles.

I don't think I am gonna like this.

Then Dr. Reckler says, "George, you don't mind if I have a few residents come in and watch this procedure, do you?"

Before I can object, four girl residents enter the Operating Room. And they are all cute. And they see me laying on the table. With my pants off. And my dick hanging out. And they all look at it. And suddenly I begin to think of all these girls and me.

I try not to. But I do.

I think of them all over me, and suddenly I feel something begin to move down there.

And the doctor isn't touching it yet. I try to think of other things. Baseball, Nintendo, The Son Of The King Of Punk Rock, Beer, My Grandmother, The Band That Can Not Be Mentioned, etc. But none of it works.

All my blood is rushing south. I look into the faces of the residents and the nurse.

They all smile at me. Finally, the blonde nurse takes my hand and tells me it is "okay". She says that it is normal.

I feel like dying.

***

"Let the procedure begin", says Dr. Reckler as he takes out the long tube and makes his way toward my now half-erect penis.

But before he does anything, he says, "listen, George, first we are going to flood your bladder, then empty it. Just to make sure nothing is up there. This won't hurt."

Then he takes a tube, puts it into the tip of my penis, which hurts like hell, and somehow starts to pump fluid into me. I feel like I am pissing in reverse. I wince in pain.

The nurse holds my hand tighter and tells me it will be okay. Then, I feel my bladder so full, I feel as if it is going to burst.

Dr. Reckler than says, "Okay, George, now I am going to empty it", and he does.

Some how he uses this vacuum-cleaner type thing and I feel my self pissing all over the place. Actually I am pissing into a tube, I hope, but somehow I feel as if it is going all over everything. I again squeeze the nurses hand. I then look up at all the residents. Some are taking notes, and others are just staring at my wingdoodle.

Wonderful.

"Now we are going to cover your penis with Iodine," says Dr. Reckler.

He takes out a bottle of this yellow fluid and a brush, and literally paints my dick yellow. He covers the whole thing, and I figure this guy is a good painter. Shit, maybe he chose the wrong profession. This guy could be the next Rembrandt or something. When he is done, I look down and can't believe that that penis is attached to me.

But the fun was just about to begin.

"And now, George, we are gonna take a look inside of you," explains the good doctor, and takes out the long metal tube with the periscope thing on the end. He grabs my penis and starts to insert it in the little hole.

Then my penis did something it has never, ever done before. I mean, my penis has done lots of tricks, most of them very enjoyable, but this trick, well, it never did this.

It shrunk up.

I don't mean it got a little bit smaller.

I don't even mean it got a lot bit smaller.

I mean it shrunk up as in "Honey, I Shrunk The Penis", small.

It got so small that G.G. Allin looked like John Holmes compared to me. And not only did it shrink, it retreated. In fear.

It looked like a turtle trying to hide in its shell. The tip of my penis, well, my whole penis, tried to hide behind my balls. I couldn't believe it. I looked at it in shock. As did all the residents and even my friend, the nurse, who was holding my hand. My penis was now the size of one of those little green turtles ya buy, that when ya get bored of, ya flush down the toilet. Hell.

"That is totally normal", says Dr. Reckler more to the residents and nurse than to me.

No one says anything.

I begin to wonder if it will now stay this size forever, and if I'll ever be able to take a shower in public again. But I lose that thought right away as the tube starts to make its way down my penis.

I scream.

Dr. Reckler says that I am a tough young man, and this really isn't so bad. I tell him let me stick a fucking baseball bat up your ass, then tell me that.

He comments that maybe he should of drugged my mouth.

I apologize for being so rude.

As the doctor is making his way down my penis, he is peering through the periscope. After he moves every few centimeters, he asks if it hurts. As tears roll from my eyes, I just nod my head. Then he stops.

"Okay George, this is a tricky part, We are going to have to make a sharp left. I sometimes refer to this part of the procedure as taking Dead Man's Curve."

The nurse squeezes my hand. I can't see the residents because of all the tears in my eyes. The tube starts to move again and suddenly I feel a pain so sharp that when Freddy Kruger or Jason stick those knives up my ass which is what if feels like to have a prostate attack, well, that feels like a the best massage in the world compared to this.

I mean this, this fucking hurts.

In my mind, all I could see was Satan giving me oral sex, and sticking his forked tongue up there. I started yelling, "Oh God, Oh God", over and over. It seems religion had struck me again. First from drinking too much, then from the Devil's blowjob.

Finally Dr. Reckler made it past Dead Man's Curve, and told me he was now looking at my prostate.

I asked him through moans and groans if it looked like Flipper.

"Purpose, Prostate, I get it he said".

I winced.

He then told me my prostate was enlarged, and he'd give me some medication for that. But now he was going to have to make his way up toward my bladder and kidneys.

The nurse squeezed my hand hard, and as the tube started to move again, more tears came to my eyes.

I looked at the residents through Niagara Falls, and saw the pain in their eyes. I guess they felt bad for me. I mean, they didn't have penises, at least I hope not, yet they felt my pain. I sorta fell in love with all of them.

At my bladder the doctor stopped to have a look around. I asked him if he saw any enemy subs, and he sort of giggled, and made some comment again about maybe should have putting me under a general.

After he left my bladder, he went up to my kidneys and stopped. He had run out of tube. Now the periscope was flush up against my pecker. My penis looked like a nail.

"Are you done yet?" I asked the doctor.

"Almost," he said. He peered in there a little longer and finally said he saw all he had to see. I let out the breath I was holding for the last thirty seconds.

So, I figured, well, I'm glad he's done. The tears stopped flowing from my eyes, and I actually saw the nurse smile at me.

I had time to take a good look at her. She was about twenty-two, and if I didn't already have a girlfriend, I would have definitely asked her out. Even if she had seen my penis the size of my pinkie. I mean, she'd seen it the other way too.

But that thought was stopped by Dr. Reckler.

"Okay George, it is now time to take the tube out," said the doctor.

"Phew," I said.

"I didn't tell you this before, because I didn't want to panic you," said the doctor, "but this is going to hurt a lot more than when it went in."

"Why?," I yelled, seized with fear.

"Because we may actually tear some of the lining of your urethra, but don't worry, you'll recover. You may urinate blood for a couple of days, and it may burn for a few weeks, but you'll be fine. And if you see some red when you ejaculate, don't worry about it. That is quite normal," explained Dr. Reckler.

As he began to remove the tube I felt extreme pain for about two seconds.

Then I saw lots of shadows and light. And many, many colors. I also think I started to drool.

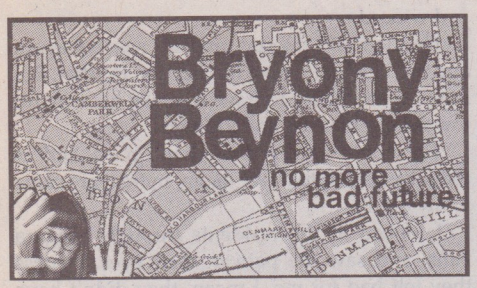
Then I passed out.

Take my life, please.

ENDNOTES:

1. Lucy Fernandez from Panama are the coolest. Find them on Facebook and "Like" em! You won't be sorry. Best pop punk the other side of the cocaine curtain! These guys will be the next Ramones down there! And super sweet, too! Punk Rock!

2. furygeo@aol.com



"Adolescence is a new birth."
—Granville Stanley Hall, aged 60

"Hell is other people."
—Jean-Paul Sartre, aged 39

"It's funny that we're supposed to be writing this song about being a youth...with adults."
—Molly, aged 15.

This month I ran a series of music workshops for teenagers to make a band and then perform at a live gig in the local park; read *Clothes Clothes Clothes Music Music Music Boys Boys Boys*, the new autobiography by Viv Albertine; and re-watched the classic teen girl runaway punk film *Out of the Blue*, with Linda Manz and Dennis Hopper, on the big screen. Suffice to say, I have been thinking a lot about *youth*.

"Teenage Kicks, Teenage Head," "Teenage Riot," "Bored Teenagers," "Teenage Lobotomy," *Teenage Depression, Teenage Gang Debs*. We have always made a fetish of the young. It's no surprise considering the Venn diagram of punk and teenage clichés: rebellion, doing whatever you want, bypassing, ignoring, or chastising authority figures, not having a job and not needing to, hanging out doing nothing, total singlemindedness, a tendency towards obsession, and seeing the world through that red prism of unquenchable desire that comes before responsibility, rational analysis, critical distance. Running wild through backstreets, clothes clothes clothes, fresh-faced, untrammelled by time, incapable of getting a hangover, spiritually untouchable. The world of the adolescent is where we go when we want to imagine ourselves invincible, like a brand new rubber band, because teens still have all the stretch left, capable of pinging back from anything without a second thought.

Thing is, this is some wrinkly Peter Pan bullshit and I'm as much of a culprit as you. I mean, have you spoken to any teenagers recently? Real life human teenage reality of 2014 is bleak and difficult and strange and overwhelming and it probably always has been. This was the first time I've worked so closely with young people and it was a revelation that shook me from a lot of the romanticised ideas of what it was to be a youth. How we edit our own misery. They held up a mirror, confounded expectation and freaked me out a bunch (that moment when you realise the "adult" they are referring to is you.)

Viv Albertine's book about her life is honest, raw, and captivating on many levels, with just the right number of jaunts down the King's Road with a bloody tampon worn as an accessory. The book paints a Punk London swarming with teenage runaways that was at once an amoral landscape of stinging senseless violence (which was often sexual, as in the devastating case of Ari Up's rape) that somehow jars with a slow reality of a pre-mobile phone social scene where young punks living in remote outposts of the Metropolitan line made a world out of going to each others houses, all that slow ambling through suburban streets, the cold concrete of doorsteps beneath bored bums, waiting for friends to return, waiting for something to happen, milk bottles and grey skies. The book is full of Viv's enchanting first person recollections from late '70s squat-land. She wields a matter-of-fact pickaxe into the hearts of conquests with a notable absence of reverence for whether they happened to be in Subway Sect or the Clash. These titillating slithers of truth are the ultimate salve for so much of the burnt out hero worship that's now firmly embedded any and all remembrances of that era. That the only mention of Johnny Rotten is an aborted blowjob is particularly refreshing. There's a lot in there about her life after punk, too, of cervical cancer, divorce, the 1990s, and it is equally fascinating, once you're inside her head.

Viv writes with this galling clarity about the desperate glue of female friendships. Sticky, intoxicating, addictive. Nowhere is this clearer that her journey through being part of the Slits. When the Slits toured with the Clash and were so badly behaved they were routinely banned from venues and hotels for being, in every sense, completely punk and uncontrollably female.

I saw *Out of the Blue* at the cinema. Linda Manz' character CeBe Barnes has been somewhat canonised in cult cinema, alongside Corinne "Third Degree" Burns of *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains*, as the archetypal teen girl punk, along with many others you might like to name. CeBe never goes on tour like Corinne—hers is a darker sadder lot altogether—but she does run away to the city and play drums for the Pointed Sticks at one point. Her very knowing display of punk attitude leaves her at once untouchable and vulnerable, deeply, unfathomably cool, full of one-liners, a hardened survivor surrounded by vulture-adults ready to pounce, a cold blooded wunder-teen full of red hot tears and rage.

The last few months I've been working on a project making music with teenagers in South London. Despite being from wildly different backgrounds, the participants are easily unified by a constant throb of mild yet pretty much insurmountable embarrassment that informs their every move. I immediately remember this paralysing feeling, a stumbling block on the road to love and self-acceptance, inflamed and expanded the more parents and siblings tried to reach out. I will not find myself through you, I must tread my own path, and even your gaze is burning me now. As the group bonded, I find myself enchanted by their easy conversation, the way they work together easily in spite of all this. We lose this ability as adults, and the entire "teambuilding" industry (if not the entirety of capitalism) is built on the hope that we never get it back.

One boy goes to an exclusive fee-paying boys school. One girl is staying on the housing estate over the road with her aunty and chain-smokes compulsively. She makes a game of asking him to repeat words and giggling with glee as he repeats her slanged out inflections in plummier tone. "Man you're posh!" "Yes, by comparison I am posh, but there people who are much posher than me at my school." Then there's a debate worthy of Marx and Engels as to whether it's possible to be posh and have no money. "Gangsters got loads of money and they definitely ain't posh!"

The chain-smoking girl is the hardest to engage. She is mostly disruptive through her Bieber-related non-sequiturs and insistence on telling everyone the circumstances of Tupac's death. Every half an hour or so I see her face begin glaze over followed by a sudden "I wanna go home" or "I'm not doing this." This would be normal if she was required to be there, except she sought out the project, signed up to attend and is totally free to leave. Realising these comments are a cry for reinforcement or encouragement doesn't make them any less demoralising. Teenage claws on a blackboard. It becomes a strange cat and mouse game where I buzz hard off getting her involved and enjoying the instruments without the veil of cynicism and she quickly catches and corrects herself back into a disinterested slouch herself every time. I see a crystal vision of my fleshy teenage self in this impulse. She's completely inscrutable in terms of what she thinks of me. A freak, possibly. She comes alive on a drumkit, she loves the noise and how no one can hear themselves speak when she hits it. On the day of the performance, where she's having to sing because noone else will, we agree to meet at a corner shop and my heart is in my mouth. The last thing she said to me was "I might not even come." I can't stop myself from squealing with joy when she appears around the corner, fully made-up with new inch long pink acrylic nails and a new hairdo. I walk with her by my side and try to think of funny things to say. Talk turns to phones. "The police can get away with anything they like. I saw some driving with their van door wide open the other day… plus they've still got my brother's iPhone and he's been in prison for a year."

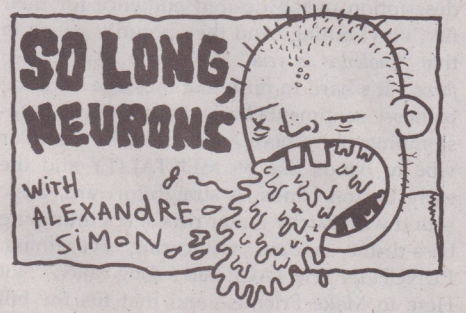
Then it happens. I'm street harassed while walking with her. My usual response is a hail of unbridled sweary rage, but something in me doesn't want her to see me losing it, wants to be an example, to show authority and that she is safe on the street with me. As much as she has a thousand times more street smarts than me she is also fifteen and obsessed with Justin Beiber. I'm aware that I could put her at risk by shouting at him. I calmly but firmly cut into the man's appraisal of my "hips…thighs..." with a long, low "Shut. Up." She's shocked. "Rah man, as if he just said that!" We talk about men and assertiveness and how to deal with them. I am as uncertain as ever as to whether I've said and done the right things.

In the park, she is still uncommitted and wavering, and I lose myself and all my neuroses in the course of trying to get her to hold the mic properly, to sing, I'm stood there screaming out a Rihanna hook out across the park to demonstrate voice projection. Finally we perform, she holds her hair over her mouth, squirms and says into the mic "Oh my god, that was rubbish, that sounded so bad." I feel for her (really talented) bandmates. She sings in a half-whisper the words the group wrote together. I yell them out because I know she is hiding under my noise, that as much as she feigns hate, if I fall quiet so does she. My voice is a safety blanket, the louder I go, the louder she goes. Whether the audience can hear her stops mattering. I am staring at her to maintain eye contact to stop her panicking when the crowd look at her. She settles into maintaining eye contact for longer than normal and I can't help but smile a big gummy open mouth smile. She rolls her eyes at me, fiddles with her acrylic nails. I am paralysed with pride as her mumble crackles through the PA, our voices becoming one, a dissonant out-of-key sprawl of unharmonious loud-quiet fat girl emotion. (The song sounds like the Fall, but then I feel there's an appropriate Fall record to which you could compare every youth music project song ever written.)

"I don't wanna be a youth
I want them to see the truth
I don't wanna get arrested
For what I didn't do
I wanna be heard
I wanna be something
I wanna inspire
I want it more than anything
Disappearing youth on the street
Disappearing youth feeling the heat"

After the gig, she insists I introduce her to a 20-year old rapper who we booked to perform as part of the gig because he is "well peng." She holds her own in conversation for a few seconds then falters. Later still she hugs me tightly and says she'll miss me and is gone before I can really respond.

Colossal Youth is showing the way to go.



This month I haven't been listening to much music, and when I did it was Bob Dylan half of the time, and Jim Shepard, Amps for Christ, Burial (the dubstep one, not the Japanese-Germans) or Янка Дягилева (Yanka Dyagileva) the other half. I've given up my weekly routine of checking out new hardcore demos on Bandcamp/Soundcloud, as I tend to invariably sigh after the first intro, and get a bit annoyed when even the smallest label tries to market his shit in sensational, "second coming of GISM" type way. Something is happening here, but I don't know what it is.

Thankfully, the UV Race from Melbourne, Australia, recently came to Europe, and I'm happy to report that the days of great bands touring exclusively in Germany seem to be over—case in point, our beloved Australians played more gigs in France than anywhere else, and I got to catch them two times on the tour. I had seen them before, of course, but that was five or six years ago, when they were still a relatively new band and hadn't even released a full-length. In the meantime, they kept being productive, touring Australia and the USA, writing super-catchy songs and keeping their rawest, best material for 7"s with yellow covers and dumb drawings, usually released on some of the best labels in the world. The term "idiot-savant" has been thrown around a lot to describe this band, and watching them play after all this time, I could kinda relate, not because their lyrics are dumb (they are, in fact, very clever), not because they can't play (they definitely can) but because it seemed pretty clear that they learned to play together at gigs and practices, with the same goal in mind from scratch, and that is to be themselves (with a little help from Swell Maps, the Fall and Dave E, of course, but we're all standing on the shoulders of giants, aren't we?). What I mean by this is that they are a tight live band, they are "good musicians," not by "music school" standards, as any metalhead would agree, but by "the UV Race standards". Watching Daniel play drums, for instance, felt like watching someone who had consciously—or not—ignored the most basic drum advice ("Play with your wrists, not your full arms," etc.) and got better from this "unusual" starting point. Did it work? You bet it did, and of course that's what a lot of punk musicians do, but not enough. The first gig was in Gigors, a tiny village in the countryside, right in the middle of nowhere, and the band proved to be the nicest gang in town, with each member introducing themselves and asking random questions to virtually every person in the audience; they gave away cigarettes to people who hadn't even asked, they bought stuff from my friend's distro table, they gave me an "authorized bootleg" 7", etc. I'm not mentioning this out of nowhere—it was a breath of fresh air to see a band act like this, especially a band with a bit of a "status." Americans: there might be a lesson to be learned, here. A three-piece from Clermont-Ferrand, France called Point Invisible played before them. I had never heard of them, as they've never released anything. They reeked of bad vibrations, like a hallucinatory mix of Drunk With Guns, No Trend, and some industrial punk shit I can't reference easily… Missing Foundation, maybe? Repetitive, noisy, very genuine freaky/alienated vibe: a nice contrast with the mountains and fields surrounding the gig, or the brazier burning near the entrance. A few weeks later, I learned that they're part of a bunch of people who live together in a gorgeous squatted building in their hometown, and that one of their monthly routines consist of opening their basement to the public, 6th and 9th of every month, from 6am to 9am and then 6pm to 9pm, to listen to Brainbombs records or Congolese rock, and drink big beers while eating eggs (the French translation for "egg" is "œuf," which rhymes with "neuf", which means "nine," and is reversed for "six," get it?) Seems that they recorded a full-length the week after the gig, and I'm hoping to hear it soon. The UV Race then played their longest set ever, or so they said, as people kept asking for more and the fun went from being 35, maybe 40 minutes long, to more than an hour of dancing, drinking and good vibes. And yes, they even played Lego Man.

Their gig in Paris paled in comparison, not because of them, of course, but because of the venue (a trendy pub with maybe 300, 400 people glued to one another in a basement) and the fact that, well, gigs in Paris can't compete with gigs in decent places.

Moving on to greener pastures, Hjernespind Records from Denmark is about to release the first two 7"s by Sun Bather, which is Peter Bonneman's new band/project. At this point I'm guessing most *MRR* readers know who Bonneman is, but for the sake of professionalism, I'll repeat—the guy was one of the brains—and guitar, or vocals, or drums—behind Amdi Petersens Armé (one of the ten best HC bands of the '00s), Gorilla Angreb (one of the ten best punk bands of the '00s), No Hope For the Kids, Young Wasteners, etc. In "recent" years his output, as far as I know, has only consisted of a great solo, song-oriented garage-punk 7", and a few releases (a 12", a 7", a tape…) of quiet, tribal lounge music with the Green Mansions duo, which sounds to me like the first Velvet album if Lou and the crew had been well-balanced Danish middle-aged men instead of depressed New York City junkies. Anyway, Sun Bather brings us back to the glory days of the Gorilla Angreb demotape, which still is my favorite release by them and turned my world upside down when it came out; it's the rawness of the guitar sound, the simplicity of the riffs… Like demo-era G.A., Sun Bather writes *cool songs*, and the two you can hear online are instant garage hits, which make you wonder how the fuck he does it. Both feature unusual instruments for garage punk, too… Is that a flute solo on "Zzzzzzzzz"? Is that the most clever song title since "Aarrrggh" by Gorilla Angreb? As a sidenote, I just noticed a video of Amdi Petersens Armé playing the Minneapolis Thrashfest in 2002 was uploaded to YouTube last year; when watching it, one can't help noticing that the band is sporting a style that seems popular in USHC today (leather gloves, sleeveless shirts, studded bracelets…), while all of the audience is dressed like, well, hardcore kids in 2002—baggy shorts, white on black band shirts, no retro anything. I'll let you decide if that's saying something or not.

Next month I might tell you why I'm disappointed by the Tercer Mundo LP, why I've been missing XYX and Ratas Del Vaticano, or maybe I'll talk about a novella called *Love You*

Like Suicide, recently reprinted by one of the most underrated/overrated punk publishers in the world. Or, fuck, maybe I'll try and write about Bob Dylan? Motherfucker's still alive, it seems... Anyway, cheers for now, and see ya on the sidewalk, outside the show.

Those Kids Crossing the Border From Mexico Wouldn't Be There if Obama Hadn't Supported A Coup the Media Doesn't Talk About

If you're reading this, you probably follow the news. So you've probably heard of the latest iteration of the "crisis at the border": tens of thousands of children, many of them unaccompanied by an adult, crossing the desert from Mexico into the United States, where they surrender to the Border Patrol in hope of being allowed to remain here permanently. Immigration and Customs Enforcement's detention and hearing system has been overwhelmed by the surge of children and, in some cases, their parents. The Obama Administration has asked Congress to approve new funding to speed up processing and deportations of these illegal immigrants.

Even if you've followed this story closely, you probably haven't heard the depressing backstory—the reason so many Central Americans are sending their children on a dangerous 1000-mile journey up the spine of Mexico, where they ride atop freight trains, endure shakedowns by corrupt police and face rapists, bandits and other predators. (For a sense of what it's like, check out the excellent 2009 film *Sin Nombre*.)

NPR and other mainstream news outlets are parroting the White House, which blames unscrupulous "coyotes" (human smugglers) for "lying to parents, telling them that if they put their kids in the hands of traffickers and get to the United States that they will be able to stay." True: the coyotes are saying that in order to gin up business. Also true: US law has changed, and many of these kids have a strong legal case for asylum. Unfortunately, US officials are ignoring the law.

The sad truth is that this "crisis at the border" is yet another example of "blowback."

Blowback is an unintended negative consequence of US political, military and/or economic intervention overseas—when something we did in the past comes back to bite us in the ass. 9/11 is the classic example; arming and funding radical Islamists in the Middle East and South Asia who were less grateful for our help than angry at the US' simultaneous backing for oppressive governments (The House of Saud, Saddam, Assad, etc.) in the region.

More recent cases include US support for Islamist insurgents in Libya and Syria, which destabilized both countries and led to the murders of US consular officials in Benghazi, and the rise of ISIS, the guerilla army that imperils the US-backed Maliki regime in Baghdad, respectively.

Confusing the issue for casual American news consumers is that the current border crisis doesn't involve the usual Mexicans traveling north in search of work. Instead, we're talking about people from Central American nations devastated by a century of American colonialism and imperialism, much of that intervention surprisingly recent. Central American refugees are merely transiting through Mexico.

"The unaccompanied children crossing the border into the United States are leaving behind mainly three Central American countries, Honduras, El Salvador and Guatemala. The first two are among the world's most violent and all three have deep poverty, according to a Pew Research report based on Department of Homeland Security (DHS) information," reports NBC News. "El Salvador ranked second in terms of homicides in Latin America in 2011, and it is still high on the list. Honduras, Guatemala and El Salvador are among the poorest nations in Latin America. Thirty percent of Hondurans, 17 percent of Salvadorans and 26 percent of Guatemalans live on less than $2 a day."

The fact that Honduras is the biggest source of the exodus jumped out at me. That's because, in 2009, the United States government—under President Obama—tacitly supported a military coup that overthrew the democratically elected president of Honduras. "Washington has a very close relationship with the Honduran military, which goes back decades," *The Guardian* noted at the time. "During the 1980s, the US used bases in Honduras to train and arm the Contras, Nicaraguan paramilitaries who became known for their atrocities in their war against the Sandinista government in neighboring Nicaragua."

Honduras wasn't paradise under President Manuel Zelaya. Since the coup, however, the country has entered a downward death spiral of drug-related bloodshed and political revenge killings that crashed the economy, brought an end to law, order and civil society, and now has some analysts calling it a "failed state" along the lines of Somalia and Afghanistan during the 1990s.

"Zelaya's overthrow created a vacuum in security in which military and police were now focused more on political protest, and also led to a freeze in international aid that markedly worsened socio-economic conditions," Mark Ungar, professor of political science at Brooklyn College and the City University of New York, told *The International Business Times*. "The 2009 coup, asserts [Tulane] professor Aaron Schneider, gave the Honduran military more political and economic leverage, at the same time as the state and political elites lost their legitimacy, resources and the capacity to govern large parts of the country."

El Salvador and Guatemala, also narcostates devastated by decades of US support for oppressive, corrupt right-wing dictatorships, are suffering similar conditions.

Talk about brass! The United States does it everything it can to screw up Central America—and then acts surprised when desperate people show up at its front gate trying to escape the (US-caused) carnage. Letting the kids stay—along with their families—is less than the least we could do.

(Ted Rall, syndicated writer and cartoonist, is the author of *After We Kill You, We Will Welcome You Back As Honored Guests: Unembedded in Afghanistan*, out September 2nd.)

An all-music installment this time. I wanted to write a piece about the ongoing saga with the Market Basket supermarket chain here in New England where a popular CEO was ousted by the company's board and how employees, managers and customers have rallied around him. This has led to worker walkouts and a customer boycott, causing the chain's business to plummet about 90%. It's still playing out so I might write about it in a future column. In the meantime, even if I don't, it's a fascinating story and you should read about it online.

MASSHOLES

In recent months, there have been plenty of notable releases by bands from Boston and environs. First up is the debut album by the COMBAT ZONE. At the outset, they state *"this record is for the ugly people rejects outcasts freaks monsters punks and skins..."* OK, there's a lack of punctuation but that's a pretty good description of the desired audience for their first vinyl outing. And they proudly proclaim that *"violence is real"* and *"hate is a driving force."* It's hard to miss that message with the bellicose sentiments barked out by Eric. Boot-stomping old school hardcore with a similar vibe to bands like 86 MENTALITY and the early Boston bands. A straightforward, basic sound with catchy guitar riffs and a thumping bass-drum tandem reinforcing everything. PUNCH IN THE FACE had a song called "Not Here to Make Friends" and that fits the bill here. (Side Two, 6 Wadleigh Place, Boston, MA 02127, www.side-two.com)

SAVAGEHEADS emerged last year with one of the best demos of 2013 and they follow it up with a four song 7" EP. People from BLOODKROW BUTCHER and MALE NURSES playing boisterous punk with a little bit of a UK82 influence that is tough as nails and also catchy as hell, with sharp guitar riffs and spot-on drumming. Includes a full-sized poster on

newsprint, suitable for framing. OK, maybe not. (X-Ploit, xploittapes.storenvy.com; Twerp, twerprecords.storenvy.com)

Boston's North Shore suburbs (my neck of the woods) hasn't exactly been fertile ground for quality bands over the years but here's an exception. FLACCID are from Salem (where the witch trials happened) and they play hard-hitting, fast-paced punk mixing old school US and UK influences. As with some of the newer crop of local bands, there's a bare-knuckled, pissed-off vibe. Nothing positive, just an outpouring of bile punctuated by a "leave me the fuck alone" attitude. Nicely packaged in a hand-screened cover and with twelve page lyric booklet. (10 Green St. Unit #1, Salem, MA 01970, xthompsox@gmail.com, nothingisrealrecs.storenvy.com)

DRAIZE has been around since 2008 or so but hasn't released much on vinyl over the years. The latest is a self-titled six song 7" EP, following a 12" in 2010. Ripping hardcore/powerviolence that's played with power and precision, due in no small part to drummer Mike Read, who is an absolute monster behind the kit. Tom's harsh and guttural vocals provide the perfect accompaniment, as do the bleak lyrics. As I've always stated, I'm not a big powerviolence fan but these guys mix up the tempos well and the riffs are crushing. (Bad Teeth Recordings, badteethrecordings.bigcartel.com)

WHITE PAGES, who are from Cambridge, have been dishing out unaffected and fun punk for a while now, on their previous 7" and a split tape with HALFRICAN. Charging straight ahead with Joe's nervous-sounding vocals and a stripped-down appeal that, as I've mentioned in the past, remind me a bit of early stuff from SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN. The *Bam Bam* EP packs four new songs on a one-sided 7", flying by in rapid succession like an enjoyable caffeine jag without the crash. (Can't Stand Ya!, cantstandyarecords.storenvy.com)

On the demo tape front, a pair of 'em come from bands who won't be together by the time you read this because members of each are moving away. In the case of BAJA BLATZ, they've already announced their demise (or "expiration date," as they put it). Any band with Chris Strunk (CONVERSIONS, VILE BODIES, and many more) on drums already has plenty going for it as he's one of the more skilled sticksman (ah, alliteration) around here. They cover SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN's "Tonight Tonight" and, as with the WHITE PAGES, there are some similarities in the way they fuse speed with irresistible, catchy punk energy, although Jen's vocals are nastier and raspier. Some wise-assed lyrics but with a point, such as "Fuck Street Harrassment." "Joe Sly" is a true story about an undercover cop who went on various social media sites to find out where DIY shows were and then get them busted. Loud, fast fun. (bajablatz.bandcamp.com)

RASH TONGUE isn't actually breaking up but going on hiatus—more recording and touring are in the future. The tape has been out for a while and it's a corker, operating in a D-beat/Swedish hardcore vein (both fast and slower tempos), with some feedback in the guitars but eschewing a noisy/blown-out sound. Nothing new or revelatory but just good walloping hardcore packed with more-than-enough ferocity. (rashtongue.bandcamp.com)

NOO-YAWKAHS

That's MassHole for New Yorkers, in case you couldn't figure it out. I got a batch of four demos from a Buffalo label called More Power Tapes and each have their own unique punk take. PISSING MATCH offer ten blasts of ripping hardcore punk in under four minutes—the longest track, "Inflated Balloon," clocks in at 49 seconds. Tight as fuck, with angry'n'pointed lyrics, even taking a shot at people who preach atheism on "Atheist Evangelist," indicating they're just as insufferable as those who preach religious evangelism. Misanthropy never sounded so succinct.

GILLOLY is named after Jeff Gilloly, the ex-husband of figure skater Tonya Harding. Mr. Gilloly (now known as Jeff Stone) got in a bit of hot water when he conspired to attack Tonya's archrival Nancy Kerrigan and one of his cohorts smacked poor Nancy across the knee with a baton. I suppose I could say that this band is the aural equivalent of such an action but it's not completely true. They do come storming out of the gate with the stripped-down hardcore of the song "Jeff Gilloly," but soon take other turns into intricate realms. They do this quite well, throwing in surfy and art-punk guitar lines while maintaining the hardcore framework. They even interrupt one song to go straight into another a few times. "Magenta Lion" has a nearly D. Boon-type cadence in the vocals. Biff from BROWN SUGAR/I OBJECT/PLATES etc. plays guitar in this band and GILLOLY have a similarly diverse nature.

As for the other pair of tapes, FLESH MOUNDS's *You're Welcome* is the most-abrasive sounding tape in the batch and that's for both good and bad. Jarring and off-kilter rock somewhat along the lines of PISSED JEANS, although it's more in a snakier vein than a punishing wall-of-sound and the drums don't have pummel necessary to drive this musical style. Pity because I could see some of these songs working better with a heavier approach. Finally, there's the aching pop/punk of GLAMOUR GIRLS. Guitars buzz but it's doesn't have much oomph in the sound and I still haven't decided if the vocalist's yearning croon is a piss-take or not, but a little goes a long way, if you catch my drift. Whatever the case, it's not anything I really need to hear again. (More Power Tapes, morepowertapes.bandcamp.com)

Even more demos from Buffalo—the debut release on Bitch Face Records comes from HOT TIP, who have a cacophonous clamor (yet more alliteration—somebody stop me!) that emerges from the outset with loud and abrasive, squealing guitar dueling with thick bass lines and powerful drumming. There's relentlessness in their approach but little melodic snatches sneak in here and there. Not all that often, though—this is a mainly jarring excursion. (Bitch Face, 359 Parkdale Ave., Buffalo, NY 14213, hottip.bandcamp.com)

SPERM also make a heady, noisy racket. They have a couple of demos under their belt and the most recent one, *Yahweh Brings Us To This Hell,* is a throttle session. They have an abundance of bombast but there are subtle shadings such as Greg Sage-inspired guitar lines at times. There's a RUDIMENTARY PENI feel for "Mortality, Christianity, Suicidally," although that also throws in the WIPERS inspiration, which is in bolder relief for the instrumental "Hyperboria." I'm not quite as enamored with that song nor the guitar/vocal-only "Animal Life in the Demiurge" but the rest is pretty solid scree. (223 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, NY 14213, spermbuffalo.bandcamp.com)

FACILITY MEN, with the always-busy Pat Shanahan (most recently in WHITE WHALE, EMPTY ROOM, and COLD COMFORT) on bass, follow a surging post-punk route, working best on "A History of Self Sabotage," with a jabbing guitar signature. They just uploaded a new four song EP *Futility Men* on their Bandcamp page and it's just as riveting. (subject1.bandcamp.com)

Meanwhile, approximately 75 miles east of Buffalo, the Rochester band BEASTMAN have something of a schtick-filled concept going on, judging by the caveman-inspired costumes on the tape's cover. There's something in the water in that city, as the bands I've heard from there have a demented'n'loopy approach to their version of punk. There are members of FLIP SHIT involved in BEASTMAN and it's something of a similar musical take as that band. Mainly fast compositions played with devil-may-care abandon, guitar lines that sputter and slash with trebly aplomb and perfectly accompanied by unhinged, ranty vocals. (Jelly Music, [130 Winton Rd. N], PO Box 10512, Rochester, NY 14610, jellymusicinc.bandcamp.com)

AND FURTHERMORE...

Eric Montanez has played in a number of killer bands over the years—DIRECT CONTROL, GOVERNMENT WARNING, SICKOIDS, and, these days, with Pittsburgh bands EEL and BLOOD PRESSURE, both of whom have hot new vinyl releases... On their self-titled 7", BLOOD PRESSURE dish out kickass hardcore punk mixing up Scandinavian and POISON IDEA influences. The vocalist is Ed Steck, formerly of the late, great BRAIN HANDLE, but this band has a rawer edge to it. Coming at you full-bore and packing an unrelenting punch. (Beach Impediment, beachimpedimentrecords.blogspot.com)

Meanwhile, on the insert of EEL's *Endless Fucker* 12", it states they're "drunk with power tools and obsessed with death." An appropriate motto. Mixing in electronic effects and featuring Jimmy Rose (ex-ANNIHILATION TIME/GSMF) on lead vocals and angle grinder, EEL concoct a stew of punk-à la-CHAOS UK and DISORDER, along with more tuneful touches. It's noisy but not blown-out or covered in sheets of distortion. It wraps up with the experimental sonic collage

(with a beat) of the closing track "Jisatsu Noisy." A new wrinkle on raw punk. By the way, Jimmy has apparently retired the angle grinder from live performances after an unfortunate incident at their Boston show this past winter involving said tool and a young man's forehead. Ouch. (Mind Cure, 3138 Dobson St., Floor #2, Pittsburgh, PA 15219, mindcurerecords.com; Konton Crasher, kontoncrasher.blogspot.com)

Loud Punk's latest records include a pair of archival releases by UK bands and one from a current Albany unit. The latter is the second EP from NEUTRON RATS, *Bomb Worship*. Maximum pillage imbued with raw, feedback-laden, spark-sputtering guitars, club-like drumming (as in the weapon, not some lame dance music) and all the hoarse-voiced fury you can manage. Very ugly-sounding—view that as a compliment.

As for the "oldies," EXTERNAL MENACE were a somewhat more obscure early '80s Scottish band and *Coalition Blues* is an excellent compilation of recordings from 1982-1984, with various lineups, including two different vocalists who have a similarly raspy style. EXTERNAL MENACE came down on the more tuneful side of the equation a la the DEFECTS or BLITZ (the guitar sound for "We Wanna Know" had me thinking of the latter). The earlier songs, with their original vocalist Wully, do have somewhat more punch to 'em—those were the songs that were used for their first two 7"s. Lots of buzz and burn to go with the hooks and these guys hold their own with some of the better-known acts of the day. It includes a four-song bonus 7" with two rough-sounding demos that pack a primitive appeal along with a couple of not-as-hot live tracks.

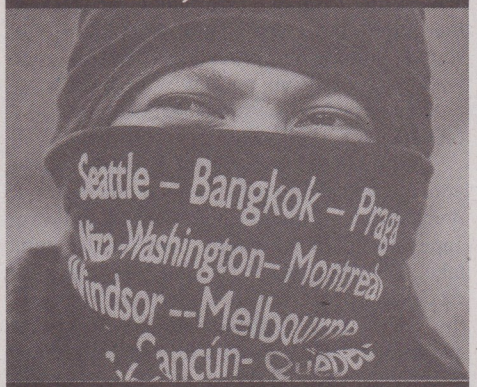
The other one is a vinyl pressing of SELF ABUSE's 1983 *Teenage* demo—straightforward, sturdy mid-tempo tuneful punk done with something of a light touch, although there's still rhythmic presence. The compositions are punctuated by tasteful lead guitar lines and plain-sung vocals from Andy, who doubles on bass. There's nothing inherently wrong with all of this but it's not overly electrifying, either. (Loud Punk, PO Box 6115, Albany, NY 12203, www.loudpunk.com)

The latest from the always-enjoyable BAD DADDIES is a four song 7" that's part of the Negative Fun label's 2014 singles club. Some of their best stuff to date, especially "You Ain't Right," which clocks in at over three minutes and is a relentless whirlwind with squalls of feedback and a numbing progression that sounds a bit like the GERMS' "We Must Bleed." Three shorter compositions comprise the flip side. "Teenage Hell" has a synth drone bracketing the main part of the song (which lasts all of 20 seconds or so). Dishing out the noisy punk and it's a good kind of noise. (www.negativefun.com; baddaddies.bandcamp.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, subvox82@gmail.com; www.sonicoverload.net; subvox.blogspot.com

R.I.P. Tommy Ramone

Go Team, Smash State!



"Lefty" Hooligan - What's Left?

The middle of the road is for yellow lines and dead armadillos.
Jim Hightower

I'm a middle-of-the-road moderate.

This feels like a stand up AA confession. Me, "Lefty" Hooligan, a moderate. But I'm middle-of-the-road when it comes to the whole Israel/Palestine conflict.

I grudgingly agree that Israel has the right to exist, but I vehemently oppose Israel's military overkill, its collective punishment and massacre of Palestinians in pursuit of eradicating Hamas terrorism. I grudgingly agree that Palestinians should constitute their own nation, but I adamantly oppose Hamas terrorism, its indiscriminate targeting of Israelis and threats to wipe out the Jewish people. I think that Israel's overwhelming military and economic superiority over the Palestinians, this massive day-to-day power imbalance, virtually guarantees the abuse of that power in the form of discrimination and slaughter, apartheid and ethnic cleansing.*

I wasn't always such a reluctant moderate with respect to the bloody Israeli/Palestinian conflict. I know the subject deeply, but narrowly, and from one side only. As an undergraduate at UCSC, I studied Jewish history in general and Zionist history in particular, with a six month stay on an Israeli *kibbutz* (commune) in the Jezreel Valley with my Jewish girlfriend in the summer and fall of 1974. My grasp of the Arab side of things is glancing at best. Yet, like a shard of hologram properly illuminated, a slice of history properly studied will reveal the whole. What got in the way of my extremist sentiments, and what made me a moderate was what Israelis like to call "the facts on the ground."

I was and remain a communist. I was intrigued by Zionist socialism and I had an affinity for *kibbutz*-style communism, but I soon discovered how intrinsically rightwing they were. Zionist colonial society was dominated from 1920 on by the *Histadrut* labor federation—part trade union, part capitalist owner and employer, and part *de facto* state. The *Histadrut* ran close to 75% of the Zionist economy in pre-1948 Palestine until the newborn Israeli state nationalized half of that, and the labor federation's social power has been on the decline ever since. The national syndicalism professed by the *Histadrut* and key to Labor Zionism shunned class struggle for Jewish national unity. It was a non-Marxist, even anti-Marxist socialism rooted in Romantic notions of organic nationalism and ethnic purity.

That's where the supposed radical communism of the *kibbutzim* came from. Labor Zionism, often used synonymously with Zionist socialism, was first cousin to Stalin's "socialism in one country" in promoting a "socialism for one people," the Jewish people. And Zionist socialism transcended its nationalist socialist roots into true *proletarian* internationalism only in communist fractions evident within the *halutzim* (pioneers) of the third *aliyah* (settler wave). These communist fractions were tangential to the *kibbutz* movement led by the *Hashomer Hatzair* and then by the old MAPAM political party. They were central to the *Gdud Ha'avoda* (Labor Brigades) founded by members of the Crimean Commune who followed Joseph Trumpeldor, which were then deliberately destroyed by the *Histadrut*. As such, this international working class communism, which attempted to make common cause with the Arab workers in Palestine, was a minority of a minority within the Zionist colonial project. It was doomed to failure. Probably why I identify with it to this day. Ze'ev Sternhell's book *The Founding Myths of Israel* makes these arguments most cogently. Israeli society has since moved inexorably ever rightward.

Then as now, I'm an anti-statist. I don't like to see the building and proliferating of nation-states. I don't like people aspiring to create them, and I certainly don't like people butchering each other with them. Arthur Waskow once spun out a lovely libertarian utopia for the area of Israel/Palestine that entailed decentralized federations of autonomous Jewish and Arab cantons residing side by side in a fully binational society. Sure, and if the cat laid eggs, so goes a yiddish saying, it would be a chicken. I don't think I was ever that naive to imagine anarchism taking root in the area anytime in the foreseeable future. I was disabused of such fantasies by having experienced reality in Israel. Part of that reality are the current demographics of the region. There are 6.1 million Jews and nearly 5.8 Arabs living in Israel and the Occupied Territories.

These facts beg for a creative reconsideration of the "one state solution" put forward by the old pre-Oslo Palestine Liberation Organization for a democratic, secular nation-state in the region of Palestine. Not quite as elegant was the call for a binational state in Israel/Palestine by Zionist socialism's left wing, the aforementioned *Hashomer Hatzair* and MAPAM, that evaporated with the formation of Israel's Labor Party in 1968. The chances for either a democratic secular state or a binational state in Israel/Palestine however are slim to none, not without a lot of violence and social disruption. Far more blood and chaos will accompany the least favorable but far more likely solution, the "two state solution" that creates a Palestinian nation-state in the Occupied Territories alongside

a mostly intact state of Israel. Not only is the two-state solution the highly probable outcome of decades of suffering and war, but it is likely to reproduce the same power imbalance, a militarily and economically hegemonic Israel running roughshod over a string of poverty-stricken Palestinian Bantustans.

Which is a tragedy considering that, at least on the Jewish side of things, there have been imaginative ways for a people to live and thrive without the need for a nation-state. At the beginning of the 20th century, as youthful European Jews took to socialist ideas and movements of various stripes, Zionist socialism predominated in a nationalist Zionist movement that promoted the colonization of Palestine under the patently false slogan of "a land without a people for a people without a land." Diametrically opposed to all forms of Zionism were the Jews who committed themselves to Marxist social democracy, specifically to the internationalist socialism embodied by the Bolsheviks and their Third International, which called for world *proletarian* revolution to bring about a classless stateless society. The Jewish Labor Bund positioned itself between these two poles to develop a hybrid socialism unique to the social situation of the Jewish people.

The Bund operated in eastern Europe, in the territorial ghetto known as the Pale of Settlement to which the Jewish people were confined and in which the Jews often comprised a sizable minority of the population. The socialism advocated by the Bund aligned with the international working class movement while defending the national characteristics of the Jewish people in the Pale of Settlement. The Jews of the Pale lived separately (in urban ghettos and Jewish villages called *shtetls*), had their own language (yiddish), religion, customs and culture, and shared various autonomous social institutions (schools, community councils, and mutual aid societies). From these facts the Bund derived a form of Jewish nationalism that downplayed any united sovereign Jewish territory for one based on Jewish community control of local schools, police and government. As such, the Jewish Labor Bund's program prefigured the program of the Black Panther Party in the United States.

The Third Reich's "Final Solution" put an end to the aspirations of the Jewish Labor Bund by liquidating the Jewish people in eastern Europe. I got to know some Bundists who had immigrated to New York City after the second World War. When they didn't entirely assimilate, they became either ardent Communists or soft Zionists. Few remained affiliated with the Jewish Labor Bund, which like yiddish has recently experienced a revival in interest.

The spectrum of Zionist socialism/Jewish Labor Bund socialism/international socialism parallels a broader spectrum within the Jewish people at large, generated by the question over the nature of the Jewish people. There are those who would argue that the Jews aren't a people at all, among them outspoken jazz saxophonist Gilad Atzmon, and academic Shlomo Sand whose book *The Invention of the Jewish People* summarizes this position clearly. Then there are those at the opposite end of the spectrum like the Jewish Defense League who believe that the Jewish people are a nation, even a race, chosen by God and given the land of Israel as their inalienable birth right. Most who weigh in on the subject, including most Jews, hold a middle position, that the Jewish people are some amalgam of race, nation, ethnicity, tribe, culture or religion which cannot be clearly fixed. The point is moot however, given that Jews consider themselves Jews, and define themselves as Jews no matter the argument or the circumstance.

The Jews have existed as a self-identified, dispersed people at least since the Babylonian destruction of the first temple in 586 BCE. Thus, the Jewish people have survived partly or entirely without a nation-state for over 2,500 years. The Roman destruction of the second temple in 70 CE forced the Jews to adapt with the development of the synagogue as a temple *in absentia*. Yet whether this Jewish dispersal is termed exile or diaspora, it took more than the institution of the synagogue to hold it together. Vibrant centers of Jewish culture and learning overlapped concentrations of Jewish population first in ancient Babylonia, then in Moorish Spanish, and finally in Medieval Poland.

These dynamic social/cultural/religious centers provided guidance and cohesion to the Jewish people as a whole, throughout the eastern hemisphere and eventually the world, and were crucial to Jewish survival. It can be argued that this core/periphery structure of Jewish existence was in crisis by 1850, with the rise of the modern nation-state. But what can't be substantiated is the Zionist assertion that without a Jewish nation-state, the Jewish people will always be threatened by discrimination, harassment, murder, pogrom and holocaust. One of the most dangerous places in the world for a Jew to reside today is in Israel. All it would take is for Israel to lose just one war in order to raise the very real specter of Jewish genocide once again.

Between the wholly inadequate two-state solution and Waskow's anarchist idyll, there are a number of quite possible, favorable resolutions to the Israel/Palestine conflict. I've highlighted as viable examples leftwing Zionist socialism's binational state, the one-state solution of the PLO's secular democratic Palestinian state, the Jewish Labor Bund's socialist program for Jewish territorial autonomy, and the non-state core/periphery structure so critical to Jewish survival as a people over the millennia. This middle ground is quite broad, providing a wide political middle-of-the-road from which true moderation can arise. And a moderate, just solution to the Israeli/Palestinian conflict would be wonderful. In this instance, I would dearly love to refute Barry Goldwater when he said: "I would remind you that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice! And let me remind you also that moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue!"

*I rely on Max Boot's exhaustive study *Invisible Armies* for the distinction between formal military action and terrorism.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I'm archiving past columns, and publishing current ones a month delayed on my blog, www.leftyhooligan.wordpress.com. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@me.com.

Thisclose Communique XI: The Nightmare Continues, UK World Tour Report Part II

Friday, 11th April: The Grosvenor, London

After a short intermission, the 2014 Grave New World Tour of the United Kingdom lurched sleepily back into motion around 5 am one Friday morning in April. Since the establishment of the underground scene the dictates of being a band on tour have demanded the use of a "tour van" in order to transport the group and their equipment to the concert destination, and yet this morning we found ourselves sat upon on the top deck of one of the UK's leading budget coaches, traveling steadily south toward the nation's capital. While use of a tour van has certainly been a staple of the underground scene, if not a marker of a band's success within said scene, the increasingly austere times in which we live demand a reappraisal of this practice. With average daily hire charges for a suitably sized vehicle sitting between £60-£80, and increasingly high premiums being charged for petrol and diesel (petrol in the UK has increased in price by around 50% in the last ten years), a touring band with a touring van must be looking to make at least £100-£150 a night simply to cover their costs. When these figures are measured against a background in which venues are also routinely increasing hire charges, free-to-use spaces such as squats and social centers are becoming scarcer, and many promoters steadfastly refuse to charge more than £4 admission (a price which was common as far back as the mid-nineties), then it is very apparent that a rethinking of the role of the "tour van" must be made. Budget coach travel is one such option within the UK, with very agreeable prices available online if purchased far enough in advance—as low as £1 for journeys between Glasgow and Amsterdam to be found in some instances. One drawback is of course that equipment, such as amplifiers and a drum kit, must be organized by the concert promoter. Given, however, how common private ownership of such commodities is in the western world, this really should not prove

to be too much of an issue, and it may be the case that the venue, as was the case when we travelled to London, has its own in-house backline available. Another issue is, of course, the proximity of the venue you will perform in to the terminal where your coach arrives, and this proved to be a slight issue to us upon our arrival in London.

Although thorough studying of the London transport maps was necessary, we arrived at the evening's venue, the Grosvenor, many hours before we were due to perform, which allowed us the rare opportunity of a rehearsal, a true luxury for a band whose members represent the four corners of the United Kingdom. After a run-through of our set, we retired to the sanctuary of the merch table to eat the delicious food provided by our host and await the arrival of the London Diehards. The first band to perform this evening was I LIKE BUGS, a London hardcore outfit who were playing their final show in the capital. Screaming thrashy hardcore was their style of choice and the enthusiasm of the crowd demonstrated that they were a preferred local act. After I LIKE BUGS it was time for the WANKYS, who were joining us for this second leg of our UK tour, to take to the stage. With this being the London debut of the WANKYS' new bass player, Beryl, the long-time fans in attendance were watching the stage with much interest, and it was certainly to be a trial by fire. From the opening chords of their first number however, it was obvious that Beryl was the perfect fit for the WANKYS and they bounced through their infectious set of noise punk with the gusto and bravado of well-seasoned veterans, leaving all in attendance grinning from ear to ear, a fantastic, show-stopping performance.

Luckily the energy of the WANKYS performance stayed with us into our own set. There was certainly a feeling of trepidation amongst us as we launched into our signature opening number "When There's a Bill," as it was obvious from the crowd reaction that many in the audience were very familiar with our material and would easily spot any discrepancies in our under-rehearsed performance. However, as the set progressed, our fears were proven unfounded, and even as we muddled our way through the nightmare scenario of a mid-set broken string with an impromptu rendition of "One Foot in the Grave Part II," the audience stayed with us, as captivated as ourselves by the magic of the moment.

After ourselves, both PARANOID from Sweden and BLATO IDEA from London performed, but the day's endeavours to this point had left us exhausted and recollections of either band's sets are hazy beyond an appreciative audience and loud noises. With the gig behind us, we once again fought against the costs of van-hire, and squeezed into the WANKYS' van, journeying with them north to Leicester, and finally resting our travel-weary heads around 4 am.

Saturday, 12th April: The Common Place, Leeds

Our Saturday began predictably enough with a breakfast of baked beans, hash browns, Linda Mac's, and coffee, and the tour catering marks were raised by Mr. Wankys' provision of soy milk for the vegans amongst us. Our sturdy breakfast was followed by the packing and folding of further copies of our second LP *One Foot in the Grave* which had arrived in our possession just in time for the previous evening's concert, and other general re-arrangements of our luggage in preparation for the journey to Leeds, again in the WANKYS van.

Tonight's concert was held at Wharf Chambers, one of the UK's premiere venues for underground music. Much like the famous 1in12 Club in neighboring Bradford, Wharf Chambers has the qualities of a well-run squat venue such as you would find in mainland Europe, with a great selection of independent drinks and snacks available, both alcoholic and non-alcoholic. The main concert room of the venue is spacious, with a small raised stage and a large area to the side for bands' merchandise and distros to be set up.

The first band this evening was again I LIKE BUGS, playing their final concert. The reception was perhaps not as frenzied as in London, but again it was obvious that the group had built up a fan base in Leeds and they received a fair send off. Next up this evening were ENDLESS GRINNING SKULLS, a hardcore group based in the Nottingham area, and they absolutely crushed everyone with the weight of their ferocity. Much has been said about the pedigree of this group, but they confidently step free of any shadows being cast, and tonight they wrote another page in their own legacy as one of the UK's finest ever hardcore bands.

After such a bludgeoning performance the following acts find themselves blending into one in the mind's eye. Certainly before THISCLOSE took to the stage we were again treated to performances from PARANOID and the WANKYS, as well as local act the SKIPLICKERS, but the specifics of these incidences have slid by the wayside. While it is certain that PARANOID received a warm reception, that the WANKYS performed a series of synchronized moves, and that the bass player of the SKIPLICKERS wore a DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS T-shirt, little else has survived with us as testament to this mid-section of the concert.

And so it was to us that the duty of closing the concert fell. With the frustrations of our previous evening's concert fresh in our mind, it was with a renewed determination that we launched once again into our opening salvo. As our first performance in the north of England, it again became clear that there were many in the audience who had been awaiting our arrival, and their enthusiasm again allowed us to comfortably settle into our set. With no technical issues to throw us off balance, we confidently ran through a mixture of material from all our releases, which kept the crowd dancing and smiling. As the headline act, a short encore was demanded and we had prepared a cover of FARCE BY DISASTER for the occasion that brought the evening's proceedings to a close.

After the gig we went our separate ways, some joining the WANKYS to travel back south, some taking a coach north, and others opting for the train. Our new LP *One Foot in the Grave* had been promoted throughout the UK, all 100 tour copies sold, and our new guitarist, The Nibbler, had survived his trial by fire. Our thoughts were now focused on the next goal, 2015's Grave New Fest.

It's rock camp month, witches! Well, Rock Camp Month just ended, I guess. It's Telling You About Rock Camp Month!

Rock Camp is, of course, Girls Rock Camp. This is the fourth year I've taught bass at Girls Rock Vermont, up in Burlington. And can I let you in on a little secret? Teaching bass is the most fun job at rock camp because playing bass is the easiest job in the whole band.

I know that generations of bass players have been trying to convince people that what we do is hard, too, and that they have to work at it, and pointing to the Les Claypools and Geddy Lees of the world, but look. If I can take you behind the curtain for a second? Playing bass is super easy. You usually play one note at a time on one string at a time, unless you get bored of that and you want to do something else. All you have to know how to do is fucking pinch something. That's all you have to do to play bass.

(And I mean, whatever, playing guitar is easy too, all you have to know how to do is move around a power chord until you get bored and want to learn to do other stuff. Or you can even just tune to drop D and fuckin' squeeze, like you do on a bass. Singing is easy too, you just have to watch that one twenty-minute YouTube video by that guy who I think is Irish or something? Who keeps drinking from a tea mug as he screams like a banshee or roars like a dragon between explanations of vocal anatomy and how not to permanently lose your voice or whatever. Then all you have to remember is to breathe. Drums are hard but I bet if I had a drum set to fuck around with I wouldn't think they were *that* hard. Programming drums is easy.)

Whatever, my point is just that teaching bass to eleven-year-old girls is the best because you teach them the Pinch Technique and then once they've got that down you don't have to mess around with scales or even the names of notes, you can just skip straight to teaching them to play songs about shooting heroin. Or Katy Perry songs, or whatever else they want to play.

Maybe you know this already, but the way rock camp works is that from a Monday to a

Friday girls and young women have instrument lessons in the mornings and then there's like workshops on zines and stage presence and media literacy and stuff like that and lunch, where bands play, and then in the afternoon everybody is in a band and the bands write music and then on Saturday everybody goes to the local rock venue where Godsmack and Smash Mouth play when they are on tour and the rock camp bands play onstage with lights and sound guy sound and mic-ed amplifiers and stuff. It's pretty much the best. All week I meant to hang out with everybody I know in Burlington, including Lee, the drummer from my band Correspondences, but after even just like the first day I'm so tired from being so stoked all day that all I have the energy to do is drink beer and watch horror movies with my friends Kelly and Alyssa, who traditionally have let me stay with them for rock camp week.

I guess it has also become a tradition that I lead the stage presence workshop at rock camp—which is funny if you have ever seen me perform—because for either the second or third year (I forget), uh, I did. At the workshop I sort of implied that the Obamas were coming to the show on Saturday? Which I didn't mean to do, but what happened was, I showed this video of Janelle Monae performing at the White House because, dude. I know this is outside the jurisdiction of *MRR*—don't stress, punk reader! I also showed Downtown Boys and Thug Murder and the Selecter and Shady Hawkins and X-Ray Spex, but Janelle Monae has stage presence out the ass. And before I showed that video I was like, "Uh, so I don't *think* that the Obamas are coming to the show on Saturday," which I guess everybody heard as "the Obamas *might* be coming on Saturday," which they then interpreted to mean "the Obamas *are* coming on Saturday." I had to get on Twitter and tweet at the damn president to invite him to the show on Saturday, and then when that didn't work I tweeted at Michelle and offered to buy their tickets, but that didn't work either. I didn't see them at the show, and I was looking; somebody said they were in California that day. But I think everybody was too stoked about playing the songs they made up, onstage with their friends, to be too disappointed.

And I mean, I don't want to sound preachy or anything, but isn't that what punk is supposed to be about—being stoked to play music you made up with your friends, regardless of whether the president and his family show up?

I was band coach for this band of mostly eleven-year-olds, I think, called Elektrek Rithom. They made up a song about how awesome they are. Actually, I think most of the bands did songs about how, as bands, they are awesome. Which is legit! They *were* all awesome. And it ruled too, because, like, I don't know if you've ever been in a band or writing songs or whatever but there are all these songwriting tricks that you can use to make songs awesomer, and Elektrek Rithom totally pulled out a bunch of them without thinking about them or calling them songwriting tricks or anything. They just knew them in their hearts. Like you know the thing where the chorus has four lines and the first three are about the same length and the fourth is like twice that, crammed into one line? They just did that while they were making up words. And the thing where you start quiet, then get louder, then get even louder, then get quiet for the verses and louder for the choruses? Boom. Also the thing where you use your lyrics to threaten to rock the listener so hard that he, she or they have to go to the ER (which, of course, stands both for Emergency Room *and* Elektrek Rithom).

Lyrical ambiguity is a killer songwriting trick.

And man, the last one, check this out. They did an intro and some verses and choruses and stuff and then they wrote a bridge, but then they couldn't figure out the timing for changing from the bridge back to the last chorus (x2), they just kept trainwrecking on it. So instead of practicing until they made it work, they were like, fuck it, and did the thing where at the end of the bridge they pretended that the song was over, waited for everyone to cheer for how awesome they were, and then—once there was applause—Abigail, the drummer, counted to four super loud and then they all busted into a harder, faster, louder version of the chorus. The fake-out! Another awesome rock trick.

Meanwhile, back in bass class, we accidentally taught the girls a song about shooting heroin. See, Kelly teaches bass with me, although she missed a couple days this time because she had to work, and in previous years whenever we've been like "Aw, man today we're gonna learn L7" or something that we think is easy and cool, the girls like... they haven't said it out loud, exactly, but their attitude has been basically, "Why would I care about this old people shit." Which is why we started teaching them Katy Perry and stuff—because playing an instrument is way more engaging when you care about what you're playing, even if it is not the kind of thing that your bass teachers might be stoked about. Plus once you're stoked then your opportunistic bass teachers can sneakily teach you cooler music and also cooler politics and then maybe even, hopefully, the difference between awesome tattoos, terrible tattoos, and the good kind of bad tattoos. (We did not get to that this year.) (We have not actually gotten to that lesson any years yet.)

Anyway, this year though there were some suggestions for songs to learn but they all kinda sucked so on a whim I was like, "I don't know, let's do 'Violet' by Hole," and everybody was really into it! Which is cool because there's yelling and rocking and it has three separate bass parts; Katy Perry's "Wide Awake" only has one and let's be real, it sucks and is boring. Bass class totally rises to a challenge and when one girl asked to learn "American Idiot," that Green Day song, we were like, "Okay, sure." (On Green Day: I dunno. If somebody's gotta be a rock star I'm glad it's them.) And dude, that song is *fast* if you've only been playing bass for three days! But they totally got it and we were racking our brains for cool songs with women on 'em to teach them that were fast but not boring and didn't have a ton of parts to memorize and we remembered about "Coral Fang," by the Distillers, which is a pretty good song and pretty easy.

So Kelly figured it out and the next day we played it for them and Kelly wrote a tab up on the board and on the third or fourth time playing through it crept up the back of my neck that, oh fuck, it is just literally a song about shooting heroin. Whoops!

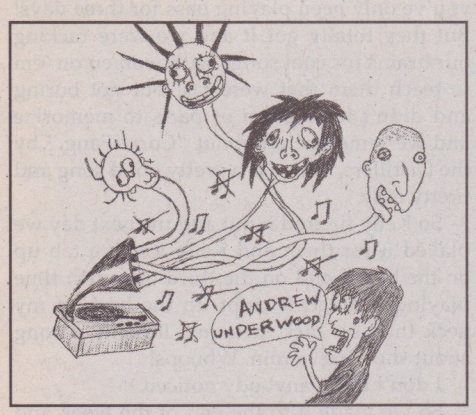
I don't think anybody noticed.

So we made it to the end of the week and it was awesome and everybody was awesome and we all did a run-through before we went to Higher Ground, the venue where Staind and Five Finger Death Punch play shows when they are on tour. In order to combat stage fright an impromptu backstage green room ghost story party came together out of nowhere, which was awesome—"The girl was dead! And the dooolll was like thiiis" [eight-year-old girl makes awesome face]. One year backstage a thirteen-year-old girl in a band I was coaching chugged a whole Monster soda and then ran literal laps around the green room for half an hour before the show started, but the crew this year was more chill.

There's videos up on Vimeo if you want to see what the bands were like but the last thing I want to tell you about is that you would think, after having played in bands for as long as I have, that I would know better, but I still totally did the thing—once Elektrek Rithom was onstage—where before they played I turned the gain on Hannah's guitar amp up just a tiiiny little bit, for a little extra oomph while they played, but it ended up turning her guitar into a deafening roar that you couldn't hear anybody else over. She didn't even sweat it, though, she just waited 'til the second verse and then turned the volume knob down on her guitar. I didn't even know she knew how to do that! We sure didn't teach anybody anything about volume knobs in bass class.

Anyway, bass teacher Kelly is also Stickshift Recordings Kelly, and the next weekend she threw Stickshift Fest in honor of Stickshift's first birthday, and I want to write about that in my next column. It was awesome. Stickshift's a feminist, trans-positive Burlington punk label that's done three free comps in a year—I think you can get 'em on bandcamp—and I've been meaning to interview her for this column for, like, a year. She also plays in this awesome band Gorgon. So. Hopefully next month I'll have an interview with her.

I'm really into this sorta metallic scream-y band Weak Wrists right now. Maybe you would like them too? I just found 'em on bandcamp through femalefrontedhardcore.tumblr.com, which is probably worth a look if you are an internet nerd and have your protective tumblr armor ready. If you want to talk about it you can email me at imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com.



Sorry, sorry, sorry for being AWOL last month. By design, my life is not frequently very complicated, but last month was definitely over-the-top with out-of-town guests and shit to do, and I just did not have the time or wherewithal to produce anything worth reading. Which totally sucked because I had a stack of stuff I was super excited to write about. The good news is that now I have an even bigger stack of stuff to cover!

Number one on my list is the LP I was teasing so hard in my last column, the self-titled debut from Wakayama, Japan's AX. This crew has been around for a while, creeping under my radar, gigging around with OOZE in a very small regional scene. I was (and still am) completely floored when I bought this LP on speculation, threw it on and found one of the best new recordings of the year! The baseline style here is total Japanese hardcore, from the rapid-fire vocal attack to the gang back-ups on choruses to the copious solos, but the sound is much…brighter? Cheerier? It's hard to define what the exact quality is that makes this record so special. It's got an innate kind of sunniness, and between the lack of tough-guy growled vocals, lots of fun two-stepping breakdowns, and a heaping helping of rock'n'roll in the guitar licks, it's got something that I really haven't heard in a long time. The songwriting is infectious as fuck, every stop-start break, solo lead-in, and crazy dive into a driving riff placed just so, familiar, and yet, far from stale. The bastard child of NIGHTMARE and MINOR THREAT? ANTI meets TETSU ARREI? All I know is that if you're not pumping your fist and singing along to "One Love" by the end of the song, you've got no business reading this column. Just to top it all off, the recording is fucking spectacular; warm and big sounding in all the right ways. This record is absurdly good, a total must-hear. I haven't seen it distributed outside of Japan at all, so hit up your favorite Japanese shop or shoot the label an email for a copy! (Yashima Records, yumeyoi1981@yahoo.co.jp)

Take the essence of '77 punk, let it marinate in a barrel of the shittiest whiskey imaginable and release it on an unsuspecting world in 2014: Boom, you've got the CENTIPEDE *Puzzle* double EP. These songs have hooks for days, all executed with the deliberate flair of a drunk doing something really simple in a very elaborate way. A few tracks butt up again proto hardcore in a kind of NEGATIVE TREND way, but most of it is pure STAR CLUB/CLASH style straight-up punk. I could swear there's an organ somewhere in the mix buried under the razor-sharp guitar and snotty vocals, but mostly this is driven by the awesome stumblebum one-two drumming and the aforementioned hooks. I think BLACK AND WHITE are probably the only other band doing this pure punk style who can compete. Excellent stuff, all housed in a beautifully designed (and needless to say, punk as fuck) gatefold sleeve. (Pogo 77 Records, Zushimachi 2951-15, Machida-Shi, Tokyo, #194-0203, Japan)

While the drunkenness is only implicit in the CENTIPEDE approach, it's the *raison d'etre* for BEER BELLY, and their *Super Nonsense Pogo Attack* EP is proof positive of the same. Starting (but of course) with the crisp snap of an opening beer can, BEER BELLY never let up with the pogo and fun. There's a lot of TOY DOLLS influence to be had, in the relative speediness of the songs, the goofy attitude, and especially the "la la la" chorus of "Beer and Oi!". This is absolutely cartoon-ish in the best possible way, completely stupid but totally self-aware. The GAMEBOI!S or SAD BOYS without the dark undercurrents are obvious parallels, thought neither band achieves the velocity that BEER BELLY do on the title track or "We are Beer Belly". It is amazing to have written about the DISCOCKS demo reissue EP last column and now to be writing about a band that embodies all that a younger generation took from the seeds that Peter and Nori planted back in '91 as they revived the dumb punk and Oi! styles they loved so well. Hell, next column will include new DISCOCKS material, bringing everything full circle! If you'd rather pogo all day and drink in alleys all night than get a job, this is totally your new favorite band. (Nonsense Records, ask a fucking punk!)

Dedicated readers of this column might remember that I gushed all over the SCUMRAID demo a couple years ago. It's been quite a while, but thankfully the band's still around and have finally issued their debut EP *Out of Order*, and it's just as vicious as the demo material. Drawing inspiration from the GLOOM/COLLAPSE SOCIETY school of crasher crust, this seven-song monster races by in a feedback-laden haze of sharp riffs, thick bass, and galloping drums. The variety in the vocal attack is a definite plus, ranging from monster roars to more throat-y shouts that cut dramatically through the fuzz. The band gets a touch experimental on the title track, collapsing into a hypnotic looping bass riff before building back up into a frenzied all-out attack that sends the EP out on a high note. I've been talking up this record to anyone who will listen, and I've been pleased that at least one punk has reported that he's not been able to pry this EP off the turntable since it arrived. Were it not for the AX LP I'd probably be saying the same! There's still not a ton of Korean punk out there and this band are absolutely among the cream of the crop. (D-Takt and Råpunk Records, dbeatrawpunk.blogspot.com)

I am still bummed that Ireland's CONTORT never had a proper vinyl release (if only the planned split with WARNING//WARNING had come through!), but that gap as been filled at least spiritually by DISGUISE's *System Shock* EP. DISGUISE very much draw from the same well of influences as CONTORT, blasting out short shocks of distorted and reverb-ed hardcore with heavy Japanese overtones. It's not any kind of mimicry though, as the straightforward and short songs have an almost USHC feel as well. Actually, the Bay Area's own late lamented VACUUM are a pretty good reference point when discussing this EP as both bands reflect a kind of carefully structured chaos (and a fondness for a good "Oooooh" on the mic!). "No Release" into "Civilization" is my favorite sequence on the record, but everything here is worth hearing. (Milk Run Records, milkrunrecords.bigcartel.com)

When a new band puts it out there that they're going for SACRILEGE meets EFFIGY, I will both take notice and kind of scoff at the presumption of such a claim. Much to my surprise, the STARK MOON demo manages to effectively back up that description! Sure, it's hella rough around the edges and there are no amazing guitar solos, but this is some very credible grungy metallic hardcore. I could do without the speed-for-speed's sake of "Question", but the songs with the female lead vox are totally killer. The ramshackle recording is absolutely for the best, giving the material an immediacy this kind of shit totally requires, and some of the riffs are quite inspired. I can totally imagine paying a couple of uh... quid (?) for this tape at the Mermaid back in '86. "Plasma Storm" is totally the choice jam off of this demo. I need an excuse to make a mixtape and put that shit on there. (Stark Moon, PO Box 16331, Fresno CA 93755)

Finally, I have to make a correction/apology. In my last column, I made some strident claims about the lack of promotion for the Oakland BLACK AND WHITE gig. As it turns out it there was actually plenty of promotion in all kinds of avenues, from flyers to online listings to, yes, Facebook, and I in my baby-induced haze managed to just miss them all. I regret going off half-cocked with my complaints and I resolve to pay more attention in the future lest I miss another gig I really wanted to see. I wish I could say that won't happen again but…you know, it probably will. Until next time, punkers, hit me up at agunderwood@gmail.com or write c/o *MRR*.

This method will make it hard to keep up with what is discussed within these upcoming lines of thoughts transformed into words, but history will treat it right. So, two months ago in *MRR* Ratcharge raised an interesting question. Why is the punk punk? Why do we say that he is a punk; why does it need you to be fully committed to listening to non-musical pop music?

I'm the least qualified person to go into the history of words and phrases. But the fact is not the simple reasoning of saying that punks came before them and that punk music made a perfect match. Punk is the origo of the music and its accompanying cultural world, thus it carries a significant impact on our whole life. Everything was leading into the way of creating this sound and aesthetics; and sometimes it seems as if culture fights with all its power to go back into this fundamental epicentrum of everything. But to swim against the currents is not always easy.

But punk music is played by punks for punks. It's not like progressive rock, that is played by assholes and listened to by dads in leather vests and ponytail hair. Punk is like girls; this is why girls are punks. There were girls before girl bands, and it's such a huge thing for some: that the better half of humanity is capable of making noise, and out of shock everyone calls these bands "girl-bands" and their members "girls."

These are just words. But words have power. I'm pretty sure I could quote some hip hop artists here, but I only prefer rap songs about body parts. Whatever. Too much knowledge might break up my rhyme.

So I came to this revelation a few months ago. I was at this radio show as a guest being interviewed by some drunken friend of mine. After work, a three hour train ride, reading through a Balzac novel, a punk show, a drummer's broken finger, riding bikes after I don't know how many years, meeting my girlfriend's grandma, drinking too much in too short a time and smoking weed, I found myself in a small booth in front of a microphone where I was talking too much.

But I got to a point where I realized people want too much from punk. They think it's important. That it will do something. Even the lamest mainstream asshole will say it's such a punk attitude or approach to do things when he or she gets his or her head out of his or her asshole and acts like a normal fucking person. Acting normal; just to shake yourself and say I'm done with following this bullshit. Punk has this mission to do something. To break rules and destroy or rebuild the establishment. Punk is about not being a fucking asshole and people know this and this is why they try to prove we are dead. When you are a punk and you seemingly fit into the establishment because you used your brain for a second and figured out its rules, they are disappointed. If they see that you can eat with forks and knives while not shitting yourself they will think this is not fair. How come you are normal but not a self-forced norm? Then they will say you are not punk and punk is dead because they can't bear to realize there is life even beyond throwing your shit at the crowd, or shooting heroin with your girlfriend in Mad Max extras clothes. Just simply not thinking your job is the most important part of your day since it's only 1/3 of 24 hours. Punk bears a cross in the sense that we are cultural Jesuses, but the job is too hard, that's why we oppose religion.

It's true that you will never hear people say that, "you are not a trip hop fan and trip hop is dead"—it's still alive right? Why would they? No one gives a fuck if you like Massive Attack or not. For Americans: Massive Attack is a British band with a political message and people listen to their music when they don't have taste in anything and when they are really really stoned. Trip hop fan has no duty to serve. What would that be? They are lucky, it's just a genre of music they are free to listen to, or abandon when bored and rather switch to U2. No one will blame them, question them, and tell them what they believe in is dead or a lie for loser teenagers. Not even the bands have to worry about it. No one cares if they stop their flame burning because, like, who gives a shit? Was there ever a flame anyway?

Would this be the point? Are we cultural messiahs cursed to be forever questioned, hunted, disgraced and crucified? Well maybe.

But there is another explanation as to why a fan of punk music and radically normal ideas (for example not being a capital fucking asshole) is a punk. When you're labeled as *a punk*, the true meaning of this tag is not the adjective (punk) that could descibe you as a fan of punk music, but the important part is the indefinite article (a) which states you are standing alone in all this as a separated individual. A lonesome entity. When you listen to any other music you are a fan of that genre you are a part of a bigger picture of a crowed, a fan base you are not a single lonesome entity wondering in this cosmical chaos.

Have you ever been to a punk show? You are a punk thus you spend every third day of your life in a basement. We are constantly among people where everyone is free to express themselves yet still we are lonely. Punk is not a mass. Our dance is pogo, moshing, whatever in which we are fighting each other. We want to destroy our surroundings while having fun. When we are happy we want to push away other people, not hug them and be together with them. Even when no one dances, our metacommunication says we feel hostile among people. Among each other.

People who say we all just wanna iss our parents also say that we are defined by our desires. The absolute of punk is unity. With desiring it we say we are alone and want it different. One never reaches one's desire that's kinda the point of it is named desire - this is the fuel for us to do things. Or something but at the end we don't make love with our parents and probably there won't be some Bill and Ted moment where the whole world gathers under a solo of a Discharge song.

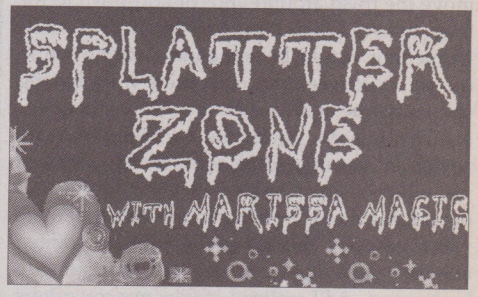
We starve for being together that's why we say all these things to be heard and embraced thanks to our brightness, that's why we tour to go out and meet, experience, that's why we book bands to host them to invite them to make them entertain us, that's why we are constantly communicating writing fanzines, singing songs, drawing pictures of skinheads sucking off each other, but communication in punk is never a discussion of two these are just parallel monologues howled by the lone wolves of this cruel world. This is what punks are.

We are the ones that indicate the frustration of this world. When people say you are not a punk they want you to stand up and say: Yes this is unbearable and I will put this safety pin through my nose to protest against it. They want us to do this because they know we are lonely and we have nothing to lose.

They can't tell their boss they don't give a shit about their jobs because they have a family to feed, they can't trash their apartment because there is a gathering on the upcoming weekend with their neighbors. While we without families, neighbors and any belongings are free to do anything. For them we are modern day Franciscans wondering in the world with nothing else but just the desire to form a brotherhood with other pure people.

That's why we could be called as a punk that's why we are punks, that's why they see a meaning in this commitment. While I'm not always so sure if there is any.

Ps.: Gosh I fucking miss talking about music.



On Nothing

I'm at work, my period started early, I went to the bathroom to shove some toilet paper in my underpants, maybe take a moment to adjust my wig. It's annoying but fine, my boobs have been sore for like two weeks now and I'm moody but I think that may be a constant state of mind for me and sometimes you're just like, "Would you fucking start already (period)? Will you get the fuck out of my body (period)?" I am exhausted and achy and bleeding on my inner thighs as I try to pass as normal. I've been working in the attic at my office with some ancient jumbled files, that include floppy disks and millions of duplicates for months now. Sometimes my coworkers apologize, expressing sympathy about me having to be up here all alone, but in reality it's the kind of work I enjoy doing, a situation I enjoy. It's kind of bizarre to spend so much time organizing things in a memory hole, alphabetizing and putting in order that which will never be looked at, physical copies of things that are now digitized. But it's a thing I like. The floor of my room is chronically covered in clothes but I'll spend three weeks putting printed out e-mails from 1996 in chronological order down to the minute. Also minimal interactions with coworkers. Once I slipped, "It's great, I don't have to talk to anyone," and the second those words passed my lips I realized I was being a freak because I guess people are pack animals or yadda yadda whatever. My coworker

seemed confused by this statement. But I'm alone and there are double doors that open to nothing that let the light and the air in and I take off my shoes and sweater and eat snacks all day and listen to music and nobody even knows if I'm in the fucking building or not. Flying under the radar. Participating just enough to not fail. Getting a C in gym class. Sometimes I just read books because no one is paying attention to me. I'm trying to get the internet to play some free jazz and it just keeps giving me mild eras of the stars. I avoid telling my coworkers anything about my life. Do they know I'm a trash bag? Do they care? 90% of the time I smell kind of weird (comparably). Dressed OK but old and stained. A rumple. Fake hair that may or may not be obvious. I wonder if any of my coworkers have ever caught me eating out of the trash? Seriously these people throw away entire meals; once I found an unopened loaf of bread in the trash. I told a friend about that and he asked if I ever worried about my coworkers noticing food disappearing from the trash. First of all, I doubt they even pay attention to the ongoing state of the trash. Second of all, I usually move the trash around and/or add trash to the trash to avoid this. I feel like the more obvious happening would be someone catching me in the act. Last week my coworkers were having this barbeque and I was late to the barbeque... actually I forgot about the barbeque and my coworker was unloading some tomato salad on me, which is great because I'll eat anything and everything that is free. He warned me that there was cheese in it and is that OK and then pointed out the veggie dogs and I realized he assumed I was vegan and I realized maybe my coworkers are more aware that I'm a freak lifer than I think they are. I should give them more credit.

My ankle is so fucked up and it's freaking me the fuck out. It's like my back was hurting a while ago and it only hurt for like a week, but I was freaked because my bandmates both have mega back problems and I thought, "Is this my fate?" Basically at this point (age) with any mysterious pain or injury that lasts too long (how long is too long? [flexible, dependent]) I decide that my body is falling apart and that pain is my fate. But anyway, my ankle. There was this unseen step that I tumbled over like a month ago and my ankle has been swollen and weird ever since. I've noticed as an adult, when you fall you pray that no one sees (or at least I do). I worked at a museum that had a special exhibit that had an awkward step at the exit. People ate shit all the time and we were required to ask if they wanted to file a complaint when they did. No one ever took us up on that offer; they would just scramble to their feet, give you a silent look of complete horror and then basically run away. I ate shit on this unseen step and first a woman screeched, "Are you OK?" And red-faced with a look of horror on my face I screeched, "I'm fine!" As I hobbled away as fast as possible looking down but looking around, a man leaned out of a car and yelled, "You should wear different shoes!" I yell, "But I like them!" and somehow this response of mine makes me feel like this man in a car must think I'm the same guy that's moving in and taking a shit on San Francisco—but I'm not, I don't even live there anymore—and in response the man yelled, "You should wear some tennis shoes, you're falling all over the place in those heels!" I stare with a look of horror, and basically run away. My tights ripped at the knees, I drank more coffee and grabbed the bus.

On my commute at the station where I transfer trains there is a dead pigeon hanging from a beam above the track. It got twisted in a wire (I somehow happened to witness this part) that runs along the top of the beam in an effort to dissuade them from hanging out on this beam, and this pigeon got stuck when it tried to fly away as a train came in, and the bird kind of sputtered until it went limp. Now it just hangs there and swings in the wind created by the trains coming through the station. It's been there for about a week now. Like the time there was a dead raccoon in the gutter along my walk from the train station to my office (which, unrelated to this topic, always smells like melted chocolate due to the two chocolate factories on either side of the street)—how long will it take to clean up the corpse? Nature or a person? Raccoon was about three weeks. Don't know who did what. Pigeon is still there, at 6.45 am. I filmed it as it flopped in the breeze.

I'm taking a leap to visit a friend in a different country in which I keep getting updates from her of shifting plans—"Can you meet me in Warsaw instead of Berlin?" I'm in my room in this enclosed space, a room within a room, that the person who lived here before me built, that I refer to as a sex cave because that's basically what it was built for. I usually hang out in it when I'm hungover and watching movies all day; had sex in it once. Sometimes I feel like I live in a clubhouse (there are similarities). I grumble about how now I have to find a way from Copenhagen to Warsaw instead of Copenhagen to Berlin. If this is my problem in life then it's a pretty stellar problem to have. But I realize maybe my existence is a little surreal, or does everyone feel like that here and there? Is life just weird? Like this one time late into the night in a recording studio when my band at the time was getting ultra goofy, someone asked the poor guy who was recording us if we were the goofiest band *ever*, to which he replied "*Every* band asks that." Another friend ended up in a band famous enough where it became not too weird to be sitting backstage in a foreign country and have Karl Lagerfield ask him where his bandmate was. I guess we all have our point A's and point B's. This relative recently was telling me an ultra-boring story as if it was *so wild*. But I'm not trying to imply that I am better than anyone, I'm just a scum that has eschewed a whole lotta normal life shit; I'm no better, no worse. I pay my rent on time. I oscillate wildly in between being convinced I am perfection and being convinced that I am a pathetic dork. Arrogance and self-shit (I know this street). Am I intimidating or just desperate? When I'm feeling good I assume people avoid me because they're scared of me and when I'm hating I assume it's because I'm painfully awkward. I once had a teacher tell me that I gave off an asshole vibe and that's why I had little to no friends as I sat sobbing in his office (newly dumped). It's fine, he was just trying to be a dad (I like my dad better). The internet tells me I have a resting bitch face.

We all have our A's and B's.

Here's the follow up to the column I started last month. Let's have a look at the back plate of a standard tube amplifier.

Mains Plug and Power Cord:

Use a proper power cord to plug your amp to the wall power. Most amps come with their own—you can use another one, but it's usually better to use the one provided with your amp. Also, be careful, because European and American electric systems are different. They don't use the same voltage—110 volts in the US and 230 volts in Europe. Unless you have a voltage selector on the back of your amp, you shouldn't plug an American amp into a European plug, and vice versa. This is one of the reasons why we use different kind of plugs from a country to another.

Fuses:

Wherever you have high voltage, you'll find fuses. Fuses prevent any damage to your amp and also to yourself. Whenever the intensity (not be confused with tension) of the current is wrong, the fuse blows up. You'll usually, but not always, find two fuse-holders on the back plate of an amp. One is the main fuse. It's connected to the main transformer and it deals with the wall power. Transformers turn one form of electric current into another. They are mostly used to turn alternative current from the wall power into direct current used inside the amp circuit. If this one blows up, chances are strong that something is wrong with the wall power.

There is also a "high tension" fuse. This one is mostly related to the power section. It protects the direct current power to the power tubes within the amplifier. It's called "high tension" because it deals with higher tensions than the one coming from the wall power. I previously wrote about how the power coming out from the speaker outputs of an amp to the speakers can be really high (approximately 400 to 600 volts). If this fuse blows up, then you should probably check your power tubes, or the connection between the amp and the cabinet, or even the output transformer.

Honestly, there are only few reasons why the main fuse will blow up. Usually, it's all about the high tension fuse going out of order, because it doesn't really like the way it's plugged into the cabinet. I'd highly recommend having a couple

of spare fuses with you every time you're using your amp. These are mandatory. Trust me. I've never seen anybody in the punk scene with spare fuses, but you really should…

When a fuse goes out, replace it with one of the exact same specs. Don't try to cheat with a piece of metal or something; you'll damage both yourself and your amp. If the fuse blows again, and you've checked that everything was right, from the connections to the tubes, then, take your amp to a tech.

Impedance selector:

In the first column, we talked about impedance, and how important it is to match the impedance from the head to the cabinet. The cabinet's impedance is pretty much fixed, so you can't change it. The only way you can really choose the impedance is from the head, using this selector. So get to know the cabinet's impedance, then turn that selector accordingly to the cabinet.

Note that there is usually no impedance selector on a solid state amp because it regulates its impedance by itself, so this only applies to tube amps.

Speaker outputs:

This is where you plug in your speaker cable and run it to the cabinet. There are usually two outputs, and unless there's a main one, and the other is an extension, you can use whichever one you want. But, this is where it gets tricky: things are not the same if you want to use both outputs at the same time. Read the next few lines carefully, as they are very important:

These outputs are made for using two cabinets at the same time. If you have one head and two cabinets, the first thing you should check is that they have the same impedance. Then, before plugging anything in, you need to know if the two speaker outputs on your head are wired together in series or parallel. It makes a real difference, so you can't escape with luck on this. Usually, most speaker outputs are wired in parallel, but not all. So refer to your user manual, or ask a tech or something.

As we are getting closer to plugging our two cabs into the head, we need two speaker cables. Once again, never use an instrument cable.

Once you know how your speaker outputs are wired, here are the rules for plugging your two cabs into your head:

If your speaker outputs are wired in parallel: the impedance of your cabinets is divided by 2.

Example: I have two 16-ohm cabinets and I want to plug both of them into my head. My head has two speaker outputs wired in parallel. I have to set the impedance selector on my head on 8-ohms. If I have two 8-ohm cabinets, I'll select 4-ohms on my head.

If your speaker outputs are wired in series: the impedance of your cabinets is multiplied by 2.

Example: I have two 8-ohm cabinets and I want to plug both of them on my head. My head has two speaker outputs wired in series. I have to set the impedance selector on my head on 16-ohms. If I have two 4-ohm cabinets, I'll select 8-ohms on my head.

It's not that simple, but once you get it a whole new world opens to you. Some people will tell you that the cabinets' impedances don't have to match. I don't recommend that, for the simple fact that the best efficiency you can get from a speaker is when its impedance matches the one from the head.

On a side note, do not turn on your amp without a loudspeaker connected or you will damage your amp.

Footswitch:

This jack is only used with a footswitch, and serves, on a multichannel amp, to flip between one and the other channels, or to turn on and off a feature on your amp.

Effect loop Send/Return:

As if the "speaker outputs" thing wasn't enough, it gets worst if you have an effect loop on your head. Once again, it's another series vs. parallel mess. Here's what the Soldano's (some kind of famous guitar amp brand) website has to say about it: *"Up until just recently, almost all guitar amplifier effects loops were series effects loops. A series loop interrupts the signal path between the preamp and the power amp and inserts the effect processor signal into that path. This means the entire signal from the preamp travels through the processor and re-enters the power stage. It's basically a one-lane road going from one place to another.*

"Parallel effects loops have just recently begun to surface. A parallel loop offers two paths from the preamp to the power amp. One path is a direct connection from the preamp to the power amp as if the amp had no loop at all. The other path sends the preamp signal to the effect processor (via the loop) and then routes it back to the power amp, mixing it with the direct (dry) signal. Most amps that offer a parallel effects loop have a variable mix knob, so that you can control how much of the effect you want mixed in with the dry signal."

As you can see, this thing turns out to be really tricky. We will cover the effect loop topic way more in another column, for the simple fact that they are more related to effects pedals and how you should plug them into an amplifier.

Now that we have covered the box from the outside, we will dedicate next month's column to what's inside: tubes.

For hate mail, questions or further explanations write to: instrumentsoneohone@gmail.com

P.S.: On a side note, I just got back from the K-Town hardcore fest, and it was mind-blowing. Here is a short report on the bands I liked the most: I was hypnotized by the amazing Demonios Salvajes. Their singer is a real demon; you should seek out their demo tape. Infernöh killed it as usual with their sleazy and rampant aggressive D-beat. Contrast Attitude turned many people deaf with their Burning Spirits fueled "noise not music" assault. Una Béstia Incontrolable had one of the best shows; I just can't find my words, I'm glad I made it alive from this experience. Paranoid punched me really hard in the face. Herätys is still the best band ever. Neighborhood Brats had the funniest and catchiest show, with beach balls flying everywhere, and their singer has the best smelling hair in punk.

It's hard to recognize the importance and impact a space or idea can have on you until you step away from it. A few days ago, I realized I was standing in a basement that truly changed my life for the last time ever. For the past year and a half, I lived in a humongous punk house located in Columbus, OH named Villa Villekulla. VVK housed shows that fell just about anywhere under the DIY punk umbrella. It was a pretty typical punk house: it was greasy, we had annoying roommates and amazing roommates, great shows and horrible shows, haters, and an occasional visit from a cop. This was the first house I lived in post-dropping out of college and was a spectacular backdrop to my now full time punk lifestyle. I saw some of the best bands and got some of the worst stick and pokes inside the walls of that house.

Punk houses are a remarkably tangible part of the punk lifestyle. It's hard not to let the ending of a house take a big chunk of your energy with it. It's fucking bizarre to come to terms with the fact that a basement where I saw some of the best sets of music I've ever seen, where I peaked in having a blast, or where I broke bones/got electrocuted/was pied in the face will become a uninhabited graveyard for IKEA furniture and Rubbermaid bins of bullshit. While it just served as a venue for us to do our thing, it really left its mark on the way we did it for the last few years. While this house has gone back to being simply a poorly constructed collection of walls and stairs, it still will be a great way to look back on a point in my life where we all really did some livin'. One day my old landlord will park his fancy sports car in our yard for a football game and get a flat tire from the glass we broke smashing bottles, and VVK will live on.

Instead of getting too mushy over a house that most everyone reading this never entered, I decided the proper way to say so long to that dump is by talking about some of the best sets/bands that played VVK during my short stay there.

BOOM BOOM KID

I spent at least a month telling everyone I met how fucking dumb they would be to miss **Boom Boom Kid**. I have spent an embarrassing amount of time listening to BBK and dancing around my bedroom. But as catchy as their recordings are, there really aren't words to describe BBK live. Booking this show was truly a dream and it lived up to the hype completely. BBK of course had an incomparable amount of energy and a handful of antics. I think up until this show, people never believed me when I told them a *"must see"* band was playing. The pure joy that BBK left the crowd with was

definitely something you just don't see at most shows and really made me feel good about this one. Sidenote: this was Splashin' Safari's first show ever and I broke my hand, making this show feel even more euphoric and dreamy in my head.

DELAY

DELAY is as much of a staple in Columbus punk as CSBYS calendars and the Legion of Doom. I'm pretty sure everyone in Columbus loves DELAY, and I am no exception. This pop punk / indie / punk / whatever band has been playing together since the seventh grade (recording their first demo in 1999) and has proven themselves as having some of the strongest love for Midwest basements known to punk. Their love for the music they make and the way they make it is obvious and sincere. I believe that is why their fan-base in Columbus knows no genres or cliques. They remind us of the love we have for damp basements and how much fun we can have doing it. Not to mention they are one of the crispest sounding live bands you can see. Every time they played the house I think you could feel the stars aligning.

LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS/RUSSIAN TOP GUN

No matter how old or cliché talking about slime is, this show truly lived up to all the slime qualities one would dream. RUSSIAN TOP GUN came out with heads wrapped in foil and let out one of the most fast paced fun sets I've ever seen. The singer Kevin had a large box of packing peanuts with him (which had been used by his mom to ship him Easter candy) and promptly dumped it out on the crowd, leaving some forgotten fun size candy bars and a fucking ton of packing peanuts in every crevice of the basement 'til the end of time. Columbus is a town that really doesn't care to keep up with current punk, let alone hype, so a band like LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS is probably going to get a crowd of fresh faces and I think they did a real good job of freaking them out in the right way. They covered "Freak of Nature" which is a definite top five in my RAMONES catalog and that really made my night.

ST. RIPPER

When I started writing this I was very set on explaining how rare dancing and getting rowdy can be in Columbus, however in the process I kept saying, "People actually danced!" voiding my goals for said point. But I do think that this gig showed that Columbus can be a city that pours beer on our friends' heads. ST. RIPPER is an incredible band that has a sound that very few bands I know of are trying to pull off. The heavy driven synth mixed with spikey punk trash is fucking perfect and translated perfectly during this set. It's just such a sneering take at being catchy or danceable; it's a real chance for the dark side of you to get down. I think I saw a lot of darker sides smiling that night.

CURMUDGEON/BAD IDEA/MARY CHRIST/ RAT STORM

A show that just a day before was billed as CURMUDGEON / RAT STORM / KATHERINE quickly became a perfect storm for the record books. Every band showed up late and no one wanted to set up. I think the week before we had a house meeting about "ending shows earlier" and I really shit the bed on this one. This was the day before MARY CHRIST's last show and I couldn't have been more excited to see them. That band couldn't have been any tighter. The drumming is beyond perfect, and the style is just a side of DC punk we don't see enough. BAD IDEA is probably the only SSD style USHC band I actually like in the country. I think I even tried to do a slam mosh at one point. With bass riffs like that how could I not?

At this point we were about out of rotten fruit to hit with baseball bats and I think I had drank about two liters of Mountain Dew and was furious that I couldn't find the rest of my Dew stash. RAT STORM played and, Jesus Christ, I've been seeing this band since their first incarnation and I really can't tell you how much better they've gotten. They spent a solid couple of years being a really good band, but have truly worked their way into being one of my favorite bands to see. It's D-beat without all the fashion/uniformity of current bands of such.

It had to be 2.30 am by the time CURMUDGEON played. I'd say half of the crowd was really pissed off at me for the fact that they were still there and the other half was like, "Hell yeah, dude, chaos!" It really helped that they were up there as one of the loudest bands to play the house. At some point everyone still in the basement joined the "Hell yeah, dude, chaos!" side of the argument and began groggily moshing wall-to-wall. I don't know if everyone was getting down, but I know my friend Amanda Bartley was moshing and I'm going to count that as 100% crowd participation. Looking back at this I still feel like a crappy roommate but I would book this exact show every night if I could.

KATHERINE

KATHERINE is my roommate's band and probably played 75% of the shows at the house in the past year. They are a heavy band that I would say is most comparable to HUGGY BEAR but generally un-pinnable. They fit on every bill nicely and I somehow managed to never get tired of hearing them despite hearing almost every practice and attending a large chunk of every show they have ever played. Katherine is the epitome of a staple band and I think that fits them, and they fit this house perfectly.

FAILED MUTATION

I had been waiting a long time for this band to come through and couldn't have been happier once they did. A band that rehashes USHC the way I want bands to be doing it. They took their notes when listening to bands like NECROS, DEEP WOUND, and SOA, and all I can say is thank god. It's a timeless method that should never be forgotten. I remember being truly surprised by how tight they were. I think a lot of people in Columbus ended up liking the FAILED MUTATION approach to punk a lot more than the usual chaos punk I try to push on them.

SETE STAR SEPT

I think there are a lot of cheesy clowns that love adjectives like "heavy" or "grind." They are the same kinda clowns who treat a band from Japan like a fucking bowl of Lucky Charms that is all charms. So part of me definitely feared that a show like this coming to the house was gonna be a real mullet and nerd convention that I wasn't up for. The level of Milwaukee's Best Ice-lugging dorks was surprisingly low and this show proved to be as sick as a noise-grind band from Japan playing your house should be. The amount of aggression SETE STAR SEPT packs is fucking admirable and was quite the sight to be seen. Each song was like a fight for survival against their instruments and they definitely proved whatever point it was that they needed to prove.

STREP TORSO

One of my favorite Columbus "bands" and definitely one of the most interesting and weird acts regularly ending up on DIY punk shows in the country. STREP TORSO is a noise act that flirts the line of unbearably annoying and pure genius all too perfectly. Each set begins with the main person, Bobb, usually in some kind of snakeskin-looking bodysuit, or face paint, or some wacky garb, passing out ear plugs to unsuspecting people in the crowd. A wall of amps and maybe a child's drum set work as a weapon as Bobb declares war on eardrums and fuses. With the stage presence of Gollum on meth, Bobb slams his tiny guitar against anything he can find. Somewhere between HANATARASH and a kid at Guitar Center, STREP TORSO put VVK shows in a realm of shock and obscurity that I think every punk house should see.

SLUGGING PERCENTAGE

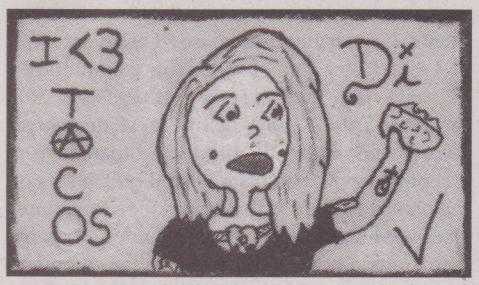
I'm not sure how many times it can be explained that SLUGGING PERCENTAGE is a baseball themed punk band that isn't fucking stupid or annoying before people start believing it. But all I can say is, trust me, SLUGGING PERCENTAGE is a special treat, with such stage antics as giving everyone in the crowd popsicles and setting up bases to circle pit around. SLUGGING PERCENTAGE is a refreshing break from the often bleak and aggressive manner of punk bands. Sometimes you need a popsicle and a *Sandlot* soundclip to give you that summer feeling, ya know? At our last show blowout, SLUGGING PERCENTAGE gave VVK a trophy recognizing our place in the Punk House Hall of Fame and I honestly can't think of a higher honor.

WHO KILLED SPIKEY JACKET?/NO TIME

WHO KILLED SPIKEY JACKET? lived up to all expectations and stereotypes. They huffed all of the duster I use for my copier, watched a lot of *It's Always Sunny In Philadelphia*, and even caught a garden snake. This was the last "normal" show at the house and I think that really struck a cord with people. Pogoing and sing-alongs were demonstrated like never before. For both NO TIME and WKSJ? people were fucking amped, and people seemed to know the bands before attending the show. I think NO TIME's tightness and rust belt attitude are a perfect fit

with Columbus. The level of fun and chaos that is WKSJ? was well understood amongst people here. Everyone told me this show was going to be a nightmare and it was nothing but good times and punk.

That's all I have for ya this month. As you just read, I did move. My new address is 2656 Dayton Ave, Columbus, OH 43202. Cyberheads reach me at emmyeatsbutts@gmail.com. COCK SPARRER is on *Jackass*, punk out or die.



"Fuck the Police!"

I cannot think of a better lyric to sum up my feelings over the past month. While cops murdering unarmed black men and women is nothing new in America, the ways in which it has been on display have been thoroughly appalling. The callous indifference by white cops and white members of Ferguson, MO towards the lives, safety, health, and mourning of black residents has put on full display the absolutely undeniable racial inequalities that exist in the US.

I have read a *lot* of very gut-wrenching things this month. Today, I read that a peaceful protest of a support rally for Michael Brown's murderer culminated with a group of (mostly) black community members chanting, "Hands up, don't shoot" and the nearly entirely (if not completely) white crowd chanting back, "Shoot." This is unacceptable. Every single asshole who has said, "This is not a race issue," or "Let's wait until we hear the whole story," or any other racist bullshit can fuck right the fucking fuck off, right the fuck now.

White people are not allowed to say, "This is not a race issue," because we have no experience dealing with being subjected to racism. Reverse-racism does not exist because oppression is systemic and the systems in power in the US are so deeply rooted in racism, classism, and sexism that any argument contrary is simply laughable.

Not far from Ferguson a black man in a Walmart in Ohio was murdered on sight for playing with a toy gun off the shelf. Another (racist) shopper called the cops, telling them he was armed and acting erratic, or whatever euphemism the cops made up. This man was shot on sight. Let that sink in. How many times have you heard of that happening to a white man? Yet almost all mass murderers, serial killers and domestic terrorists are white men. Nearly every school shooting in the last few decades has been committed by white men. This is so shocking when you look at the pictures and descriptions of some of the most horrendous, violent murderers in years past who were white. These white psychopaths are often shown with smiling headshots, along with quotes from neighbors about how "nice and courteous they were," while Michael Brown's very humanity is on trial right now. *The New York Times* has already published an article calling Brown "no angel" and every picture any news agency shows of Brown depicts him looking tough, never smiling. The "If They Gunned Me Down" twitter campaign so poignantly highlighted this sad phenomenon.

Essentially, in America, when a white man kills dozens of people, the country grieves and digs for his humanity, and when a black teenager is killed, the politicians, police and media launch a full out assault on the deceased's legacy.

The extremely saddening aspect of all the news and turmoil is that it is not a new thing. This is far from the first time an innocent unarmed person of color was gunned down by white cops and the dead were demonized. This occurs in the trans/queer community as well. Every year trans women are murdered across the world for who they are, for their body. The "Gay Panic" defense, where a murderer claims they were so shocked by someone's gayness/transness/queerness that they killed them in an emotional fit, has not only been often argued in court, but it has succeeded. That is, in the cases in which a suspect is actually found and charged with anything—most cases involving dead trans women (especially trans women of color) are never seen as priority enough for any kind of investigation in the first place.

One of the issues plaguing our communities is the fact that when things like what is going on in Ferguson happen, people in positions of power, who are predominantly white men, either actively deny any wrongdoing, or act like a particular tragedy is an isolated incident. When people of oppressed communities express outrage, these same parties call them/us whiners or worse, animals...barbarians...freaks.

When I was living in DC, I attended a Trans Day of Remembrance. I attend this every year. This day occurs November 20th. It is a day of mourning for the murdered and dead trans persons around the globe. Every year the sheer length of the list is heart wrenching. Even though it is a thoroughly depressing affair, it is very important to grieve and reflect on the state of the world and of your communities with in it. It is also a great opportunity for allies to show that they care to support such marginalized communities. Despite my wishes, these events are usually held in churches. On year, an appalling thing happened. As the preacher overseeing the event was giving his final thoughts he said, "If you choose to live a certain kind of life, sadly, these kind of things happen." The room was shocked. I was simultaneously outraged and flooded with tears. To be at the one event that's sole focus is to grieve and remember the victims of the war on trans bodies and be told when we get murdered it is our fault was the deepest cut I could have received.

That is what happens every time a black teenager is killed by cops. That is what happens every time a Muslim is detained and dehumanized by the TSA. That is what happens every time a sex worker is murdered by a stalker or john. And in these cases, especially in the case of black Americans, it is not a single preacher in a church, it is every talking head on FOX network, every jackass libertarian racist with a radio show, every anonymous asshat on every fucking message board, telling you that you deserve to die, because of who you are, and because of your body.

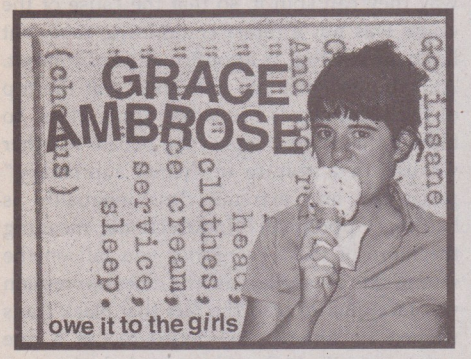
The criminalization of the body is the most devastating oppression a group can execute. I heard a friend say, "Slavery never ended, they just call it prison now." I read statistics that say trans women of color are the most likely to be murdered, almost 12 times the likelihood of any other group, and they are almost always blamed for their own (often gruesome) deaths.

It is unacceptable to *ever* blame someone for being murdered. The culture in the US of victim blaming is out of control. The FBI spent their time and our tax dollars to seize a website that helped sex workers find clients. The site was highly regulated to keep human trafficking out. The FBI's actions only made the lives of these women (and some men) more dangerous, while doing absolutely nothing to help stop the very real issues of human sex trafficking (mostly of young girls) here in the Bay Area. They targeted consenting adults who choose this work. They criminalized their bodies. Blaming women for being raped is another example of this. They blame the victim because she was dressed too sexy, or whatever way they can spin it, so that the cause of the crime was not a rapist committing rape, but her body existing as a confirmation of consent. And the list goes on, and always at the top of the hierarchy is the white upper class. To fathom that some people even debate whether we live in a culture of "white supremacy," patriarchy and extreme class inequality is baffling. Oppression is intersectional, meaning the more of these categories you fall on the wrong side of privilege in, the more oppression you face. Just re-read the fact that black trans women in America are murdered at a rate astronomically higher than any other group. It's stomach churning.

So with all this highlighted—and hopefully none of this was news to you—what can we do? That is the big question. It is not acceptable to put the onus on the oppressed to "pick themselves up by their bootstraps" or whatever bullshit line capitalism has fed us. The American dream is to keep dreaming of the devastating improbable, not a reality of hard work. One way to help is to learn about the issues and listen, *really* listen when people of oppressed communities talk to you about their struggles. I still haven't figured out how to explain white

privilege to my very lower class white family, but mostly because they don't listen. When you do, there are things you simply can't ignore.

Another is to do your research. With the internet, this is quite easy. You can just type in "what can white people do to fight racism" and articles will come up. Some may be decent and some may be downright awe-inspiring, but the more you read, the more perspectives you have, and the clearer your critical lens will become. If you want to do something for a community you are not a member of, involve them in the process. White people love to help the "less fortunate" and this historically has meant very, very bad things. It is totally acceptable to ask a group, "What can I do to support you?" Remember, it is not their responsibility to help you, but it is your responsibility to help in ways that don't further oppress, and that usually means doing the legwork to figure out how to do so. Finally, the most obvious and most difficult thing people can do is speak up without silencing others. When you hear someone make a racist, transphobic, or homophobic comment, call them out if you feel you safely can. Silence does us no favors. Do not tolerate hate in your friendships or communities and do not be afraid to express your intentions. When the people of your community are loudly expressing their hate, get louder, because it follows that evil usually screams loudest while the good soothes after, and we need some loud, angry, fucking good people to start raising hell, because heaven is code for exclusion. And the poor, the queer, the non-white, and women, we are the excluded; and there's a lot fucking more of us than them. If the people in power are working towards heaven, I am more than ready to let hell on earth scorch them.



I arrived in San Francisco on August 1st. It has been a whirlwind month, mostly filled with bright spots. New city, new start. Adjusting not to working from home but rather to living at work. I'm developing bits and pieces of a routine: I eat a whole avocado almost every single day, rifle through the Amoeba new arrivals at least four times a week, go running in Golden Gate Park as often as I can force myself to. Before print week started, I went surfing in Bolinas. We drove a VW bus through the cliffs of Marin and drank Tecates on the beach and I swam in the Pacific Ocean for the first time, next to a cormorant. Later that night I slept through my first earthquake. California, baby. I text friends in London before I fall asleep—they are waking up, starting new days before I am ending my old one. It all takes some getting used to but slowly this place will start to feel like home.

I knew some people in the Bay before I moved here: from the tour where I booked the Philly show for their band, or that time we crossed paths at a fest, or the internet (ugh). A friend I have known since the first grade moved out here to go to medical school, arriving just a few days before I did. He came by the house to do shitwork my second or so weekend here. He'd never listened to a punk record in his life but he knows the alphabet, so we put him to work re-filing 7"s. Every so often he'd pull out a record and ask, "Is this good?" Our response was always, "Put it on!" He was working on the Gs that day—Generacion Suicida has won a new fan. Later that night he ordered a subscription to the magazine.

It was amazing to see someone interacting with our collection in that way, a potent reminder of the fact that there is no better place in the world to learn about punk and hardcore than inside this house, even for those of us who know a thing or two about it. I try to listen to something I've never heard before every single day—with 47,000 records and counting, there's no excuse not to. I am filling up tapes and adding to my want lists and exploring the corners of punk that I always meant to get to and those that I didn't even know existed. The archive is daunting—more than once since I've been here, a band has walked in to tour the compound and been absolutely baffled when faced with so much choice, unable to remember what kind of music they even like. Too many records, not enough time.

Hours alone can be hard to come by in a house with keys held by so many, and it took a few weeks before I was able to have a night to myself. For all the music I am excited to discover, there is still something to be said for the old reliables, the records that you know inside out, yet still sometimes feel as if you are hearing for the first time. I ate some tacos and drank lukewarm leftover coffee and cranked *Rocket to Russia* and did a kitchen mosh to Blitz singles and listened to the Sex Pistols and Los Punk Rockers back to back and tried to figure out what to call this column.

If you're are reading this, you already know that we famously have Tim Yo to thank for the green tape that edges all of our records. You probably also know that he made handmade sleeves for records that he really liked or whose art he thought was subpar. Encountering those on the shelves somehow still continues to feel like stumbling across a secret. The collages have a surprising tactility to them, a layer of crisp, yellowing shellac overtop the images. I was sitting alone in the house, thinking of my former homes in Philadelphia and London and Washington, DC, and I kept going to pull more comforting records off of the shelves, and over and over the ones I took down happened to have Tim's covers: the Raincoats' *Fairytale in the Supermarket*, Siouxsie and the Banshees' *Hong Kong Garden*, the Neo Boys EP, the Teddy and the Frat Girls 7". Every single one of our records has green tape around its edges, but only a tiny fraction have these handmade sleeves and I was somehow being magnetically drawn to them. They say Tim haunts this house—I believe it now.

I took it as a sign of sorts. This column takes its name from the last song on that Teddy and the Frat Girls 7", one of the most demented records ever made, the product of maniac teen girl punks who then disappeared off the face of the planet. I've loved this record for a long time. I scanned the insert, collaged some letters on top, drank a beer, and listened to these mutant sounds at top volume alone in our big kitchen. It was one of the best nights I've had in a long while.

I'm not some Teddy and the Frat Girls superfan (is it even possible to be a superfan of a band that only ever recorded five nearly-unlistenable songs?). What I am a superfan of is the idea of that band: people who make psychotic, deranged, angry music because they have to, not because it's cool, who make sounds that aren't like anything we've ever heard before, the noises that come out of genius girl brains across time and space.

I spent the month of July squatting a spare room in Peckham in London, in the flat of this magazine's Bryony Beynon, my soul sister extraordinaire. A much needed holiday and a mentally and emotionally rejuvenating trip. We each tore through the Viv Albertine autobiography in a little less than twenty-four hours, rabidly reading in silence in the middle of a horrible heat wave. We raced to the finish, because there was so much to talk about once we were done. In her column this month, Bryony writes about the way Viv captures female friendships so accurately, how the sounds of the Slits could only have emerged from the electric connections between those four badly behaved women. It really is an extraordinary text and should be out in the States this fall. Get it. Viv also talks about living through London in '77, about the idea that many who were there then felt as if they had been a part of something so great and so exciting that they would never be able to capture that kind of dynamism and momentum ever again, about how that feeling probably factored into her decision to put down her guitar for decades after the end of the Slits.

This magazine also casts a long shadow. It's hard not to constantly think about history here in the compound. There are reminders of it everywhere: Tim's handmade record sleeves, the magazine covers plastered to the walls, the photobooth strips of coordinators past and present stuck to the fridge, the still overflowing green-taped mailbox labeled Bruce

Roehrs. Through accidents of timing I crossed paths with almost all of the women who have coordinated this publication in the past during my first month here—I can only hope that one day I am as effortlessly cool and brilliant as all of them. There are big personalities here, but this place is bigger than any of us. How do you make room for history in your life while also making history make room for you? I'm figuring it out.

We at *Maximum* owe a lot to our past, but the only reason we're still around is because of a persistent insistence on the here and now. The thing that makes this magazine so great is that it is a publication written by the people it is written for. It has always been that way. *MRR* is what you make it, which means that history is ours to write. Punk's not dead unless we kill it.

Remember that we wanna hear from you about what is going on in your town: send us a report on punk fashions (The Dangly Earring: Who Wore It Best?), email us a drawing that we can put on a pin or a sticker, interview your favorite band and ask them questions that aren't "what do you play?" and "how did you meet?" and "tell us a little bit about your songwriting process," burrow deep into their brains and show the rest of us what makes them tick and why that makes you tick in turn. Keep sending your records in for review, so that we can ruin them with green tape and they can enter the vast and magnificent archive we have here, and make your friends do the same. Shitwork for us from afar! Did you already spot all of the misplaced commas and typos that we missed on these inky pages? Save us from ourselves as a proofreader! Can you type a mile a minute? Transcribe the soon-to-be classic interviews languishing in iPhone Voice Memo apps. Offer to do some sick layouts. Take out an ad for your beret emporium, send us some money so that we can put those damn records in poly bags and keep them from sticking to themselves, renew your subscription so that your bathroom can always be full of the best reading material for visiting punks taking a shit. This is your magazine and I am psyched to be here. Survived the first month. Ready for many more.

Write to me and tell me what record I should pull off the shelf and listen to, post me a tape of the most deranged lady punks from your town, send love notes, hate mail, questions and concerns to grace@maximumrocknroll.com

ENDNOTES:

1) Una Béstia Incontrolable is the best band in the world right now—and just think about how hard that is for me to say about a band made up of four dudes. This band makes me wanna pogo and shake my ass in equal parts. Their new 7" on Iron Lung Records will be reviewed in next month's issue but don't wait for us to tell you how great it is, pick it up yourself right now. We had two great nights with them, conspiring about the upcoming Punk Ibérico issue, eating apple pie around a bonfire, drinking whiskey straight from the bottle. Get me on a plane to Spain, ASAP.

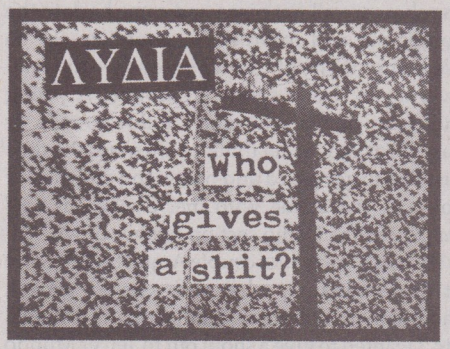
2) UBI can only hold the top spot because Hysterics is about to be no more and I've already begun the grieving process. If you're driving up from the Bay to Olympia or Seattle for the band's last shows in October, let me know. I have gas money and a lot of records in my house to tape for the car. "Please sir, I want some more."

3) If you somehow still think it's provocative to whip your dick out while fronting an otherwise unremarkable band, we probably aren't gonna see eye to eye. If you ever come back to my coast and continue to think it's okay to pull women's hair in the middle of a gig, you're gonna get your ass kicked. You've been warned.

4) I sold my drums before I moved out here but I'm ready to start smashing shit again. Do you have a practice space I can make noise in?

5) Dawn Riddle took the photo in my column header. She makes amazing photographs of punk life, thrift store detritus, and the surprising things you find on the on the streets of Philadelphia. See more of them at dawnriddle.tumblr.com. She also plays drums in no wave phreax Bad Canoes—tape out now!

6) Thanks to Lydia for welcoming me so graciously into the house and the magazine. Wrangling this behemoth alone is no easy task and we're still looking for someone to take over as her replacement once she leaves. If you think you have what it takes to drop everything in your busy life and move to San Francisco to run this rag with me, get in touch for an application: mrr@maximumrocknroll.com.



Last month I shared with you some bands and songs I discovered and liked from older synth and coldwave bands from Europe. One of them was Grauzone, which I said were from Germany. This is wrong. Pablo from Balkongpønker Vinilers emailed me the other day about it and I thank him for his correction (and for actually reading my column, he should get a prize for being my tenth reader!). Grauzone were in fact from Bern, which is in Switzerland and, as he said, "Switzerland doesn't have too many record releases and it would be sad to give it to the Germans, especially since 'Eisbær' is a great song!" And it's true; it is an amazing song, with catchy, jerky riffs, icy synths and lyrics proclaiming, "I want to be a polar bear in the cold polar, then I would have to cry no more, everything would be clear. Polar bears must never cry." Their other material is equally bleak and hypnotic, with lots of ambiance and industrial-styled bleeps and breaks creeping and swooshing in and out of the rhythms and vocals. Fantastic stuff! What Pablo also mentioned that I didn't know is that members of Grauzone were also in the Glueams, a band I really like and discovered from the comp all young girls should listen to, called *My Girlfriend Was A Punk*. I played their track off it, "365," on *MRR* radio recently, when loyal shitworker Kat and I finally got round to recording that all-ladies radio show we had talked about for so long, along with new coord Grace Ambrose, who moved here exactly one month ago to help coordinate the magazine and be my partner in punk rock crime. It was both a fun time and an interesting lesson, learning about new lady punk bands from two ladies who have contributed much to their scenes. The radio show will be airing soon, though we realized it wasn't in the end a strictly all-ladies radio show, so don't cry out in anger when you hear the Glueams on my set. It was hard enough for me to think of all-lady bands as it is. Which brings me to my second point.

When people ask me in amazement, "Greece is part of the European Union?" (has been since 1981) I realize how little they probably know of where I come from, and hence what my background says about who I am as a person and why. [Let me just say here that if anyone is going to assume shit about you without investing even a minute of their time to get to know you as a person, then I don't think you need to care about what someone like that thinks of you anyway.] Among ourselves, us Greeks joke that Greece is a "third world country" and, the horrible truth is, in some aspects it really is. Among themselves, I notice Americans joke that the US is "the greatest country in the world," and, while I can see how in some aspects they would think it is, the real truth is that it isn't. Sorry. However, it is undeniable that when looking at punk pioneering, feminist activism, queer rights and justice, personal politics and freedoms, they've come pretty far, in some case further than the rest. I doubt most punks I've met here in the US know what growing up in Greece during the early '90s might have been like, and why would they? I may know for a fact that a large portion of Greek punks, whether during the '80s, '90s, '00s or still, look west for punk inspiration, but I don't really know how many American punks might have grown up looking east for it. And while I also know for a fact that a lot of Greek punks recognize that other places and scenes exist and are vastly different to theirs (sometimes even assuming they are better just because they are further west, grass is always greener and whatnot), I can't say I've met too many US punks who actually realize that yes, not everywhere is like the US of A.

I grew up in the middle of nowhere, about 20 minutes (by car) from anywhere or anything, so I developed very few childhood friendships that lasted, and instead learned to very much enjoy

my time alone, or spent with my twin sister making mixed tapes off the radio, our second best friend. By the time I was thirteen I felt I had absolutely nothing in common with my peers. I cut my hair really, really short, always wore black and tried my best to never look weak or vulnerable. For some reason I ended up hanging out with boys more than girls. At some shows I could count the girls in the room on one hand. If you wanted to be taken seriously by dimwit hardcore dudes, you had to be tough and take their punches. That said, the amount of times I've been invited to give some hardcore dude a blow job are more than I care to remember. I only wish I had realized back then the power *I* actually had in my hands every time they begged for it. By the time I turned twenty-two I realized I had hardly any female friends who were also punks. While I couldn't necessarily miss being around women, because I just didn't really know any other way, I also didn't really know how to be a punk and a woman at the same time either. I didn't know what was expected of me, or what I should expect of myself even, so it was really hard to talk or preach about women in hardcore when I barely knew how to be one myself. All of this led to a weird relationship with how I (more as a weirdo and less as a woman) perceived myself within that context. As a teenager I used to be a lot more vocal about what I think and believe. Then as I crossed into adulthood and felt the impact of those beliefs and choices. I was either shunned for differing from the pack ("You don't like Blood for Blood?!"), put in my place for being ill-informed ("You can't be a feminist *and* read Bukowski!"), or simply laughed at for being different ("So what are you, a dyke or something?").

Exclaiming such things in horror, disgust or surprise is probably going to make someone feel pissed off and defensive, or worthless and demeaned, depending on how much they value themselves and your opinion. To make a young girl feel bad about not yet getting into feminism seems to me to be the opposite of what a feminist should be doing. In the same way, when older punks mock younger punks and think they are superior just because they were pushed out a vagina before them, well, then they're doing a disservice to both younger punks and punk at large. It ends up coming off as self-righteous and ignorant—and remember, these were people from within the scene who should have known better than that.

The point I'm trying to get at is that certain attitudes are not very helpful or encouraging, especially when one is younger and more impressionable. The reasons why one has or hasn't done what you've done, or what you expected them to do, may be unknown to you and your perhaps limited or skewed perception of the world. Not all punks have had the opportunity to develop their personal politics and unique snowflake identities the way many western punks have. I may not have been an outspoken feminist in the mainly dude-dominated hardcore scene I grew up in, but just showing up, being there, week after week, show after show, and not taking shit from any of them was a small victory in my teenage head. So it really bugs me when more fortunate punks forget that some punks, no matter their age, are still fighting for their ability to even consider identifying as feminist, queer, antiracist, even punk, whether that's on the streets, in their punk scenes or within themselves. Check yourself for Privilege Blinkers, whatever the subject matter.

ENDNOTES:

• Where does dumb meet conceptual and where does performance cross-section with gimmick? Do you have zero artwork and information on your tape because you wanted it that way or are you just lazy? Do you take your punk seriously or is your punk anything but serious? Also, what's in the water Down Under? And why the *fuck* are punks recreationally huffing glue? Maybe technology has made DIY easier, but has it also made it any better? Why do we medicate ourselves to deal with how fucked up society is instead of changing society to be less fucked up?

• Catholic and white are out (thankfully), sax, electronic music and flesh are in (finally). Raw has been replaced by post, and synth is no longer a dirty word (never was in my book). I'm rediscovering French pop and electro pop, getting into Indian and Swedish jazz, Turkish psychedelica, and Rodriguez.

• I told you last month that I got to see Big Zit and Ooze, but what I didn't tell you is that after the show we all got pizza and came back to the compound and recorded an interview—or so we thought! The file didn't save so we did it all over again! Good sports all around. A young bunch of punks who don't follow trends or care what any of us think of them really, they just like to get weird and noisy, and effortlessly so—and that's fine with me. Check out *Cool Bands 2* in the Demo section further down.

• We had a crazy first couple August weeks here at the compound, what with Grace's arrival, radio shows, interviews, bands coming through, etc. I wanted to give a shout out to Tercer Mundo (still kicking myself for thinking they would actually play last on an eight-band bill and getting there *just* as they had finished!) Some people really just rekindle your love for punk, and Tercer Mundo most definitely did that for me this month. After saying our goodbyes and getting into the van back to SF (thanks, Robert!) I felt rather low. I had just missed a show by one of the best bands in punk right now, they were all lovely people, UBI had just showed up and I was heading back to SF to do what exactly? There are moments when my levels of self-esteem plummet and my self-loathing rockets. The whole ride home I thought about how little I felt I had contributed to punk, how much more I still want to explore and learn, and how sometimes no matter how much you do, it always feels like it's never enough. Because the hunger never dies. Thank fucking hell.

• Una Béstia Incontrolable played a simply orgasmic show in SF, and another really great show in Oakland. It was weird to see people not knowing how to responde to their music. There wasn't really moshing (which was fine by me) and there wasn't much dancing or pogoing either; people were barely bopping their heads—I couldn't understand it! Here's this band playing simple yet organically formed music with such passion and energy it taps into your primal self, and you're sitting there with your arms folded? It was a high I hadn't felt in a long time and they do deserve all the recognition they're getting. It was great to hang out and I hope to be back in Europe soon! The Iberian Peninsula is so very exciting right now, I can't wait to work on our Punk Ibérico special.

• Phil from Shogun Records in Bouvancourt and his lovely wife and two daughters also visited the compound, and we shared beer and dug through records in the archive. We went to the park with dark/post/synth punks Kuudes Silmä and Maailmanloppu from Finland and their Texan driver Larry, who apparently decided to give back to punk by allowing touring bands to use his backline and van for tours. Rad! Check out his label Bad Hair Life! Shared smokes and practiced my German with melodic punkers Blank Pages when they recorded a radio show with Matt, and I even got in free to a Fucked Up show across the street from the house (thanks Ben!). I saw Koward and Green Beret at the World Rage Center in Oakland, and they were great, but it was just too crowded and the sound too…something for me to really get much. Their Hemlock show with Condition, however, meant I got to see and hear all bands up front, and they were all great. Where I'm from this kind of hardcore is rare to come by, so I was stoked either way. Sterile Mind and Busted Outlook are two new Bay Area bands you should check out, they both have tapes—get 'em!

• Are you a punk from Ecuador, Angola, Kyrgyzstan, New Zealand, the Baltic? Tell us about your music! Send us a scene report or a guest column. *MRR* is, has been and always will be an international punk and hardcore magazine, by the punks for the punks. We want to hear from you! Get in touch at mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

• You may have noticed (though probably not) that I changed my name. In fact, I reverted back to my real surname. (Though what is in a name? I by any other name would smoke and swear as much.) In Greece the ending –poulos, or –poulou for women, means child of. And I guess Thanasis was the head of my clan a few generations ago. It's a long ass name and when I first started at the magazine as coordinator I switched to my mother's maiden name, which is shorter and much easier to pronounce and spell. It's been long overdue, but I realized I shouldn't have changed it just to make it easier on others. Fuck it, I have a long ass Greek name. Deal with it. Love,

—Lydia Christina Athanasopoulou-Keskinidi

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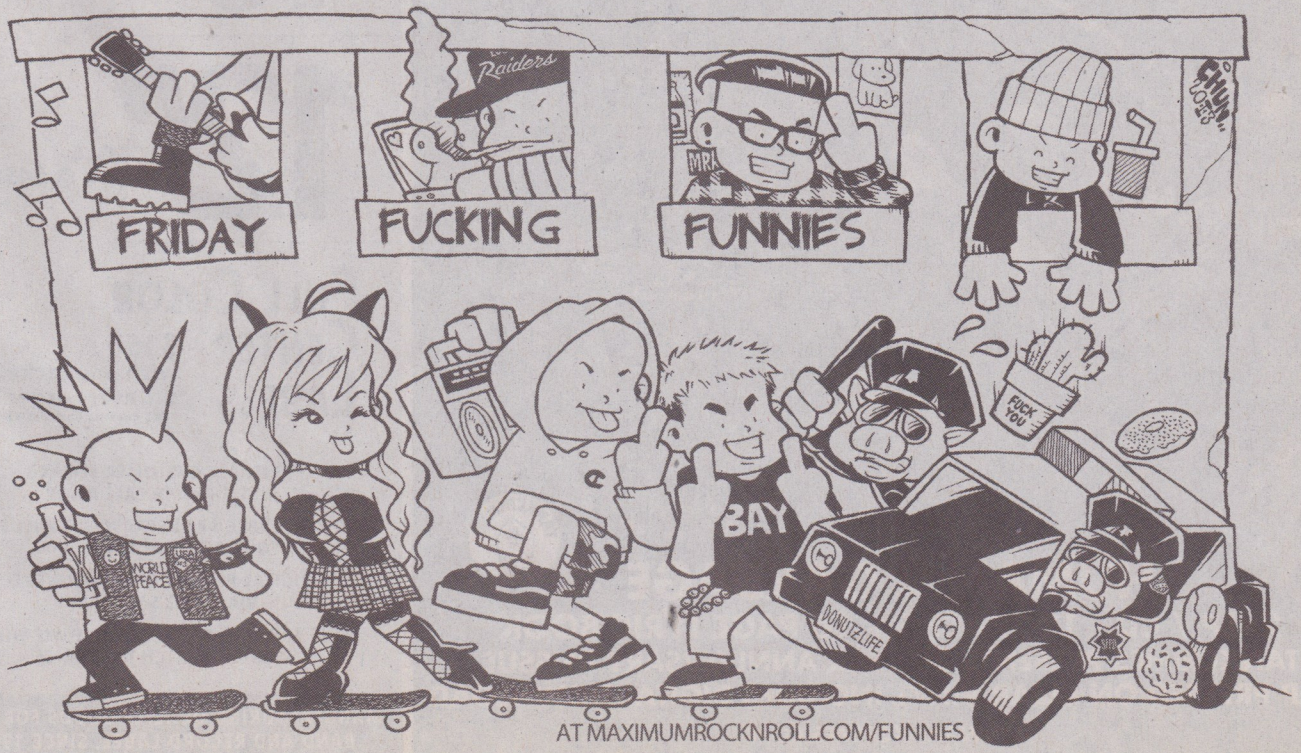

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL PRESENTS

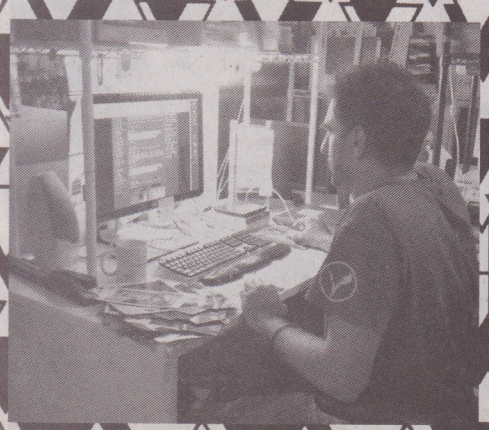
shitworker of the month: dario adamic

Dario/"Adam" is from Croatia, but has recently relocated to Berlin. He runs two labels, Goodwill Records (for new stuff) and No Plan Records (for old stuff).

He had been to the compound before, back in 1996 and then again in 2002, only for a few hours at a time. This time he stayed longer and was an immense help. In his short time in SF and at the MRR HQ, Adam helped out with scanning *everything* for this month's issue, he helped out at New Issue Day (and introduced the coordinators and a few shitworkers to a rousing game of punk rock trivia afterwards!)

He also lugged record boxes around for us as we rearranged our merchandise station, and took an inventory of our Garage Sale items (check it out at maximum-rocknroll.bigcartel.com) and put all those magazines in protective bags with a cardboard backing.

He's helped us with our Photo Archive project. We have boxes of photos, which were submitted in the pre-internet age, that we are sorting into geographical folders. A lot of these pictures have no credits or info, so Adam helped recognize a bunch of the Ex-Yu, Italian, German and US bands, and did online research for a bunch of others.



We want to thank Adam for all his help and for spreading his enthusiasm about MRR and punk at large.

Lagwagon

HANG.

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MARIA T-TA, DESCANSE EN PODER

Después de recibir la noticia no confirmada del fallecimiento de Maria T-Ta, la vocalista de Empujon Brutal (banda subte de chongo-rock-teatro así lo definía ella), este fin de semana se confirmo que paso a mejor vida Patricia Roncal (su verdadero nombre), confirmación hecha por su madre: ¡nos ha dejado, ella ya no esta! Causa de cáncer al páncreas para ser exactos ocurrió en el 2012.

Desde su partida del Peru hacia Europa a fines de los 1980s perdió contacto con sus amigos. Salida de la escuela de bellas artes Maria T-ta primero se dedico a la actuación y participo en algunas obras de teatros—es alli donde conoce a la gente de la movida subterránea limeña. Era una persona libre de prejuicios caracterizaba a los personajes de cada una de sus canciones, nos hacia ver las cosas como son, la sociedad machista en que vivíamos. Con sus letras burlonas pero llenas de inteligencia y sabiduría por eso fue odiada por muchos, amada por pocos por su desenfado y manera de hacernos ver la realidad. Ahora el tiempo le dio la razón su influencia en la movida subterránea es imprescindible y me atrevería a decir que a nivel mundial.

Si Venezuela tiene su Maria Conchita, el Peru tiene su Maria T-ta. Respondia cuando el preguntaban "el por que de su nombre?" nosotros la recordaremos siempre, una de las pioneras femeninas del rock subterráneo. Es injusto que personas como ella nos dejen tan pronto. El mejor homenaje que podemos hacer es difundir su arte. Descansa en paz, Patty y ¡no te hagas paltas!

After receiving the unconfirmed news of the death of Maria T-Ta, the singer of Empujon Brutal (underground band of shocking-rock-theater, as she defined it) this weekend, it was confirmed by her mother that Patricia Roncal (her real name) has moved on to a better life: She has left us, she is gone! The cause was pancreatic cancer, and to be exact, occurred in 2012.

Since leaving Peru for Europe in the late 1980s, she has lost contact with many of her friends. After graduating from art school, Maria T-Ta was at first dedicated to acting and participated in many plays. It is there where she met people of the underground movement in Lima. She was free of prejudice, characterized by the characters in each of her songs, which asked us to see things as they were, within the patriarchal society in which we live. Her lyrics, taunting but filled with intelligence and wisdom, were hated by many, but loved by some for their ease and the way in which they made us see reality. Now they are an essential influence on the underground movement in Peru, and, dare I say, on a global level.

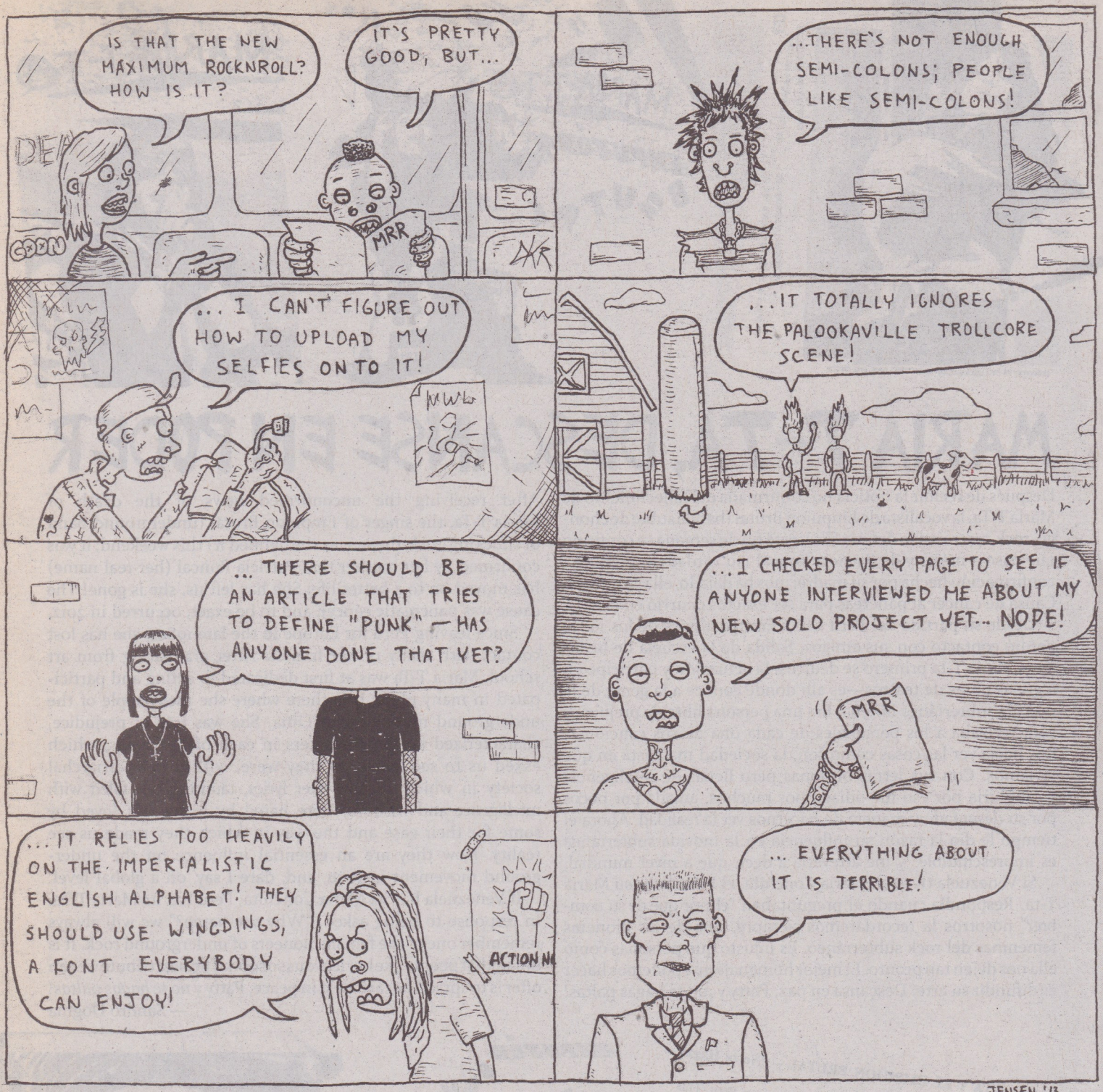
If Venezuela has its Maria Conchita, Peru has its Maria T-Ta. In response to being asked, "Why the name?" we will always remember one of the female pioneers of underground rock. It is unfair that people like her leave us so soon. The best tribute we can offer is to spread her art. Rest in peace, Patty y *no te hagas paltas*!

— Sandro Dogma

MARIA T-TA Y EL EMPUJON BRUTAL – "No te Hagas Paltas" EP

Wow!!! This is the legendary MARIA T-TA from Peru. This recording was dug up by some rabid fans of Latin American punk then put on this nicely packaged 7" record. Most readers of *MRR* will not know much about Maria T-Ta but she was somewhat of a performance artist/feminist/poet/punk who played an important role in the development of punk in Peru. Her lyrics are fucking brilliant and her band plays a style of punk that would kick up a cloud of dirt in seconds. Raw and primal in sound, but intellectually she surpasses most musicians of her time. She challenged the status quo and clearly did not give a fuck if one disagreed. There is some mystery over MARIA T-TA's whereabouts, folks say she vanished in the late '80s and resides in Europe, who knows. Enthusiasts of punk in the Americas and followers of obscure girl punk need to take note and snag this treasure up a.s.a.p. 500 were made. Amazing!!! (MS)

(Sin Temores / Discos Huayno Amargo and Rock Sub Discos, no info)



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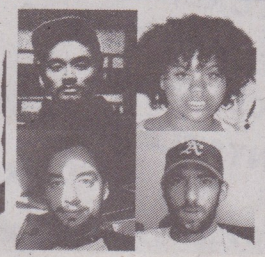
1) DATE AND LOCATION FORMED 2) REASON FOR FORMATION
3) LYRICAL CONTENT 4) DESCRIPTION OF SOUND 5) FUTURE OF THIS BAND?

NARCOLEPTICS

1) September 2013 in Chicago, IL
2) We were all in another project together for a while that wasn't really going in the direction we wanted it to, so we scrapped the band and built Narcoleptics from the debris. There are so many incredible bands in Chicago but it's very hardcore dominated. We wanted to distort it a little more.
3) Low impact human beings, war and destroying ourselves, our collective poor mental health, and police oppression including people-who are so quick to call, encourage, and sympathize with cops. We really hate cops.
4) "Fader War on ten pounds of amphetamine" – Nick "Shasta Mcnasty" Goode
5) We are now based out of New York City and have a 7" EP coming out soon on Warthog Speak with an East Coast tour to follow sometime in the fall or winter. We hope to crank out more songs and have another demo tape/ record soon as well.

CONTACT: narcoleptics.bandcamp.com /



first world problems

1) March 2014 in Oakland, CA
2) Three members from Diehard were left without a singer so we reformed with Lynette on vocals.
3) Nihilism and discontent.
4) Aggressive kind of old school hardcore.
5) Hopefully play the next riot in Oakland, tour when our drummer Reece is off probation, and make tapes of our demo.

CONTACT: firstworldproblemz.bandcamp.com

SORROWS 슬픔·DOLORI

1) February 2014 in Brooklyn, NY
2) Kathi and Krista missed playing in a band together after Zombie Dogs broke up, and wanted to start a hardcore band. We wanted to inject a different kind of presence into contemporary hardcore, to broaden what it can mean for women and queers to play loud and fast music. Krista and Angie had played in a Limp Wrist cover band before and we couldn't imagine a better drummer, and Angie signed up. We all love each other and love playing music together, as we've been in different variations of bands together for the past few years.
3) We sing songs about gender non-conformity and the tricky balance between needing to look straight to get a job, while still wanting to visibly signify to other queers, about physical and child abuse, and fake allies. But mostly, Krista writes songs that speak of a serious and incurable physical illness that she has, and the physical and emotional pain she experiences struggling to keep her head up on the day to day. We dedicate our presence to all the ailing punks out there, to boost visibility and awareness that sick punks are all around us even if we cannot readily see it.
4) Four friends writing fast one-minute long hardcore punk songs.
5) We want to play more shows in the Northeast and release a 7"!

CONTACT: sorrowsband.bandcamp.com / sorrowstheband@gmail.com

bog Bodies

1) 04/19/2013 1:26 am in the scenic muskegs of northern Calgary
2) Ennui oozed from the pricked chancres of daily life.
3) Reek of dank leatherette / moistness of the cadaver's inner thigh.
4) R.I.P. PUNK: 1964-2016
5) ...the will to live...

CONTACT: bogofbodies.bandcamp.com

submit your band info to: mrrnewblood@gmail.com

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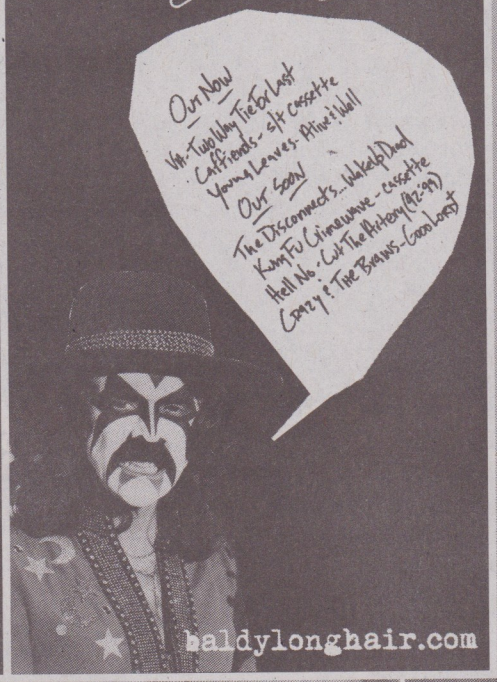

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LUIS PIZZOUND 2010

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: "What classic punk band did you never get into?" Asked at the Koward, Green Beret show in San Francisco, by Kyle Canyon.

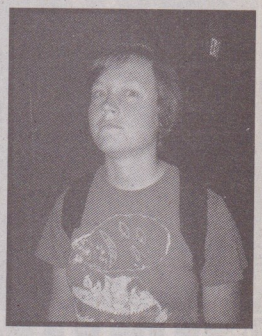
Andrew, 34, San Francisco
The Damned, dunno, just never have intentionally listened to them.

Irvin, 45, Los Angeles
If I don't like them, is that considered classic?

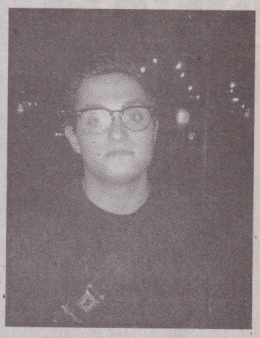
Dirty Joe, 22, Seattle
I have never listened to Zero Boys.

Juliana, 35, Oakland
Fugazi... never got it.

Kat, 26 ¾, San Francisco
Misfits. I was in a record store and some Misfits song was playing, and I asked the lady who it was and she said Misfits, and it was probably the most embarrassing thing in my punk life.



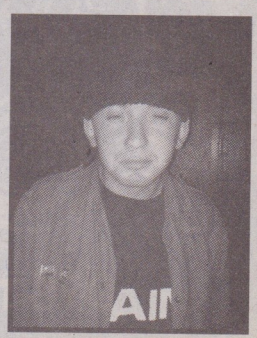
Laura, 28, Oakland
Circle Jerks.



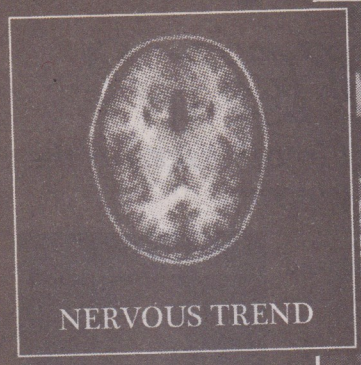
Max, 25, San Francisco
Never got into the Buzzcocks.

Priscilla, São Paulo
Bikini Kill.

Rachel, 24, Oakland
Every powerviolence band, every pop punk band, pretty much every youth crew band— and Sonic Youth, even though they don't count.



Timothy, 24, Boston
Classic band I never got into? Less Than Jake.



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MEXICO CITY

SCENE REPORT

by YECATL PEÑA

Photos by CHABA MENDIZABAL, LUIS TREJO, AND LA PELONA

It has been a while since somebody did a scene report from Mexico (MRR #292, Sept. 2007) and I'm not sure if a Mexico City one was ever submitted. Mexican scenes have lacked generational renewal for ages, and I think this is mainly because we suffer from deep stupid Catholic and "Mexican" hierarchysation. Old people despise kids and the kids are pushed into being apathethic and not doing anything but studding their jackets, sniffing paint thinner and talking shit about other kids actually trying to make anything.

Basically this was the scenario for most Mexican major city scenes forever.

Most foreign punks visiting Mexico were so excited about seeing mohawks and leather jackets everywhere, seeing Total Chaos-type gigs with thousands of them in a same spot, and making friends with gutter kids sporting studded vests in the subway.

Mexico City is so big—there are multiple punk scenes going on at the same time. Some of them aren't in contact with other scenes, mainly because of the distance, but there is also a huge socio-economic issue between scenes. Some punks will never get along because of this, which goes back deeply, to the interactions of Mexicans since the Spanish colony.

When Mexican crust punk fashion died, approximately in 2011, lots of kids were sick of that sound and some of the attitudes most Mexican crusts sported, such as playing for over 40 minutes and just despising young people who started a punk band without being "musicians." That said, a new breed of bands, that were unknown at that moment, started the foundation of the actual scene, which is getting a little bit of recognition from other parts of the world.

If you feel there are bands or things I'm not talking about, I apologize in advance.

A New Generation of Chilango Punk

For a couple of years four bands were the only young and active bands in terms of strictly punk-DIY not punk-cover bands. I count these four because they are responsible for making punk more easily accessible in the city. It's always hard to talk about a scene as polarized as the Chilango one, but I'm trying to be as objective as I can. (Chilango is the the word Mexicans use for people from Mexico City).

The first band that comes to my mind when we talk about a new generation is **CRIMEN**. They have been around for about six years, so that makes them an "older" band, but they have been supporting young bands and encouraging kids to play. CRIMEN is really active and they are about to release a new LP. They will have played the Latino Punk Fest in NYC by the time you read this.

INSERVIBLES were active, also for six years and now they are done. They have recorded a posthumous LP and it will see the light soon.

A band that is caught in the middle of the sprout of new Chilango bands is **AVICHINES**. A lot of people think they are a new band, but they have been around for four years. They play a weird mix of punk—sometimes they sound like the Urinals and sometimes they sound like they were taken out of the Atropello!! Peruvian compilation. They are really good live—they can be really chaotic and sloppy or they can be really tight.

SANKIN PANKIN is a HC punk (almost powerviolence) band that has been around for a six years. They come from a youth crew background and are also part of a melodic hardcore scene.

Of course the huge tradition of Mexican "old school" punk gigs is alive. They just haven't produced remarkable bands in many years, they don't have any young people involved in their activities, and they have been covered by documentaries, books, and interviews in almost every form of media I can think of. I mean, check out how much that Ruido Unidad e Ideologia record costs on Discogs.

So... fuck it! I'm tired of contextualizing this scene, you get it. Old guys hate young ones; poor kids hate lower middle class kids. It's Mexico! I'll get hate mail by some Chilango old farts that subscribe to MRR but never go to shows and some dudes at El Chopo will give me dirty looks. Whatever. Let's talk about new fucking bands you need to know about.

Bands

SACRIFICIO was the first band of the current Chilango HC punk bands. They play a really cool mix of UK thrashcore with a good dose of '90s USA punk à la Code 13. They have been so active that every other underground scene knows about them. They are very passionate and their members are involved in anarchist activities. They are releasing a debut 7" on Cintas Pepe sometime soon.

Drug wars have scarred Mexico forever and their consequences changed our lives. Back in 2009 and 2010 Monterrey was the Mexican city you read about in MRR. RATAS DEL VATICANO and XYX were nailing it. During the wars, lots of young people moved to Mexico City to escape from that hideous reality and Monterrey died culturally.

MUERTE was formed with people from TERCER MUNDO/RATAS DEL VATICANO and some of us Chilangos trying to make our northern friends feel like home.

You can also say **TERCER MUNDO** is now a Mexico City band. [Ed: they just finished a US tour that rocked everyone's world.]

ÉPOCAS FUTURAS is a band that you can also say was formed in this context. It has people from CREMALLERAS who are also from Monterrey.

DIA FINAL is an awesome trio for people who enjoy Japanese noise à la Disclose. They are really young and their sound is so crushing. They have a tape out and have plans to record a 7" in the future. I suggest you be aware of them.

MALCRIA play a super tight form of early DC hardcore but obviously with a Mexican flavor. They have dual vocals, one by the drummer, Gibran, who is a beast, and also plays drums in CRIMEN.

VDS or **VITTORIA DELLA SCONFITTA** are super influenced by Italian late '80's hardcore and sound very unique, one of the best live acts I can think of. They have a split tape out with MALCRIA.

For all the people into noise punk **ABORTICIDIO** is a good band. You may have heard about these guys since they got some cool reviews for their 7" on General Speech Records in the issue last August. They don't play very often, but when they do, they sound either like shit or fucking glorious. It depends on how many beers they have had, or if they practiced before, or if they were too busy finding "provocative" clothing. You hate them or you love them. I guess you need a band like this in every scene.

MUJERCITOS is a very active band right now—some people from INSERVIBLES playing with some people who have never played in a band. MUJERCITOS plays punk inspired by IV REICH and deals with sexuality issues Mexicans aren't used to hearing about.

CADENAXO is a brand new band from El Rosario. They play total Boston hardcore worship with a taste of the '80s Mexico sXe scene, featuring members of SANKINPANKIN.

ZOTZ is a band with members of DIA FINAL and the now defunct D-beat warriors DISHELL-DETHTERROR. These guys play deathrock and

sometimes they mix it with the Nordic rhythm, and featured a member of the Canadian band GERM ATTAK while he was here for a year or so. They split when he went back to his homeland, but now they are back with a complete Mexican goth squad.

ERA DEL VACIO is another dark band I fully recommend for the people into stuff like RED TEMPLE SPIRITS. They also have an upcoming LP on Cintas Pepe.

When I first started going to DIY shows almost no young women were involved, except maybe in squatting. But in Mexico City squatting has always been pretty distant for newcomers so, yeah, almost no young women could be seen playing, organizing gigs, or whatever. Now we are proud to see bands completely fronted by and gigs organized and booked by women. It's a hard thing to do in a country like this with the machismo tradition and we are proud to experience this in a scene where everything feels new. Collectives like LAS CIRUJANAS among many others feature very active ladies working with the DIY Chilango scene.

Venues

There's a big, big problem with venues. There are no venues at all. We have struggled with this issue for decades. The "nightlife" laws in Mexico City are designed to maintain corruption and bribing as the ways to operate. Bars can't get full licenses to work properly, in order to keep owners giving money to cops and inspectors, so the idea of a Punk space is pretty ingenuous. Places like El Clandestino are now defunct and when a bar takes the risk of welcoming DIY shows, almost every underground scene uses that space until cops close the venue. Mainly because of this we are used to searching for new bars to have shows in every two months.

House shows or social center shows are out of the question. The last city administration banned house parties, so yeah, we are fucked in that sense. Squats quit doing shows because mostly older people live there and they don't want anything to do with shows anymore, or at least that's the impression we get. Sometimes art collectives like **CRATER INVERTIDO** allow punks to do shows and they turn out to be great ones, but it's not very often. So we are pushed to bars and most bars suck. Fuck bars.

Festivals, Record Stores, Tours

CHAYITO FEST is the biggest DIY fest in Mexico City. It takes place at EL ROSARIO housing projects. Even though it is not specialized in punk, every year they feature a good amount of punk bands from all over the country. They have been doing it for nine years and almost every band you have heard about from Mexico in the last decade has played there. I have to say that they also feature post-metal, emo, macho-core and even hip-hop, so lots of punks hate going to the fest, but I believe it is a good example of Chilango youngsters working together without the dirty hand of corporate sponsorship. Fuck divisiones absurdas... and also fuck fake-DIY sponsored fests. LAS CIRUJANAS collective mentioned before organizes the FEMSTIVAL which is a DIY fest dedicated to the feminist and queer scene.

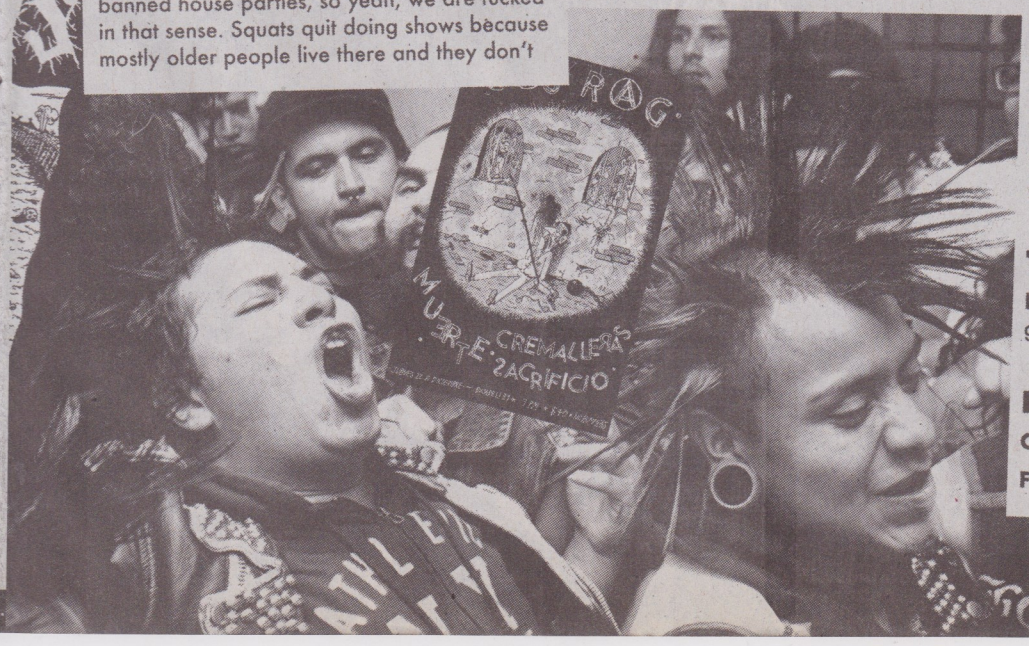
This year, **CARCOMA RECORDS**, the only record store dedicated to underground music in the city, organized their first anniversary show and had SAD BOYS, NOMAD, STOIC VIOLENCE, LOS MONJO, ABORTICIDIO and CRIMEN play. It was a pretty good example of the level of excitement towards punk in the city. It was packed and punks went nuts.

Lately some great bands have been touring Mexico and played our city—bands like SIN ORDEN, GAS RAG, STOIC VIOLENCE, GENERACION SUICIDA, and CRIATURAS. We encourage bands from all over the world to come to Mexico. We can book you tours and shows, show you good places to eat, and drink some caguama cartones.

In the end, this city is great but also sucks so much in so many ways. We are trying to make ourselves a space where we can feel comfortable. With each good thing we have, there are ten bad things happening at the same time. It's still cool to be a punk here, and being in contact with other scenes around the world give us motivation to keep working.

This August some promising bands had their first shows, bands like ASSASINI, CHARGED SS, and ANTI SEX. Some people are releasing good records and tapes this month and some friends are getting together to discuss the possibility of running a non-profit venue by taking advantage of some legal gaps.

It sucks to have ridiculous music gear prices, to not be able to do house shows and not having running water but, hey! We can still bribe cops and nobody has Google glasses here!



Bands

ABORTICIDIO: aborticidio.bandcamp.com

AVICHINES: balequeso.blogspot.mx

CRIMEN: crimengobierna.bandcamp.com

DIA FINAL: diafinalrawpunk.bandcamp.com

ERA DEL VACIO: eradelvacio.bandcamp.com

INSERVIBLES: inservibless.blogspot.com

MALCRIA: malcria.bandcamp.com

MUERTE: muerte.bandcamp.com

MUJERCITOS: mujercitos.bandcamp.com

SACRIFICIO: sacrificio1.bandcamp.com

SANKIN PANKIN: losgrises.bandcamp.com

TERCER MUNDO: tercermundo.bandcamp.com

VITTORIA DELLA SCONFITTA: v-d-s.bandcamp.com

ZOTZ: zotzpostpunk.bandcamp.com

Labels

CINTAS PEPE: cintaspepe@gmail.com

DOOMSDAY RECORDS: soundcloud.com/doomsday_records

GRABACIONES PINCHE ENGENRO: grabacionespincheengendro.bandcamp.com

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Fests

CHAYITO FEST: facebook.com/chayitofest

FEMSTIVAL: lascirujanas666.wordpress.com

FEST LATA

NYC, AUGUST 2014

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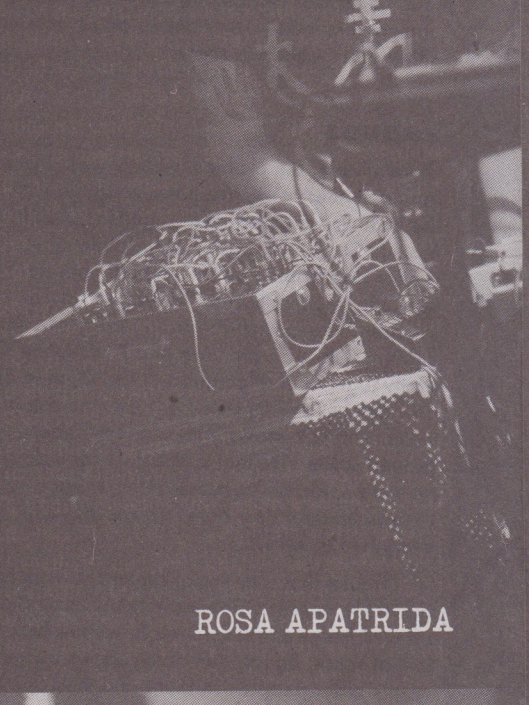
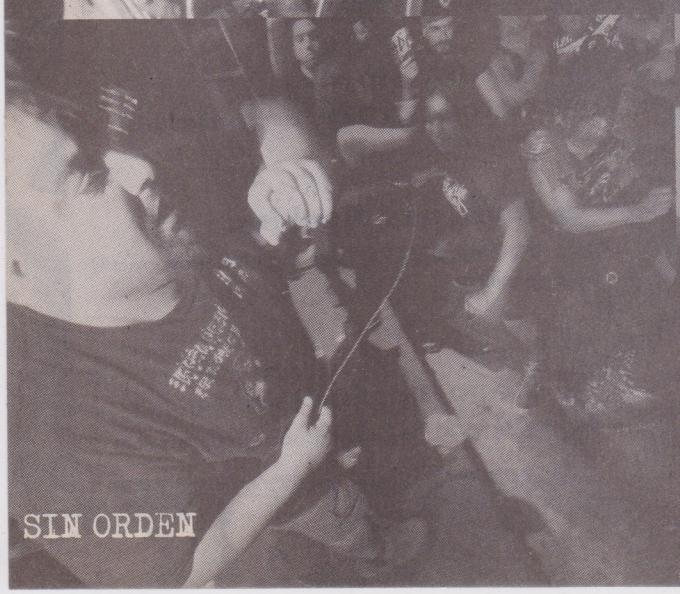
ALIMANAS

ATRAKO



ROSA APATRIDA



SIN ORDEN

CRIMEN

punkitos photos

RAYOS X

ERA OF FEAR

Era of Fear is: Stavros – guitar, Ferdi – keyboards, Petros – vocals, Fatih – bass, Orkun – drums

Era of Fear is a coldwave / post-punk band from Xánthi, a small and weird town located in northeastern Greece. Upon its release, their first record, a 45 containing two excellent tracks Μιζέρια/Πίσω Απ'τους Τοίχους *(*Misery/Behind the Walls*), was praised in the dark circles of the post-punk/No Wave scene and rightfully so; it's the first band in years to incorporate the sounds of late '80s Greek death rock, mixing it up with some New Wave-era Blitz and giving it a twist of paranoia, with synths that undoubtedly bring to mind the almighty ANTI... This, dear readers of this fine publication, is the death rattle of a lost generation in all its fearsome beauty... Intro and interview by Bak. Photos provided by the band.*

MRR: How long have you known each other and why did you decide to form Era of Fear?
We've known each other for many years. In a small city like Xánthi it's inevitable that you will end up knowing people from the same music scene, and even with the same music tastes as you, and end up hanging out with them. Most people here played or still play, like us, in other bands as well. So it was only a matter of time until we created a project to experiment with new sounds. Now, the season we created Era of Fear was to develop a means to express our thoughts and fears, enwrapping them with the melancholic, fearsome and brutal music background they cultivate inside us.

MRR: How did you come up with the name? Seems weird that a D-beat or crust band hasn't used it yet. Do you believe we live in an era of fear? It feels more like the age of apathy to me...
Maybe you're not too wrong about that, as apathy is one of the major characteristics of our society. Apathy that has been rooted inside modern humans and derives from one's fear to face the consequences of a reaction, the fear of being left out and stigmatized by a society that devours every black sheep that dares to differentiate from the flock. All this man-made fear is the biggest weapon used by authorities and religion to enslave the people. Now, if a D-beat band wants a name, they can use Era of Apathy. Ha ha.

MRR: Let's talk about your music a bit. So post-punk it is, but you also have some great synth punk thrown in the mix. I believe that's the reason you're the only band with a synthesizer that I actually enjoy. How about your influences? Is it all obscure '80s Greek coldwave?
No. Sure there are some past Greek bands who slightly influenced our music, but there are bigger influences from older bands from abroad, and from the new dark/post-punk wave, which is getting bigger and bigger in Europe and the rest of the world.

MRR: Since all of your songs are in Greek, would you care to give an idea to the readers of what you sing about?
Most songs talk about the battle humans have with themselves and their fears. This includes the fear of changing their miserable but safe (as they think) life, but also the fear of a new war that might be the end of the world as we know it.

MRR: Your debut 7" received very positive reviews from all parts of the world, and some time ago you played your first show outside of Greece, at a punk festival in Paris. Tell us a bit about this experience; was it better than a squat show with friends, cheap beer and broken PAs?
Honestly, it was a new unique experience for us. We had never played outside of Greece before and we didn't know what we'd be up against. Surely some things felt weird to us, such as the presence of security people, the pricy tickets at the entrance, even a "backstage" is something we haven't experience anywhere in Greece. Also the organization, in terms of bar and sound was very good, and the hospitality excellent.
Of course here in Greece too the autonomous, self-managed places and the squats have made a lot of progress in terms of organization and concert planning, so the difference is not as big as some people might think. We will always enjoy playing live at some squat, as it gives us the feeling that we are contributing to the empowerment of the DIY scene.

MRR: How many releases do you have so far? I heard there's a nice looking split tape that just came out and there's been some talk about a split LP with Πανδημία (Pandimía). What is it that you like about split records?
For now we have in circulation three releases and, yes, we are working on a split, this time with Pandimía. The thing with splits is they are simple. Except for the obvious financial factor, it is a great way for new collaborations, meeting other bands that share the same ideas and the same musical inclinations. For example, the split with Dystopian Society opened a pathway of communication between the two bands that gives us the opportunity to share ideas, experiences and information about pastime or future concerts. It is also nice for the people to get to know two bands by buying one release.

MRR: Is it hard for a Greek punk band to tour around Europe? Did you meet any difficulties while on tour? Also, do you think that Greece is isolated from the rest of Europe?
We don't know if it's hard, it's not easy for sure. It requires massive preparations to go on tour, you have to consider where and when you're going to play shows, how you're going to get from one city to the next... and for a Greek band booking only one show abroad is not helpful financially, you have to book a tour with at least five or six shows to cover the travel expenses. Greece's geographical position makes it harder to visit countries like France, Germany, UK and Spain, which have bigger scenes.

Same goes for bands that want to tour Greece. Covering plane tickets, travel expenses, hosting etc. is expensive and makes it difficult to organize one or two shows for a band from abroad. Despite these difficulties there are many bands that make it over here, thanks to a lot of people's dedication and hard work, offering the Greek audience the chance to witness a foreign band live.

MRR: Besides music, what else influences you?
There's no greater influence than life itself. People, society and everyday reality help shape our influences and inspiration. Rage and violence on the one hand, misery and despair on the other. Add some oppression and vanity and there you have it, a "beautiful" portrait of this fucking world. We just take a good look at it and write music.

MRR: So, this question is exclusively for Stavros. Who won the drunk argument in Thessaloniki regarding the correct DIY standards of practice?
Ha ha! The point is that at this concert, which was one of my favorites, all of us were totally drunk and most of the times drunken discussions just went up into the air... So maybe the only winner was the air!

MRR: Are there any Greek bands that got your attention lately that you would like to share with the rest of us?
New bands are forming all the time, from post-punk and darkwave to anarchopunk and hardcore. The bad thing is that a lot of them come and go. Anyway, some of our favorite bands that are active now are Pandimía, Chernobyl (A)ttack, Antimob, Gutter, ΟΔΟΣ 55 (Odós 55) Phoenix Catscratch, Vazura, Λήθη (Léthe), and Cut Off. Check them out!

MRR: Besides the band, do you have any other projects or activities going on? I know there's a squat/collective in Xánthi, organizing DIY shows, among other actions. Is Xánthi a place for punk to thrive?
Some of us were or are playing with other bands, like Oppression B, Outlaw Gen (RIP) and Ηχορύπανση (Sound Pollution) but more rarely. Also, some of us are part of this squat/collective and we try, everyone in their own way, to create something good and keep punk alive in our small town; by organizing DIY shows to benefit different political facts, making zines, bands etc. Now, Xánthi is a good place generally, because it has lots of young people from different underground music subcultures who have an appetite to create music, or to put on concerts, parties etc. Above all these, the good thing is that there is solidarity between us and if it continues in this way, we can do something very good.

MRR: I'm all out of questions, if you want to share something, now's the time!
We just want to say thanks to Bak (Scull Crasher Distro), *Maximum Rocknroll* and everyone for their interest in our music and for enjoying what we do! Cheers to all the punks worldwide who are defending the streets from the state and its bastards. DIY and Fight Back!

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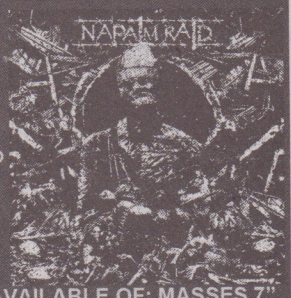

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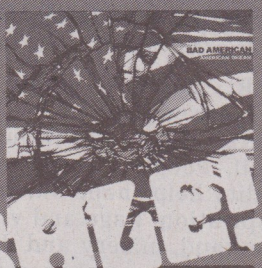

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FRACASO

Being anarchist and punk is not as crazy as it sounds. I remember an excited Rafael, after an already eventful week of Iberian tour, screaming at the top of his lungs during the Firmeza 10 show in Barcelona. Both of us had wet eyes and were spitting the rage of centuries, together with the band and dozens of other alienated punks. Friendships and revolutions are born this way. At such moments, everything seems possible. Hell, anything is possible! The story of Fracaso is evidence that the existence of punk still makes sense here and anywhere where there are passionate people willing to fight. Passion is all we have left, right? You may feel trapped in a shithole, as they were, but listen, there are people out there who care for your shout, your call. Don't give up.

Interview with Rafael and Nico, the drummer and bassist from Fracaso, originally from Venezuela and now living in Vancouver and Barcelona. Intro and interview by Hèctor. Viky helped with translation. Pictures by Fidel, Claudia Migrania, Rad Party and the band.

MRR: WHAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF FRACASO?

Rafael: Fracaso started about three years ago. Nico, Carlos and I wanted to start a catchy punk band with our friend Fabiola. She bailed on almost all of our jams. In Venezuela it is pretty expensive and hard to get equipment, so we used to rent a jam space for two hours a week. While we waited for Fabiola, the three of us just started to play hardcore, since making catchy punk was just too hard for us. We began to actually like what we were playing and we just kept doing it! Nico and I came from a band called Piel y Huesos—both of us quit / got fired from that band. Carlos was tired of his band at the time. We chose the name Fracaso (Failure) because all of our other bands were just that, failures.

MRR: SO, TELL US, HOW WAS REHEARSING AND PLAYING IN VENEZUELA?

Rafael: Shit was intense. Carlos had to travel two hours just to jam. Nico had to do the same thing. I, on the other hand, had my mom's car at the time, but still had to drive 45 minutes to get to the jam space. Caracas is an intense city, full of traffic, problems everywhere; it's just a nightmare. So when we got to the jam space, we were just rushing to make hardcore songs on the spot as fast as possible. We never played in our city. And we only played once in a small town for only ten people, maybe less. We were just so fed up with the city, the scene and society in general, that we didn't felt like a part of it. I don't want to say we were a recording-only band. But the city and everything was so dark at the time that we didn't feel like sharing shit with anyone. Not because we are elitist, it was just that we didn't have friends... We were too anarchist for the punks and too punk for the anarchists.

MRR: WAS PUNK AFFECTED BY THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN THE COUNTRY?

Rafael: Chávez, such a division point for punk! Believe it or not. Chávez was and still is a breaking point in the punk scene in Venezuela. The government, since 2002-2003, changed its progressive and democratic discourse to more revolutionary, traditional South American left-wing bullshit. There were some elections around that year. Chávez was going to lose the whole thing. So, the best option was to be *more radical* and win over people. People in Venezuela need radical solutions, and what better way to win an election than just that?

At the same time, punks started working for the military government propaganda-media machinery and that gave them access to resources (money). During elections there is lots of money involved and given away, since Venezuela is an oil country and the oil industry has been owned by the government since the '70s. That means a fuckin' lot of money. Punks started to do shows and events with the condition of putting a Chávez banner in the back, having the army as security at free shows, or having to say that Chávez was awesome on stage and other bullshit. In the end, the government just wanted to create the same situation that was happening in the whole country: that sentiment of *you are with me or against me.* Fracaso and our friends are not in any of these two segments. We don't play their game. We did shit ourselves; we released shit ourselves. We hate the army and we definitely hate the right-wing.

MRR: LISTENING TO YOUR RECORDS, IMAGES OF KIDS TRAPPED IN THE DEPTHS OF A DARK WELL, HITTING THE WALLS AND SCREAMING DESPERATELY SPRING TO MIND. WHAT WAS GOING ON IN YOUR LIFE AT THAT TIME?

Nico: At that time I was studying and working, raising money for recording and to go to Europe. I remember working ten hours a day, five days a week, plus six hours on Saturdays in a hardware store. I was earning about $250 a month. Because of the traffic, the trip to my workplace took me two hours and then two more hours back home. If you add up those hours and multiply them by six days a week you'll notice I was losing a fucking whole day a week sitting in the bus. Besides that, at night I had to go through a pretty dangerous area. I reached the point of walking down the

street with a knife in my pocket. Walking through the streets of Caracas is a constant stress if you're a regular person. Add dressing like a punk to this. There wasn't a single day that someone didn't make fun of my skinny jeans, or colored hair, or belt, etc. The political and social situation of the country wasn't the best either. Public services in the area where I lived almost never worked—daily power outages, running water just a couple of days a week.

Of course we were desperate and tired of having to go through that kind of stuff every day. Our despair was not just because we had to endure this, but because we saw how people settled for the crap they gave us. The youth had no political ideals, they only repeated what they watched on TV. There was no talk of ideas as an alternative to the establishment. People only cared about partying during the weekends. It really looks like partying and drunkenness are the most important things in Venezuela. One of the few good moments of the week was when we got together to jam, scream and get out all this hatred towards people and towards our lives.

Rafael: Everything is just harder there. One day we went to jam and Carlos never showed up. Me and Nico were pissed, because he was flaky as fuck. Then he called us and told us that the bus he took had been kidnapped by some robbers and they shot one person in the face just in front of him. Carlos said that he was sorry he couldn't make it. They left everyone in the middle of nowhere, and they had to spend the night walking back home with a wounded human being in their arms...

Lyrics were created on the spot as songs were being made. The whole hate against the city is definitely shown in those two records. Everything is so rushed and raw because stuff is like that there. I remember scheduling our recording in the studio where we used to jam. The guy double-booked us or something, and we just had to figure out another place on the spot. We ended up recording our demo the next day at this new studio, the same place we ended up recording the two 7"s a few months later. We spent something like $100 for the three recordings, which is pretty cheap. For recording and mixing you pay by the hour, so our two 7"s were recorded and mixed in less than four hours.

The guy who recorded us didn't know what we were playing or even trying to do. He was just laughing in our faces. He couldn't understand what we were going for. I think he didn't believe that we were going to release those recordings on vinyl. That is the thing. Music in South America is such an elitist thing, that when some lame-ass punks come to a *fancy* studio to record, they just freak out with what you are trying to do.

MRR: I THINK YOU LOOTED SOME RIFFS FROM DISCHARGE AND MG-15, BUT WHAT OTHER STUFF HAVE DEFINED YOUR SOUND?

Rafael: We just didn't care. I remember just listening to MG-15 and telling Carlos, «We need to do that shit. It sounds so good, so basic.» Just a band being real, putting in as much power as possible. Just honest and pure aggression. I think Discharge and MG-15 are very important hardcore bands. Just listen to Caos Final 7" or Realities of War 7". On the other hand, when I listen to North American bands playing D-beat, I think they take a completely different approach than South American bands. It's not better or worse, it's just different. To tell you the truth I don't like any; only No Fucker and Iconoclast come to my mind. Maybe Warcry, but just live. The rest I just feel is repetition, more focused on fashion and aesthetics, and not the energy and honesty of these bands. With a lot of exceptions, of course.

In Fracaso, riffs were made by the three of us. Carlos is one of the best guitar players I've ever met. But Nico and I were always pushing him to play shittier. Since Nico and I are the worst at our instruments we wanted to keep everything like that...

Another big influence, especially in the reverbed vocals, is Kuro from Japan and all the Finnish bands from the '80s. Neither of those is really my expertise, but I still like them a lot—like a fucking lot. Now, what really is my thing is South American hardcore. Bands like BSN, Pestes, Guerrilla Urbana, MELI, SS20, Massacre 68, Ataque Frontal etc. Basically Mexican, Peruvian and Medellín hardcore from the '80s to early '90s. Just listen to Ataque Frontal—*Yo no Formo Parte de Esto*. Fracaso is a fucking rip-off of them.

Nico: As Rafa says, MG-15 and Discharge are incredible bands that have influenced us a lot. Same for the Latino bands, especially those of Medellín, in my opinion. However, the bands that influenced me the most are from Finland in the '80s, nonstop violent hardcore. Bastards, Destrucktions, Riistetyt, Mellakka, Kaaos, Tampere SS, Klimax, Kuolema... At that time we didn't know how to equalize our instruments, nor was I using any effects, only distortion on the guitar, so I think we sound rather crude but so much more Latino. Carlos didn't listen to much hardcore. He listened mostly to melodic crust and metal, that's why he played guitar so well. Whenever we got together we showed him bands until he started to fall in love with playing badly. One day Rafa showed him Firmeza 10 and Carlos freaked out—he couldn't believe they were playing so wild and poorly. It became his favorite band for a while.

MRR: WHAT ABOUT THOSE OBSCURE FRACASO DEMOS?

Rafael: Funny story. For a while we started jamming only once in a while. I don't know how to play guitar or bass. I used to record myself humming the songs to make the riffs. I kind of learned how to record and I just recorded a track for the hummed guitar, the hummed bass and drums in different tracks. Drums were obviously made with tupa-tupa sounds. We use to make fun of those versions. Someday I want to release them as a tape or something. They even have vocals!

MRR: NOW YOU GUYS ARE SCATTERED OVER THE PLANET, RIGHT? HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

Rafael: My girlfriend won a scholarship in Vancouver, Canada. She is really smart. We got together for the papers and moved together to the land of the moose, loggers, and maple syrup. Moving out was a psychological battle. I felt so guilty. At the same time I felt that I did as much as I could for the scene there. I tried hard to start things up. But I was just so burnt out. People are just not into rock'n'roll and cool politics in Venezuela.

The moment I said, «This is fucking enough!» was when I booked a tour for Tropiezo in Venezuela. Nobody ever goes there. So we were fucking stoked that a band was coming. They were playing in Caracas and then I would borrow my sister's car to drive them the next day to Mérida, a city located in the Andes, twelve hours away from Caracas. When we got there the promoter was just drunk as fuck. He couldn't say a coherent sentence. All the Caracas chaos punks were there to make everything even better... They traveled as far as Mérida because nothing else happens in the country. Since only two or three shows happen a year in the whole country, everyone just wants to show how punk they are when there is a chance. So chaos punks will be as chaos punk as possible. Anarchist punks want to be as PC as possible, etc. So, expect drama, but crazy shows at the same time.

The Caracas chaos punks wanted to kick my ass when we got there. They have always wanted to, because I never gave a shit about them. But this time the beef was with the promoter. One of these losers took out a knife and just wanted to stab the promoter. The show was canceled of course, and the promoter was too drunk to figure out a place for the band to stay. Of course, this great human being never paid the band, even though the show was sold out. So basically I traveled twelve-plus hours to see the same losers I see every day destroy a show I was really looking forward to... Classic Venezuela.

After that I said to my girlfriend, «We need to get out of here. This is a waste of time.» But then just before moving to Canada some skinheads kicked my ass because *I was looking too much at them,* calling me a Nazi and dumb shit like that. I was so lucky that my friends Nico and Víctor were there to fight them. I didn't move, just got punched in the face. I didn't want to do shit because they obviously had knives and were just looking for a reason to stab me. That moment sucked. I remember crying while I was driving Carlos and Nico from Fracaso back to their house. Nico was missing half a tooth, we were covered in bruises and other shit. It was intense. We felt like we lost a battle. I was crying not because I was scared, or I cared about getting punched. It just broke my heart that some punks and skins wanted to kill me for *being a Nazi.* I take that shit seriously. That was just the confirmation that I needed to escape ASAP from Venezuela.

Nico: In 2009, some of my friends and I were stabbed. Actually, one of them, Yani, died that night. It was tough seeing my friends running covered in blood. Watching them being stabbed as if life didn't matter at all. I was in a public hospital for a week while a machine drained my lung, because one of the stabbings perforated it. On my first day at the hospital, two guys and I were separated from the rest, because we were the only ones considered not *dangerous.* I had to spend the first night in the emergency room because the hospital was full and had no available beds elsewhere, meaning that my family and my friends couldn't come and see me. The next day, a bed in a shared room became available and they put me there. There was a schizophrenic man who had broken his hip and kept talking and shouting, an old man with cancer of the trachea who was dying, a plumber who used to snort cocaine at work with dirty hands until the inside of his face became infected, an AIDS patient in a terminal state, and one guy who had fractured his skull. They had saved half of it in his belly to keep it while the brain was recovering. A place full of characters.

«OUR DESPAIR WAS NOT JUST BECAUSE WE HAD TO ENDURE THIS, BUT BECAUSE WE SAW HOW PEOPLE SETTLED FOR THE CRAP THEY GAVE US»

On my first night in that hospital room I heard bikes outside, followed

by gunshots, people screaming desperately, «Don't take him!» and «Leave him alone!» They were kidnapping my doctor. During that week in the hospital two nurses were raped, a patient got shot and killed, and a bunch of thieves broke in to steal from the rooms.

«WE DON'T PLAY THEIR GAME. WE DID SHIT OURSELVES; WE RELEASED SHIT OURSELVES. WE HATE THE ARMY AND WE DEFINITELY HATE THE RIGHT-WING»

This is when I started to think about leaving Venezuela. I had been beaten just a year before and had gotten a concussion, and now the stabbing. In fact, the night we finished recording the Fracaso 7", a POC punk, a Chávez supporter with a Nazi tattoo, started hitting Rafa because he didn't loan him his PA for his band's show. This punk guy had four red skins with him, of course supporters of the *revolutionary* government. They said we were snobs for being anarchists. He hit Rafa so much, and he didn't defend himself because everything going on seemed so absurd. I felt so powerless that I got in the fight and punched the guy and choked him. The next second all the skins were beating me up and broke two of my teeth. And I think this was when I said, «I'm leaving this shithole as soon as possible.»

MRR: SO, ONCE YOU FINALLY GOT TO ESCAPE, DID ANYTHING CHANGE FOR FRACASO? DOES IT HAVE A NEW MEANING NOW?

Nico: Yes, it has changed and has a new meaning now. We live different lives now. We have other problems and other interests. Fracaso's lyrics are now a memory. We still feel them as our own in our hearts, but I don't know if we could do it again with that rage. I mean, the rage we had at the time was because of what was happening to us right at that moment. But of course we still feel the anger of knowing we have friends and family still living that shit daily.

Rafael: It definitely has a different meaning. When we played in Europe I felt something was missing. Our guitarist dropped out from the tour only three weeks before it. So I asked a Canadian friend to help us, and he did. It wasn't the same. Even though Jersey loves the same music and politics Nico and I do, it felt weird at first. You know, singing songs in Europe about how being a punk in Venezuela sucks made me feel like a poseur. Even more because I don't live there anymore. Who am I? A fucking rich kid? At the end of the tour it was fucking good and I think songs had a different meaning. We were fucking pissed at every show. I just wanted to fucking break the drums by remembering shit at every set. Songs had a new meaning as well. Being an immigrant, living in a dark, selfish-as-fuck city, working, etc. Songs had the same meaning as they did in Venezuela but in a different way. I wish I knew how to write better English to express this. But Fracaso is a different band now, and at the same time is the same shit. At this point, I don't even know if we are still a band since we haven't played in a year.

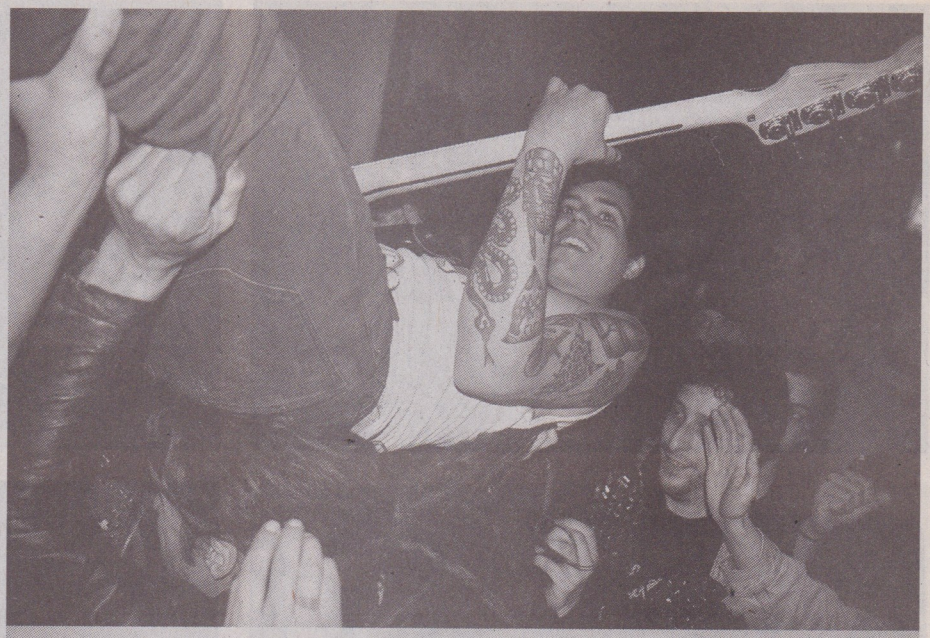
MRR: WELL, YOU LAUNCHED AN EUROPEAN TOUR HAVING PLAYED ONLY A SINGLE SHOW AS A BAND BEFORE... YOU HAVE TO TELL US A BIT ABOUT THAT!

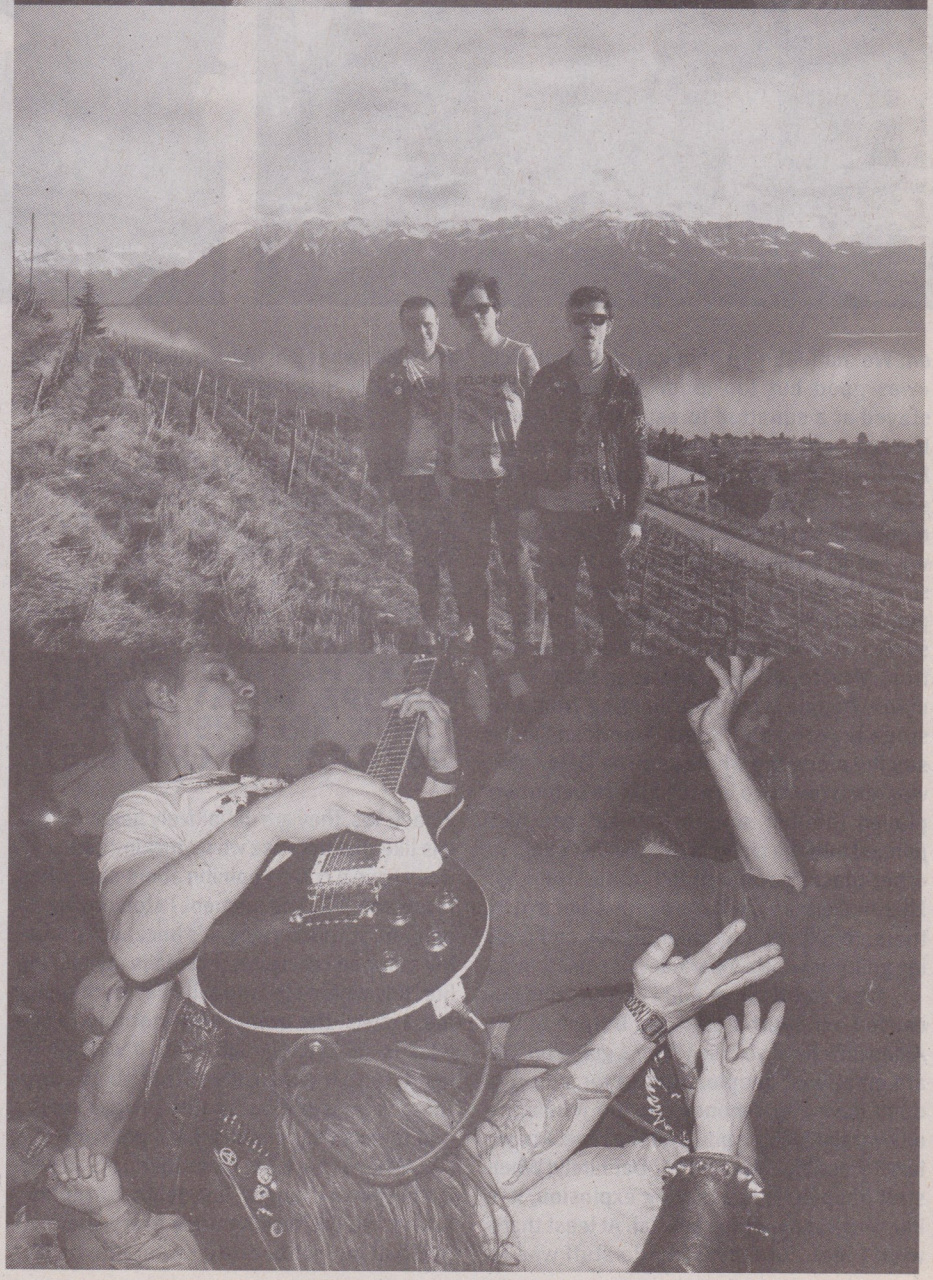
Nico: We had only played one show before because most of the punks in Caracas hated us. There the punks are usually apolitical or government supporters. There was no place for an anarchist band. We just did one concert in a small town, eight hours east of Caracas, an awful city where the main economic activity is oil extraction. We barely got off the bus and people were already staring at us as if we were aliens. When we played, the entire audience was the other two bands, a drunk neighbor, and our loyal friend Oski and his partner who traveled with us from Caracas to see us *live*.

Rafael: I just remembered the moment you (Hèctor) and Nico picked me up at the airport. Driving to Nico's squat I told you guys, «I am excited for the tour. I am scared, we have only played once.» Also, having in mind that you booked our tour, basically invited us to play Europe, and drove us, that wasn't the smartest thing to say, ha! You had some expectations... we are just a rip off band!

Jersey and I jammed two weeks before in Vancouver. Jersey knew all the songs and we were pretty tight. Belgrado lent us all their equipment and let us jam at their space for two days. I am thankful for that because the two of us (Nico and I) hadn't jammed in almost eight months, plus we had a new guitarist.

On the other side, Nico and I are fucking obsessed with doing everything by ourselves. We just spent so much time screenprinting the stupid covers for our second 7", that we didn't have any time to jam the songs. Even though I had arrived a week-and-a-half before the tour in order to be ready, nothing was done by the time Jersey got there to jam. But we are not professionals, we will never be! Our first shows definitely showed that we haven't jammed much. But who cares? We just wanted to rip off Europeans with the shittiest hardcore ever made. What are your thoughts on that Hèctor? Do you think we sucked too much?





MRR: MAN, I THINK THE FIRST COUPLE DAYS YOU WERE SLOPPY AS FUCK AND AMAZING...

Rafael: I am so happy with that tour. It was six weeks long, plus two weeks doing screenprinting. It was too much and I think we were burnt out by the end. But I would do it all over again. We met you and Marat. Best people to tour with! We played in crazy places like a squat in Norway, got stuck in a snowstorm in Czech Republic. I got attacked by an oogle's pitbull while taking a shit in the woods in France; Nico's hair caught on fire at a bonfire at a show. We almost got in a fistfight in Vienna with some gang people and then got drunk with them and hung the whole night. Starting the craziest party in Czech Republic; Jersey fought a fifteen-year-old kid in the Netherlands and hit him with his guitar in the middle of our set. We missed a ferry and then slept in a McDonald's in a small town in Norway in -5° Celsius, and shoplifted all our food and drinks for the whole tour, and drank wine in the Alps. Jersey got a second-degree burn on his hand in a circle pit and wasn't able to play guitar for like a week, and I got my knee dislocated. We played a show for five people in Germany, after having played for 150+ people at a show in Lyon the day before, and made fun of Germans and how they say *veg-*

an. We made the Puke guitarist say our set «was good but too loud» in Malmö and stayed at a squatted forest / treehouse in Norway; got to know the bathroom at La Miroiterie in Paris, and saw Firmeza 10, Absurdo and Anxiety. And just playing every night! The best shows were the three shows we had in Barcelona, just unbelievable. Also, all the shows in France (the best place to play in Europe, for sure!), especially the Paris show, which was so sick. There were people from Mexico, Bolivia, and even some Germans. People were just jumping from the stage nonstop and South Americans were singing along the whole set. The Oslo show was good too, Nico broke his bass before we played the last song of our set and just jumped into the circle pit for the last song. In other places people didn't understood us. Like in Germany, where people just stood there, thinking about their dreads and feeling guilty about Nazi Germany or something...

It's a weird thing, and I can say this because I am South American. But we South Americans have so much drama going on. We are emotional people, intense for sure. We don't have much money and our minds are all over the fucking place all the time. Are we lazy? Probably... Are we fun? Definitely! When stuff happens it is a fucking explosion, it is like magic, something special. At least that's what I feel. For Fracaso to do stuff was so hard. But when shit happened, like that Euro tour, it was going to be just fun.

MRR: YOUR VIEWS ON VENEZUELAN SOCIETY AND PUNK ARE PRETTY DARK. AFTER NICO MOVED TO BARCELONA AND RAFAEL SETTLED IN VANCOUVER, AND AFTER HAVING TOURED EUROPE, WHAT DO YOU THINK ARE THE MOST OBVIOUS DIFFERENCES?

Rafael: Yes, they are definitively negative. But it is like that because we do fucking care. I always have a critical opinion about stuff when I care about it. The moment I stop having an opinion, start worrying, it's because I probably stopped caring. Venezuela is my fucking life. It is where I grew up. It is everything for me. I check the news every morning to see what is up. Even though I hate it with all my heart, I love it as well. It's a place where everything is possible but reality always comes and breaks your dreams. Like, nonstop.

When I check the news there, it's so sad. Nothing ever changes. Just death, corruption, power, oil, the fucking army everywhere... I feel bad but not because I want it to be like Canada, the US, or Catalunya. I want Venezuela to be its own place and for their people to be happy. Life has to be better. Same thing with punk. I talk at least once a month with my punk and anarchist friends over there, checking on things. Even though I have almost no friends in, nor a deep relationship with Venezuela, I still need to see what's up and think about it every day. My friends just tell me that everything is worse and worse.

«VENEZUELA IS MY FUCKING LIFE. EVEN THOUGH I HATE IT WITH ALL MY HEART, I LOVE IT AS WELL. IT'S A PLACE WHERE EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE BUT REALITY ALWAYS COMES AND BREAKS YOUR DREAMS»

Differences in everyday life are evident. I read in some lame ass magazine that Caracas is one of the most expensive cities in the world. Inflation is just over 30% a year. That means that if you bought an avocado today, one year later it will cost 30% more and you will be making exactly the same amount of money. Avocados grow right in front of my mom's house, so that's not really a problem

for me and my family, ha! Caracas is just crime, being scared about not getting fucked and fighting for your life. It's rich as fuck but poor as fuck at the same time, with friends getting killed and kidnapped all the time, etc. It's just so complex and rich. So much is happening at the same time. A completely different relationship with death and danger when I compare it to Canada.

«CARACAS IS JUST CRIME, BEING SCARED ABOUT NOT GETTING FUCKED AND FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE. IT'S JUST SO COMPLEX AND RICH. SO MUCH IS HAPPENING AT THE SAME TIME. A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT RELATIONSHIP WITH DEATH AND DANGER»

The first shock I had here in Canada is that nothing really happens. Like, nothing. To the point that I consider it boring once in a while. There is no crime. Everyone is rich as fuck. Vancouver is like a grey city with no people, no insects, and no animals. I feel like people don't know what life is like in other places. People here travel a lot to other places, but they just stay in resorts, or other stupid shit like that, in Cuba or Mexico... I think people here live in a bubble, and for me, this is like a fantasy. Like a white person's wet dream. For me is not a dream, more like a boring TV show where everything is *pure*, *clean*, and *polite*. For me this is not the real world. By this, I don't want to sound like a tough South American. If there's one true thing about this whole interview, it's that I'm not a tough person. Also, I don't want to say Venezuela is the best place in the world, either. That place fucking blows as well! I just feel Vancouver is a crazy place. People are respectful here, but I still can't call it home. My home is Caracas and it will be always.

So yes, it was a cultural shock. Coming from a city where 70 people get killed by guns on a normal weekend to a city where you can sleep with your front door open and where bums ask for change while they play on their iPads—it's just crazy. Small things, like walking at night on the street, is just a new experience for me. I think I haven't done that without thinking about my safety in a long, long time. But my mind is still haunted, paranoid as fuck. Whenever I walk by myself through a park I feel like someone is going to stab me. Or when I am walking on the sidewalk and a car parks next to me, I think for a second, «Well I am fucked, I'm getting robbed,» and then I remember I live in Canada now. In other ways, I can't really relate to people here, or make friends and understand relationships here. It's a whole new experience that I don't really dig it for the most part, but still it's an adventure.

«I THINK PEOPLE HERE LIVE IN A BUBBLE. LIKE A WHITE PERSON'S WET DREAM. FOR ME IS MORE LIKE A BORING TV SHOW WHERE EVERYTHING IS PURE, CLEAN, AND POLITE. FOR ME THIS IS NOT THE REAL WORLD»

On the punk side of things, I feel the same way. Things are so easy here that it loses its magic sometimes. Like, you want to start a band and everyone has the biggest amps in the world, the best drum kits and Japanese guitars, the same ones Kuro, GISM, and Sodom used. You name it. But at the same time, you see everybody not sharing anything. You go to a show and there are four drum kits on the side of the stage because no one can fucking share shit here. Everyone is so careful about money, about their little private property. Who gives a fuck? I never in my life played with a big ass amp like we did in Europe, or that I see here. Me and Yecatl from Inservibles were hanging in Mexico City the other day. We were making fun of ourselves while touring with you, Hèctor. Like when you said things like, «Let's pick up the amp heads,» we were just like «What the fuck is that?» We used practice amps for shows—never heard of cabs, heads and all that stuff, ha!

Same thing with putting out records, tapes, opening a punk space, copying zines, buying records, trading records, finding venues for shows, and seeing crazy bands I would never dream of. Like the Mob, Drapetomania, Generación Suicida, and Mob 47, or new bands like La Misma. I never thought I would see good bands ever. But at the same time I feel fucking guilty. Who am I? What am I doing here? Do I belong here? Where are my friends? Why is nobody moving while one of the best bands in punk history is playing? Blows my mind.

Nico: I don't feel I belong to any place, even if I grew up in Venezuela and my family and some friends still live there. I don't feel empathy with the idea of *belonging* to somewhere. I think one should belong where you feel comfortable and if you are not comfortable in a place, either you struggle to make it as enjoyable as possible or you are just not supposed to be there. Some battles are too big for us—unfortunately, that is what I think of Venezuela. The Venezuelan way of thinking especially bothers me. It just became an unbearable place for me. Being there felt like a waste of time, there

was nothing that interested me, nor anyone that valued what I did or wanted to do. But still there are things I miss and remember fondly.

«I THINK ONE SHOULD BELONG WHERE YOU FEEL COMFORTABLE AND IF YOU ARE NOT COMFORTABLE IN A PLACE, EITHER YOU STRUGGLE TO MAKE IT AS ENJOYABLE AS POSSIBLE OR YOU ARE JUST NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THERE»

When I got to Barcelona I was shocked by the number of bands, shows, and venues they had, and at how friendly the punks were to each other. So far, in just over the two years I've been here, I've seen less than four fights at shows. However—and this may sound contradictory—although the scene is more friendly here, it is much easier to make true friends in Latin America, best friends during the best and worst moments of life.

Now that I've been here for some time, I've begun taking time to focus, to analyze and see the differences. I think the biggest differences between the European (or the Barcelona) punk scene and that of Venezuela—without talking about economics, which is obvious—is the tradition and the mentality of people being more interested in everything around us and what affects us. There is more respect. It's a rather political and organized place. I don't know, it may have something to do with their purchasing power, most likely, but you also must take into account that this scene has existed for over 30 years. It's certainly much easier to carry out our projects here, to get equipment, to record, tour, etc. But this easiness also has its downsides. Many bands don't last, I think because they don't have to make any real effort, so they don't truly believe in what they are doing or what they could reach. Many only feign interest, without stopping to think about what we really are. I do think presence and aesthetics are important, because a band shouldn't only give music and a message, but also needs to interact with people, offer a spectacle of incitement and feelings that catch the eye.

It's difficult to talk about the economic issue. I think I've met poorer punks here than in Latin America. But also, poverty is something here that somehow you can afford because it's not so widespread in society. If you practice an alternative lifestyle you can cover the basic needs much more easily than in Latin America. I can't really explain this.

MRR: HOW ARE YOUR LIVES NOW BESIDES THAT? HOW DO YOU GET TO KEEP THE BAND TOGETHER WITH THAT MUCH DISTANCE IN BETWEEN?

Rafael: Life here is just more independent and easy. For the first time in my life I don't live with my parents. Inflation is so high in Venezuela and everything is so expensive that moving from your parents' house is not an option. I don't know of one person who has ever moved out of their parents' house. So, expect to be 40 and starting your own family in your parents' house if you live in Venezuela. So even though it sounds like some *self-made man* bullshit, it is cool to be able to support yourself and be fully independent, even if that means working for a lame ass *alternative* coffee shop. My life is kind of boring and I want to make some changes. I hope they'll come soon.

Fracaso as a band is still a thing. We have an unreleased song that Carlos and I made in Caracas after Nico left for Barcelona. Jersey and I made four new songs, and I think Nico has a few songs in his head. We just need to record them soon! I have a four-track recorder and we just need to figure out how to use it and start recording ourselves.

«GOOD HARDCORE BANDS LAST JUST A FEW YEARS. SINCE WE ARE NOT A GOOD BAND, I THINK WE WILL LAST A WHILE»

Nico: My life here is much more independent, and quieter. It's not easier, because I decided to live without working and being involved with the system as little as possible. Getting what you want is harder if you get it from the ground up by yourself. I live by squatting, which brings a lot of trouble with the cops. We get the vegetables from dumpsters, shoplift in supermarkets, and encounter many more difficulties... It's a big effort, although many believe it isn't. You spend the same time you waste at a job, or more. The advantage is that there are no bosses and no one to charge you rent every month. Thanks to living like this I have had the chance to meet a lot of interesting people and learn about other interesting projects related to DIY. Things that might not be generated in other places where this way of life ain't possible.

We keep Fracaso going because it took a lot of effort to get there and we have a lot of affection for each other. So no matter the distance, every time I take out the bass or try a guitar riff and start making a new song I think, «This is for Fracaso.» Plus I'm curious for what Jersey has in mind for what's next!

MRR: AND WHAT'S NEXT?

Rafael: Good hardcore bands last just a few years. Since we are not a good band, I think we will last a while. I like to think our friendship is above this band. So even if we stop playing we will still be friends. Right, Nico? Right, Jersey?

Fracaso will release something. Probably a 7" or a mini-LP. I am scared of hardcore 12"s. They usually suck! We want to tour the East Coast as well. And maybe play in Los Angeles and Mexico. Those are my people! A small dream is to play in Japan and be the first punk band from Venezuela to ever play there. But who knows!

Nico: As Rafa says, we want to meet one day for recording, but I think we still owe some things to ourselves. I'd love to do an American tour, and why not a Mexican tour? It might be difficult because of the distance but I really want to go to Vancouver to jam with Rafa and Jersey and see what happens.

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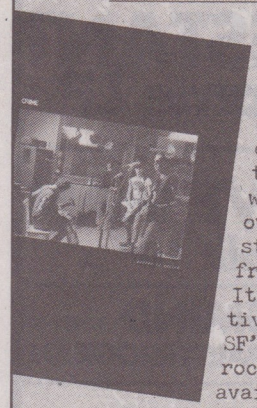

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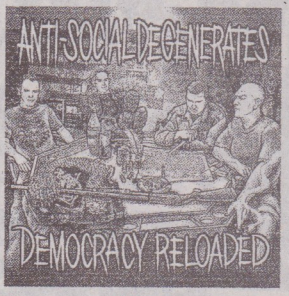

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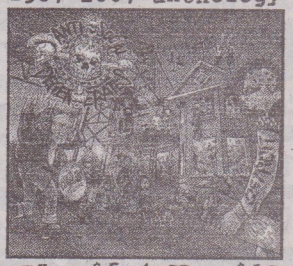

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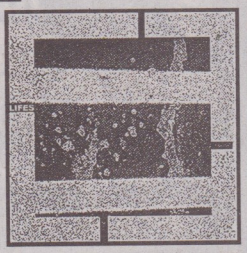

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PITTSBURGH'S MIND CURE RECORDS IS CURRENTLY RUN BY MIKE SEAMANS. THE MIND CURE LABEL STARTED DOCUMENTING PITTSBURGH'S EARLY HARDCORE SCENE IN 1983. THIRTY YEARS LATER, THE MIND CURE NAME IS STILL AN INTEGRAL PART OF PITTSBURGH'S HARDCORE COMMUNITY. UNDER MIKE'S DIRECTION, MIND CURE IS NOW BOTH A RECORD SHOP AND A LABEL. I SPOKE WITH MIKE ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCES RUNNING A SHOP AND A LABEL, AND HIS ROLE IN CARRYING ON MIND CURE'S LEGACY.

INTERVIEW BY RYAN HUGHES
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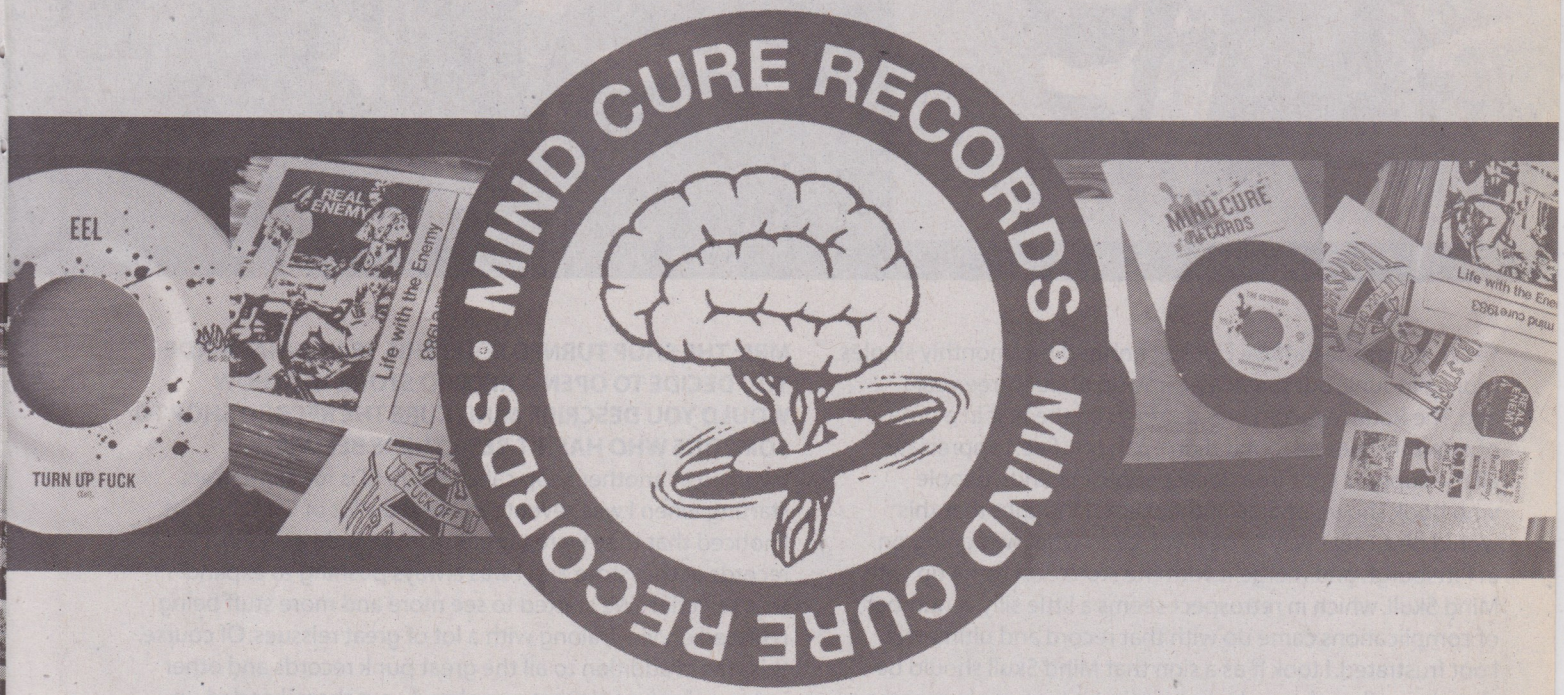


MRR: MIND CURE, AS AN ENTITY, HAS BEEN A PART OF PITTSBURGH'S UNDERGROUND MUSIC SCENE FOR A LONG TIME. COULD YOU GIVE US A QUICK HISTORY LESSON AND TALK ABOUT YOUR CURRENT INVOLVEMENT WITH IT?

Mind Cure Records was started in 1983 to release Real Enemy's Life With the Enemy cassette. It was a collective label; it wasn't a one-person thing. The whole band decided to release the tape together. The second release on Mind Cure was the solo project of Real Enemy's bass player, Steve Heineman. He wanted to release it himself so he decided to release it on Mind Cure. Once Half Life's *Under the Knife 7"* was released it became Mike Lavella's (from Real Enemy and Half Life) label. Mike ran it until he moved to California in 1988. It then changed hands to Dave Martin. Dave ran it from 1988 to 1994 when he moved to New York to work for Matador Records. After that, the label was dormant for quite a while. When I was looking to open a record store, I was talking with my friend Dan Allen and he suggested that I call it Mind Cure Records. I thought it was a great idea. It was a great name and a cool way to preserve that history. When I talked to Mike and Dave about it, they said to go ahead.

At the time I started the store I was also running a label called Dear Skull Records. I was so busy with the store that I got sick of releasing records and I lost my momentum, so I decided to just focus on the store. However, I always wanted to reissue some older Pittsburgh stuff. I thought, if I'm going to do another label then I should start the Mind Cure Records label back up. What better place to start than with the first Mind Cure release, Real Enemy's *Life With the Enemy*? Since then I've done the Savage Amused and Battered Citizens demos, which were originally Mind Cure Records cassettes. Now I'm starting to branch out beyond what were originally Mind Cure releases and am doing some other Pittsburgh stuff.

MRR: WHEN YOU OPENED THE STORE, DID YOU ENVISION RE-LAUNCHING THE LABEL? OR IS THAT SOMETHING THAT CAME ABOUT AS OPPORTUNITIES AROSE?

I didn't set out with that intention at all. When I opened the shop I felt that, when I finished the records I agreed to put out for Dear Skull, I was just going to stop. The idea of stopping didn't last for more than a few weeks before I was like, "I really want to do these reissues."

MRR: BETWEEN DEAR SKULL AND MIND CURE YOU DID RELEASE A RECORD USING THE LABEL NAME MIND SKULL, IS THAT CORRECT?

Yes, that was the Ratface EP. I just finished this monthly singles project in June, but that idea came up about three years ago. The Ratface record was going to be the first in a series of monthly releases, but it didn't pan out. See, I appreciate all the support I get from local people in bands, people who book shows, people in the scene. I thought that this would be a great way to be involved in what was going on in Pittsburgh and merge it with the store. So, I came up with Mind Skull, which in retrospect seems a little silly. A number of complications came up with that record and ultimately I got frustrated. I took it as a sign that Mind Skull should be shut down. I'm ashamed to admit that it took me longer than it should have to realize that, if I'm going to start putting out records again, I should put it all under one heading.

MRR: HOW SOON AFTERWARDS DID YOU START DOING THE MIND CURE RECORDS SINGLE OF THE MONTH?

Well, I started working on that Ratface single in the spring 2011, and it was finally released in the winter 2012—almost two years later—and the first single of the month came out in June 2013 on the store's third anniversary. I ditched any ideas I had of doing new releases after the Ratface record took forever, and I decided to focus on reissues. A lot of folks were bummed out that I was going to stop doing anything with newer bands, and it got me thinking again about the singles series and I thought, "Maybe this is the time to do it." It was actually folks like Dan Allan and Dave Martin, people who were contemporaries of the era that I had decided to focus on reissuing, who said, "You can't stop working with new bands just to do old stuff." The singles series was a really concise project. They're each two songs, an original and a cover. The artwork is the same. Some of the bands have decided to make limited covers with their copies. My idea was to do something in a way that meant not a lot of decisions needed to be made. On top of each record I made a video about each band with the help of a friend of mine, Chris Smalley. We also made a wrap-up video commemorating the end of the whole thing. It's different to the rest of them. It's pretty silly.

MRR: THE SHOP TURNED FOUR THIS YEAR. WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE TO OPEN A RECORD STORE, AND HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE MIND CURE THE RECORD SHOP TO SOMEONE WHO HASN'T BEEN THERE BEFORE?

I worked at another shop called Paul's CDs for eight years starting when I was seventeen. We did a lot of CD sales, but I noticed that they were tapering off. We sold new vinyl records at that store and I was always pushing to expand that selection. We started to see more and more stuff being released on vinyl, along with a lot of great reissues. Of course, this was in addition to all the great punk records and other independent music that was already out there. I ended up leaving Paul's and I was splitting my time between Pittsburgh and DC while my wife was getting a Master's Degree. I started seeing these smaller record stores that were unlike anything in Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh record stores are mostly long running institutions—stores like Jerry's, The Attic, Paul's, and before that Jim's Records. Looking at these smaller record stores, I thought, "This is something I could do." So I decided to open a store that was all vinyl that would be about 70% used and 30% new. A store that filled a void and deals in punk, hardcore, and heavy metal. On top that, I try to carry some other things that are outside of what some of the other shops in Pittsburgh are carrying.

MRR: WERE THERE ANY RECORD STORES THAT INFLUENCED YOU WHEN YOU STARTED OUT?

When I got to DC, I saw a noticeable shift towards smaller shops. Smash reopened with new owners. Down the street was Red Onion and not far from there was Som Records. All these stores had just opened or re-opened not long before I got there. Shops like Academy in New York and Permanent in Chicago were also really influential. The idea I had for a store seemed to be in line with what I was seeing in other parts of the country. Looking at the labels or shops that are successful niche businesses, they know their product really well. At the same time, there are shops here in Pittsburgh, like Jerry's

Records, The Attic, and Sound Cat, who serve a much wider audience. They are still viable and I really hope that continues.

MRR: LET'S GET BACK TO THE LABEL. WHEN YOU DECIDED TO RE-LAUNCH THE MIND CURE LABEL, DID YOU HAVE A SPECIFIC GOAL IN MIND?

Yes. I grew up in Pittsburgh and spent a lot of time hanging out in record shops. There was a shop called Brave New World. It was a really important place for me. I found out about a lot of music there. It was the punk and heavy metal record store. For me, a big part of going there was hanging out and listening to stories, learning about weird music history, tall tales, and legendary… whatever. There was a really big focus on local music. The two main guys, Spahr Schmidt and Rob Tabachka were in bands going back into the '80s. They were a part of this legendary era that included bands like Half Life, Doomwatch, Eviction, and Necropolis. The older I got, I realized that not a lot of people know this stuff. In Pittsburgh, not a lot of bands made records. The Real Enemy demo is something that was known in the circles of people who collect early American hardcore. They knew what it was, and maybe they found some songs circulating on the internet. But it was still largely unknown. So there have been a lot of bands that released demos, or recorded for records that never came out. Part of my goal is to give these people who I consider friends and mentors their due. There was music here that rivals anything released nationally within its genre. I want to put Pittsburgh's early hardcore scene on the map in a way that hadn't happen in the past. The other part of that is that I want to include as much archival material as possible to provide a context for these bands. The Savage Amused reissue that just came out is a great example. Here is a band that I think is just amazing. They existed for eight months in 1985 and recorded one demo. They think that at most there were 100 copies made.

MRR: IN ADDITION TO RUNNING A STORE AND RELEASING RECORDS YOU'VE ALSO BEEN WORKING ON A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT THE PITTSBURGH HARDCORE SCENE. THE CLIPS THAT I'VE SEEN LOOK GREAT, HOW IS THAT GOING?

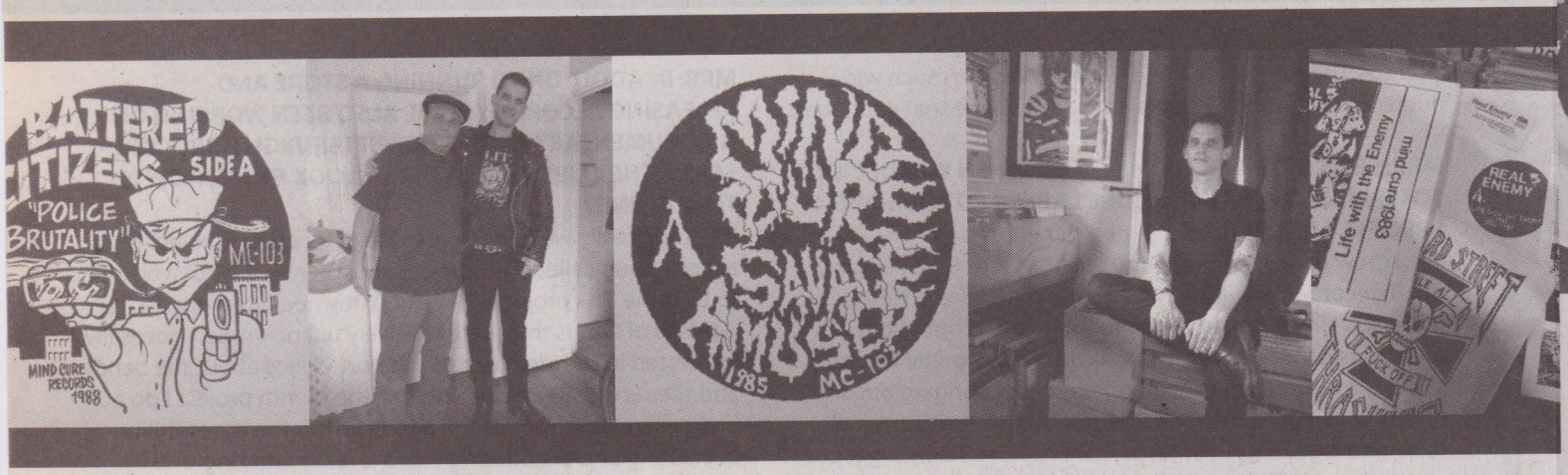
It's going really well. I got a grant to work on the project from a local group called the Sprout Fund. There is a lot of work to be done. The project grew out of my need to promote the releases of bands that were relatively unknown. So, I got really interested in the idea of making short videos about the bands and the records. With the Single of the Month project I do a short video to introduce the bands. I think the accessibility of creating and distributing video is really amazing, and I like to use it to promote records and raise awareness of the bands. As I was doing interviews about the records with some of the older guys I noticed a narrative emerge that became really interesting to me. How do you make a movie about the Pittsburgh hardcore scene? It's something that I thought about even going back to high school. The question was always, "What's the angle?" Well, through these interviews I started to find the answer.

What do you say about the Pittsburgh hardcore scene? You can't say it was ahead of its time, because it wasn't. It was behind the trends in a lot of ways. It's not necessarily unique to punk, but when you have these conversations about music or scenes there is always an emphasis on who did it first. What was the first scene? What was the first record? Precedence becomes something people fixate on. That's not the story of Pittsburgh. As I was doing the interviews, and as I was talking to people generally about their experiences, I found out that most of these people weren't actually from Pittsburgh. You have this huge number of people who were involved in the scene, but they came from these small industry towns. These towns were like satellite towns to the city of Pittsburgh and the steel industry. As I looked at the timeline, the first hardcore release was Real Enemy's demo in 1983. It coincided with when the steel industry was just bottoming

out in this region. While talking to people and hearing about their frustrations, their feelings of being left behind seemed uniquely Pittsburgh. It was around this time that you started seeing all ages shows at the Electric Banana and other venues. The punk scene in Pittsburgh prior to the development of this hardcore scene has been described to me as being made up of about 100 people. Then hardcore happens, all ages shows start happening, and all of the sudden you have hundreds of kids coming to these shows, looking for an outlet. The scene starts to gel and to me that is the interesting story. Plus, this scene was big, it was strong, and there were a lot of amazing local bands. That is what I want to focus on. But it was also a place where a lot of touring bands regularly came through, bands like GBH, Cro-Mags, and Agnostic Front. The Pittsburgh hardcore scene seemed to have a really strong connection with cities like DC and New York through bands like Real Enemy, Half Life, and Battered Citizens touring. But at the same time, Pittsburgh is not like either of those cities. No one in Pittsburgh was living on the streets of the Lower East Side fighting for survival. At the same time it wasn't DC.

band that Vince Curtis did between Real Enemy and Half Life. A number of the White Wreckage songs became those Half Life songs. I'm also reissuing the first Modey Lemon LP as a split release with AF Records, who originally released it as a CD in 2002. Those are just the records that are confirmed. There are a number of things that need to be finalized with some other projects that I don't want to get into until they're in motion. Now that the Single of the Month series is done I have some new records that I am working on. There's an EEL/Pissbath split 7". I'm doing a split 7" with Inimical Records of Submachine and Kicker. There're a bunch more stuff, but I'm glad to be free of hitting all the deadlines for monthly record releases, let alone videos.

MRR: NOW THAT IT'S DONE, WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT THE SINGLE OF THE MONTH PROJECT?
It was really great to work with all twelve bands and to see the attention that they got, as well as the Pittsburgh scene in general. Even though it's done, the momentum is still going for a lot of bands whose records just came out, and for the



Their parents didn't work for the government, or their parents weren't college professors. It was a genuinely working class scene.

MRR: HAS IT BEEN DIFFICULT TO BALANCE THE SHOP, THE LABEL, AND THE VARIOUS PROJECTS?
[Laughter] Absolutely. I think my family has suffered the consequences of this more than anyone else. I wish I could spend more time with them than I do. Everything is sort of non-stop. Whether it's trying to run out and get a tape baked and transferred for a reissue, or trying to interview somebody, and then also trying to run a retail business. It gets hard. I think starting this year I have a schedule worked out that will make it a bit easier to balance these things.

MRR: IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN SHARE REGARDING YOUR PLANS FOR 2014?
With the label, there is a four-song demo from 1984 by a band called the Bats—the Pittsburgh Bats, not the other Bats. That's already pressed. I'm just waiting on covers. This will be the first thing I've reissued that wasn't originally on Mind Cure. After that is the White Wreckage record. This was the

bands in the beginning of the series, a lot of them have done amazing stuff this year: the Gotobeds have a LP coming out on 12XU; Carousel toured Europe and had their LP come out on TeePee; Killer of Sheep are doing a West Coast tour; EEL being EEL. I can't say that any of this happened because of Mind Cure, but it's great to look back at all the bands' successes. I won't be doing the singles next year, but I have lots of new records coming out and will continue working with new bands, not just reissues. The singles series was cool but I think that if I continue to do that, the project will eventually lose some of its specialness. I don't want to get to the point where I'm releasing records just to conform to a schedule.

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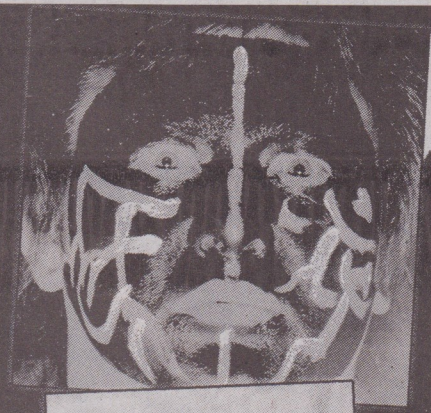

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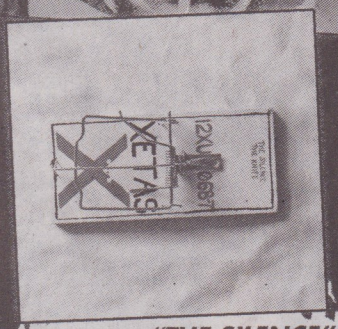

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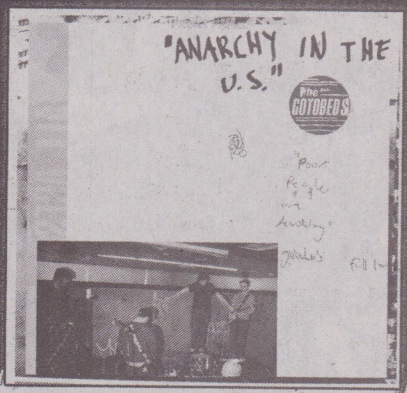
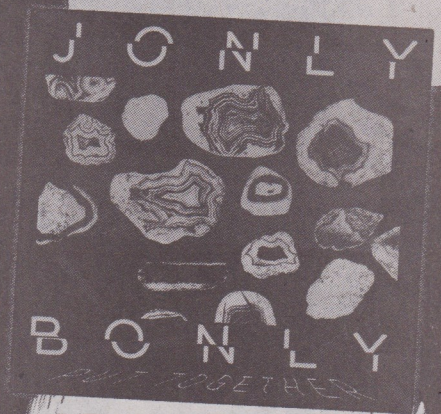
XETAS



THE GOTOBEDS
POOR PEOPLE ARE REVOLTING LP



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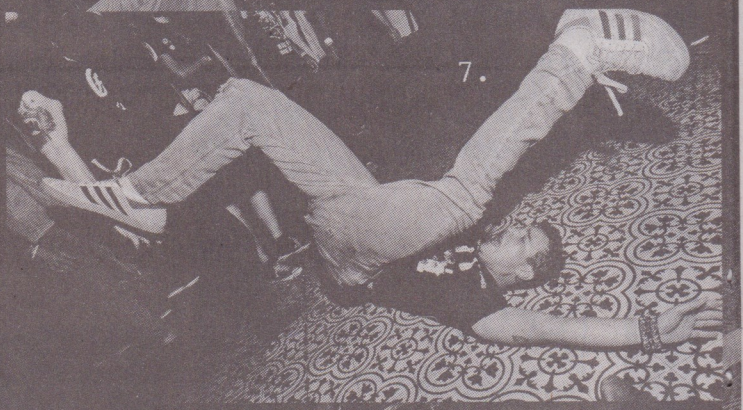

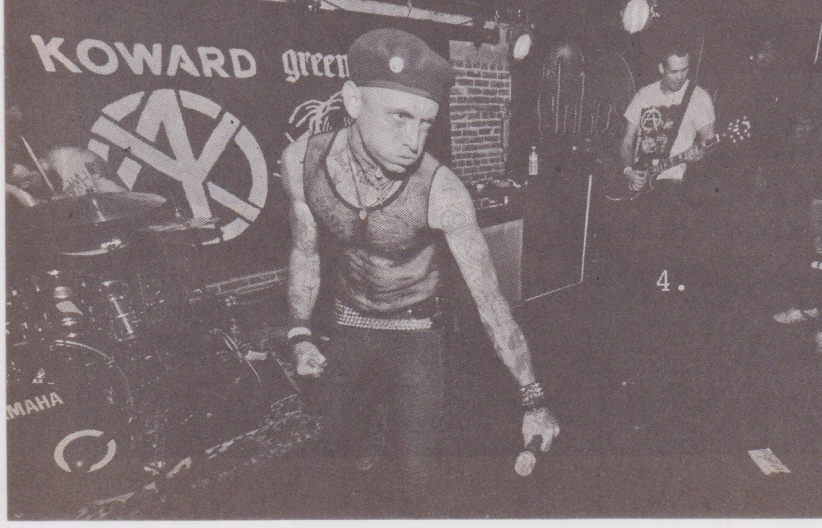

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BESERKTOWN PHOTOS by, Martin Sorrondeguy 1. Blazing Eye 2. The Zeros
3. Survival 4. Koward 5. NASA Space Universe
6. The Weirdos 7. Dirty Work 8. Behavior 9. Ausencia
10. Bed Bugs 11. Condition 12. Green Beret
13. Dawn of Humans 14. Kruel

HARSH WORDS

I liked the demo before I knew that I knew the dudes, and then I was like "oh yeah, that figures" when I realized that Jason Griffin (American Cheeseburger, Shaved Christ, a shitload of bands from past decades that a few smart people still care about) and Tom (Quest for Fire, Enabler and a few grind bands whose names I can't remember but he was always the best part of them) were in the band. Bass player dude, I'm sorry, but I don't know you so I can't talk about your bands, but my point is that it's cool that you dig a band before you know that you dig the people in the band. Harsh Words don't care what's cool now, they are here to rage—mid-paced skinhead fashion Neanderthal hardcore can suck it right now, this is advanced cerebral Neanderthal hardcore. Interview by Michael Clancy. Intro by Robert Collins. Photos by Mike White.

MRR: First off, introduce yourselves.
Tom: I'm Tom and I play guitar.
Brandon: I'm Brandon and I play bass.
Jason: I'm Jason and I play drums and sing. Hey Clancy!

MRR: How would you describe the music you play?
Jason: We've been described as thrashing hardcore. I guess that basically sums it up in a few words. It's that simple.

MRR: How did Harsh Words get started?
Jason: I met Tom a long time ago on tour in Milwaukee (the Good Land) in a basement. Tom relocated to Athens to go to school and we met up again. Tom and I started the band with Joe (the bassist of American Cheeseburger) and played our first and last show with Joe in Athens with Iron Lung. Joe didn't have time to do the band anymore because of his tattoo apprenticeship. We also lost our practice space at Pigpen Studios. After that first show we started over again with Brandon on bass. We had several setbacks like that. Brandon had never been a bass player in a band. He was actually the guitar player in a band with Tom called Gripe, so Brandon picked up bass quickly. It all worked out great but was frustrating for a bit.

MRR: Can you describe your individual past involvement with punk and hardcore? What other bands have you been in and how did you end up where you are now as far as punk stuff goes?
Tom: I was involved in the punk scene in Milwaukee for a number of years. I played guitar and did vocals in Copeater and played guitar in Quest for Fire. I also played in Abaddon, played guitar briefly in Enabler and played drums in the Butts. After moving to Athens, I played drums in Gripe and now guitar in Harsh Words.
Brandon: I've always loved punk and listened to it but wasn't around a "scene" until I moved to Athens. I was in a bunch of shitty bands. I played in a sketchy D-beat band called Wolf Charge. I met Tom and played guitar in Gripe, and now I'm playing bass in Harsh Words.
Jason: I moved to Athens to go to college and played in bands constantly while in school and kept playing after graduating a long time ago. I was in Tres Kids, Pink Panties, Hands of an Angry God, Divorce, Goat Shanty, Halfula, NO!, played a tour with Nine Shocks Terror, and a bunch of shit. Now I'm the drummer in Harsh Words and I also play in Shaved Christ. My band Tres Kids toured a lot while I was in school. After I finished, I kept touring the US and Canada constantly, and Goat Shanty, and Halfula went to Europe in 2000. My touring has slowed down in recent years but I'm hoping to pick it up with some region rocking with Harsh Words and Shaved Christ. As far as my involvement goes, I've been putting on tons of shows and trying to bring good bands to Athens since the mid-'90s.

MRR: What do you do outside of Harsh Words?
Tom: I'm working on my PhD in math. I spend most of my time doing that. I play basketball and drink.
Brandon: I spend more time than I want at the dish pit at The Grit (a vegetarian restaurant). I just got my degree in Social Work. I do a lot of work with local non-profits. I like to play the shit out of basketball, drink more than Tom, and nerd out on horror movies.
Jason: I graduated in '99 from UGA with a degree in Sociology and didn't do anything with it. I've been working at the Grit where Brandon works. I cook the shit out of some vegetarian food. I've worked there like fifteen years. I play soccer all the time, play music, watch movies, and hang out with my cat. Camping, hiking, fishing and the outdoors. I hiked Mount St. Helens last summer with a bunch of people. It was amazing! I love to travel as much as I can. I'm going back to Mexico in a few months for a vacation. I would love to tour there and also South America.

MRR: What is the Athens punk scene like?
Jason: I have been putting on shows in Athens since around 1994—a long-ass time. I did house shows for sixteen years. I think Tres Kids' first house show was at The Godless Red House with Hickey. I would say the scene in Athens has never been huge, but it has always been steady and always a lot of fun. It's definitely more known for bands like R.E.M., the B-52's, and all that, but there are several

cool bands to emerge from here, like Harvey Milk. It's definitely a small town and a smaller, more intimate scene. Athens, Savannah and Atlanta are little pockets of coolness in this great state of Georgia that seem to produce a lot of cool bands. I don't think it's ever been a hot spot in the country for punk/hardcore but a lot of great bands come out of these areas that span the definition of "punk": Harvey Milk, Pylon, Carrie Nations, Damad, Neon Christ, Porn Orchard, etc. It's a very diverse place. Athens is a great place with a lot of cool bands over the years but it's not going to produce the next Discharge and that's okay by me.
Brandon: The house show scene since I've been in town has been very consistent and my friends like Patrick and Eddie have done a good job of keeping it alive.

MRR: What was the process of making your demo like?
Brandon: The demo was a fun time. Ryan Bell from Bukakke Boys recorded it at his studio. We ate pizza and drank beer. We actually paid him in pizza and beer.
Jason: I made Tom and Brandon go outside while I did vocals so I wouldn't laugh. It was a very relaxed environment for the demo, which was recorded at a practice space in Atlanta with no stress. I don't like the idea of a big studio—not that we could afford that anyway! Ryan did an amazing job and didn't want shit for doing it. Amazing!

MRR: Jason, you sing and play drums and write the lyrics. Your lyrics really do tend to be pretty harsh words. The lyrics to "Hoarder" are about your mom, right? "Headache to Headache / the time has come / just keep waiting for it to come undone / no one controls it, no one controls me / fortress of trash hiding the pain / hopeless connection / just get in the fucking box." Can you talk about writing those lyrics?
Jason: I do sing and play drums. It's true that my lyrics are on the negative and depressing side of things. I'm never in bands that are trying to write danceable or generally socially acceptable songs and Harsh Words is no exception to that. For me—and I would guess lots of people who play thrash or hardcore—it's a negativity release to play this type of music. So it's really a positive thing. Keeps me somewhat sane to scream and get shit out. I love all kinds of music but hardcore and punk is what I love to play. I don't want to sing about flowers and puppy kisses. It's just not my thing. It's not for a lot of people, I guess, but I don't need to please everyone. "Hoarder" is not necessarily about my mom. Those lyrics can be applied to several things.

MRR: You guys cover Corrosion of Conformity on the demo and Crossed Out live. You definitely sound musically influenced by both of those bands. What bands are you influenced by?
Jason: We also do a Die Kreuzen song now. We all like that first LP a lot. I'm influenced by so much shit. I would say most of the stuff that influences me are weird things that don't fit into the category of "punk," although I listen to a ton of punk, hardcore, and metal which obviously has a big influence on me. At the end of the day or after a show or practice, I don't usually go home and listen to hardcore. I honestly listen to a lot of "soft rock" and shit. As far as punk though, I'd say big influences, as a drummer, would be D.R.I., Minutemen, and Luck from the Circle Jerks (and every other band he was in).
Brandon: No Comment, Black Sabbath, '80s thrash and crossover, and definitely Siege.
Tom: Noisy spastic Japanese thrash like Nice View and Exclaim. All that shit.

MRR: Jason, you've been doing shows in Athens since 1994. How have things changed here over the years? What can touring bands expect when playing here?
Jason: I've been doing shows for a really long time in Athens. I don't think it's changed considerably over the years. I had a hot streak of doing house shows and helping run, or being involved with several spaces and warehouse spots for almost sixteen years. Cohen Street, Peter Street, Hobs Warehouse, Buckhead Beach, FDR, Tight Pockets and The Godless Red, to name a few. I still book tons of shows wherever and whenever I can. I don't have a house for house shows, but house shows still happen. The torch always gets passed and keeps burning. It's a constantly changing set of venues, and the bars and clubs downtown are also always great. I mean, I prefer a good old house show, but there are some great venues and bars downtown. Places like HiLo, Flicker, Little Kings, The Globe and Caledonia will do shows with no production or very cheap production costs, which is great when you are trying to pay touring bands. It's a nice place to play. Things have always been a lot of fun here. At the moment it has died down a bit, but it's a great place to come play. Bands get money, food, a place to sleep and a good time. That's it for the guarantee.

MRR: Top five R.E.M albums?
Jason: *Pick Your King, Eye For An Eye, Age of Quarrel, Forever, The Crew.*
Brandon: *Cows and Beer, Volume 4, Void/Faith* split.
Tom: *Automatic for the People, Monster, B-52's.*

MRR: So far you guys have only played in Athens and Atlanta. What places are you looking forward to playing when you go on tour?
Jason: Yeah, we have only played Atlanta and Athens but we are looking forward to playing some shows this summer in North and South Carolina and Florida. Hoping to branch out more after doing a follow-up to our demo and doing some shows. We are looking forward to exploring the region. We are waiting for the right show to come along and sweep us off our feet. Come play with us. Invite us to play. Maybe we can do it.

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Elegy

Elegy is a San Francisco-based band that straddles the line between punk and metal in the style of English Dogs or Born Dead Icons with Burning Spirits styled soloing along the lines of G-Zet or Death Side. They've been in the Bay Area for just a few years but have brought a great sound and attitude to the scene. In recent months they've been playing shows in the Bay Area as well as the Pacific Northwest. I spoke to them on June 21st at a café and then a bar/lounge in the Mission District. Interview by Justin Davisson. Photos provided by the band.

Elegy are: Butch (vocals/guitar) Dan (drums) Kimberly (bass)

MRR: How did Elegy start? Was it an outgrowth of a similar minded band?
Butch: Elegy started at the end of 2010. Basically, I had some riffs that I was working on and I wanted to start playing.
Kimberly: Kind of like a late-Discharge style.
Butch: When we started we kinda wanted to do a Motörhead-meets-Discharge style and over time it's developed into our own style.

MRR: Did you change drummers? Dan, you just started. Were you in another band and was that one local?
Dan: Yeah, I just came on. I was in one called Midnight Brain with members from SF and Oakland.

MRR: Are they still going?
Dan: We're on a hiatus. I have a feeling we'll get together sometime soon.

MRR: How was the transition between the two drummers?
Kimberly: I think we're much heavier-sounding than we were before. Before it was more on the Motörhead vein but now it's…I don't wanna say D-beat but…
Dan: …that's a touchy subject.
Butch: Definitely a heavier, more powerful sound now.
[baby cries loudly in background]
Dan: Uh…I hate babies—make sure you get that in the interview.

MRR: Have you played outside the Bay Area? How was it? What kinds of bands do you like playing with?
Dan: We went to Vancouver and I gotta say, the shows we played on the way were a lot of fun. Particularly in Eureka—there was a lot of energy and it was a really cool show. We enjoy playing in the Bay Area and all over. In Vancouver we played with a band called Koszmar and All Out Panic.
Kimberly: They're great!
Dan: That was our best show.

MRR: What's your approach to songwriting?
Butch: It usually ends up starting with a riff. Riff, verse, chorus. We all bring it to the table and all work on the songs.
Kimberly: From the initial riff it usually morphs into something different to what we first envisioned.
Dan: We don't start off too erratic with crazy-sounding things.

MRR: Are there specific issues you're trying to bring up with your lyrics and artwork? I noticed mentions of graves—is this a metaphor or a direct thing about death; how society's fucked up and leading us "to the grave?"
Dan: You just nailed it right there.

MRR: You have a song called "Back to the Grave" that seems to allude to these ideas.
Kimberly: Butch wrote the lyrics to that song.
Butch: It's about voodoo and it's kind of a metaphor about life and peril and how I feel like people are running around like zombies and are back from the grave.

MRR: Tying that together with where we're located—let's call it "Neo-San Francisco"—and the nonsense of overpriced everything (rent, "artisan" crap, etc.), does gentrification affect your everyday lives?
All: Definitely!
Kimberly: We wouldn't be living here if we hadn't moved here *before* all that. By the time we have to move again we will not be living in San Francisco.
Butch: That's for sure.
Kimberly: We'll probably have to move to Oakland, which would be cool 'cause we like Oakland.
Dan: Oakland's going down that path, it might take longer but it's certainly on that road.

MRR: Did Venom and Celtic Frost influence some of your riffs on the new split LP you did with Deathless Bastards?
Kimberly: I would say Venom is always in the back of our heads. We like Celtic Frost, though.

MRR: What are your favorite Venom and Motörhead records?
Kimberly: I have *French Assault*.

MRR: Wow! The *Assault* records, that's goin' back!
Dan: I really like *Welcome to Hell*. As far as Celtic Frost, *Morbid Tales* would be my favorite.
Butch: As far as Motörhead goes—I'd say *Overkill*.
Dan: I like the earlier ones like *Another Perfect Day*. I used to have the Bronze pressing with the cartoon inside.

MRR: Did you see Motörhead and the Damned on *The Young Ones*?
Kimberly: Yeah, I was just rewatching some of those *Young Ones* episodes and I saw the one with Motörhead.

MRR: I found out about the Damned that way. It was a good way to discover new music. Vyvyan wore a Motörhead shirt and a Saxon one.
Dan: I like Vyvyan but I also like Neil 'cause he's underappreciated.

MRR: Yeah, he's kinda like a "Crass punk" in a way.
Dan: [In a Neil voice] "Oh…alroight, then."

MRR: Have you heard *Neil's Heavy Concept Album*?
Dan: No.

MRR: He does a lot of covers of old psych and prog songs, like Caravan.
Dan: I like Caravan—In the *Land of Grey and Pink*.

MRR: What are the least punk or least metal records you have in your collection? Or at least something no one would expect you to own?
Dan: For me it would be old psychedelic krautrock. Amon Düül II, Cluster, Can, Popol Vuh—all of those brilliant German bands. I like a lot of English bands, too. Yes is amazing. I like a lot of blues from the old classics, like Bill Boonzy, Skip James and Bo Diddley, to even "white boy" blues players like Johnny Winter. They would always play with everybody; they weren't stuck to their white posse. Johnny Winter would play with Muddy Waters, or whomever else he liked.
Kimberly: I've been listening to a lot of The Best of the Kinks record lately.

MRR: Nothing like Styx, then?
Butch: Off the top of my head, I have a Boston LP.

MRR: Oh, that's high on the un-punk/un-metal scale.
Kimberly: He has a Saxon single he listens to pretty heavily.

MRR: Saxon's great! Would you call your style motörcrust, motörpunk, or metal-punk?
Kimberly: We've been called metal-punk. I don't really feel that's what we really are.
Butch: I don't feel we're metal-punk. I guess we started out as Motörhead meets Discharge but I feel like right now we're into our own style. It's definitely thrashy and "riffed out" kinda punk. But overall we try to stick to a very punk approach.
Kimberly: I'd say the content is more on the punk side…and the other part is metal.
Dan: Part of that is not overwriting our songs. We were talking about that arlier. That's a very metal attitude—making needlessly complicated songs—and we try to avoid that.

Elegy

MRR: Sure. Six minutes is usually enough for metal bands.
Dan: We need to accommodate all our sweep arpeggios! We were talking about all types of weird music that we don't like, like nu-metal. Classifications for bad metal styles. We call 'em the "chugga riffs" openly played [makes sound of bad riffs going wild] and those weird arpeggios are called "sliders."

MRR: Ha! Like those mini-burgers.
Dan: So you got those chunky "chugga riffs" with "sliders" going on.

MRR: That sounds way better than what it's officially called: "djent." I read a review once where it mentioned "the djent community" and "the controversy in the djent community."
Dan: Is there controversy in a djent community?

MRR: Apparently so. Do you have favorite bands that play in a style sort of similar to yours? I was thinking of Born Dead Icons when I first heard you, or Inepsy.
Dan: Inepsy's *alright*.
Kimberly: Inespy's great!
Dan: Maybe Discharge!

MRR: Are we talking *Grave New World* Discharge?
Kimberly and Dan: No, not that late!
Dan: I can't speak for Butch but maybe some of Bathory. I think a lot of the riffs have a Bathory feel.
Kimberly: We were talking about covering a Bathory song.
Butch: I pull inspiration from bands like Voivod and some bands from the mid-'80s. Thrashier, crossover punk—Sacrilege, English Dogs.
Kimberly: Also very late-era Antisect—*The New Dark Ages*.

MRR: You recorded the new split with Bart Thurber. What was it like working with him?
Dan: Fantastic! My favorite recording experience.
Butch: Bart is someone whom I've recorded with for over ten years, recording different projects I've been in.

MRR: What's the other one you mentioned?
Butch: A band called Deathsquad—my first band in the late '90s, early '00s and Systema Brutale, which I played in in the mid-'00s. I think this is the third time recording with him with this band.
Kimberly: Didn't Ruelta Rusa record there also?
Butch: Oh yeah, they did.

MRR: Kimberly—you and Butch both grew up on the Peninsula. Dan, I think you're familiar with that scene too. This is full-circle for me, as you said when you were growing up you were listening to Slobber and maybe Spazz, and years later you're recording with Bart who recorded all of them. Did you ever see any of those bands live?
Dan: Fuck yeah, I love all that. I was actually in a gore-grind band and we were trying to sound like Carcass. It was called Post-Mortem Vomit. It was pretty short-lived. Internal feuding pretty effectively ended it. I like grindcore and all that shit, but I don't think it's anything I'd like to play on a personal level. But I think all that shit's rad. R.I.P. Stinkweed/Kindred! That's all Mountain View and Redwood City.

MRR: Mostly Redwood City. They had a rap band called the Shedwellaz and they would all guest on Spazz records. They had about 40 projects going on at the same time. Are there local bands you haven't played with and want to play with? Or international bands like Deathless Bastards, whom you have the new split with?
Kimberly: Local bands—I like Fema Coffin. We keep trying to get them to play.
Dan: We keep trying to stoke 'em up, keep them going. I like them and Pig DNA.
Kimberly: Owl is really cool. We did play with them a long time ago.
Dan: There's a band from Portland called the Bi-Marks that I really like and I wouldn't mind going on tour with.
Butch: New local bands like Serpents of Dawn, who are very doomy and Sabbath-y, which I really like a lot.
Dan: Stinkward are really good. We saw their first show and that was killer!

MRR: What's your dream show—ideal location, line-up, etcetera?
Kimberly: This is a hard question.
Dan: This is probably the most important question! Touring with Discharge who recently decided to get back together and play all their old stuff.
Butch: Did they?
Dan: And Disclose! With Kawakami back from the grave…not back to the grave.
Kimberly: And Girlschool with Kelly Johnson still alive.
Dan: And Jimi fuckin' Hendrix comes out from the grave!
Butch: That all sounds good to me—and if Sacrilege got back together.

MRR: The UK one, not the Berkeley one, right?
All: Yeah.

MRR: What are future plans for Elegy?
Kimberly: Trying to write more material right now.
Butch: We have a show coming up and we're gonna write more after that and then probably more recording with Bart.
Kimberly: We would like to do a LP but maybe another 7" first.

MRR: How did you get in contact with Deathless Bastards? It's especially cool since they're over in France.
Butch: I just received an email from John who runs their label, Symphony of Destruction. He came across our 7" and really liked it. He approached us to do a split 7" with Deathless Bastards who were in his town and friends with him. Of course we said, "Sure!" It turned out our songs were a little longer than expected, so he said, "How about a 12"?" and we said, "Why not?"

MRR: In the future, are you gonna release things on your own label?
Kimberly: For our 7" we released kind of a demo—that's maybe what we wanna do next.
Dan: But if somebody wants to put out our record, I'm not gonna say no.
Butch: I'm gonna see what the best option is for us for sure.

MRR: If you were a professional wrestler, what would be your intro theme and/or gimmick?
Dan: Alright, I've given this a lot of thought. I would be a lucha libre wrestler but I'd have more muscles than you've ever seen. And everything would go black and then a big bass synth like "Baw—wwoon!" and then laser lights and sparks would shoot everywhere. Then I'd zipline into the ring from the top of the dome arena and, as I'm doing that, there are sparklers shooting out behind my back. When I get down in there, the match just begins. The ref comes in and tries to say, "Alright, this is how the fight's gonna be," but I just knock him out and then I just beat the hell out of the other guy, too. Then the crowd goes wild.

MRR: Ah, you're getting over with the fans big-time with this.
Dan: Then I collect the royalty checks, baby!
Kimberly: I have not given this much thought myself. But speaking of Venom, "In Nomine De Satanas" would be a great intro.
Dan: Ah, you're talkin' about the song.
Kimberly: I dunno what I'd wear though.

MRR: Maybe tie it in with the theme, like a devil-type character?
Kimberly: Sure.

MRR: Butch, would you come out to the ring to one of your own songs?
Butch: Yeah, "Back to the Grave" but it'll be "Back *From* the Grave." I'd come out that way from a grave or something.
Kimberly: "Omnicrystal Void"—that would be a good intro. Or maybe "Time Machine."
Dan: "Time Machine" would be good if the wrestler was old-timey, 1920s-looking or something. So it's "Time Machine."

MRR: It could also be the reincarnated Road Warriors, with a time machine. Hawk from their tag-team died so he could come back from the grave with Kawakami.
Dan: Oh, so then we could play our dream show afterwards!

Contacts:
elegysf@gmail.com / elegysf.bandcamp.com

Discography:
***Propaganda & Lies* cassette (Fallen Dove, 2011)**
***Never See / Cemetery Earth* 7" (Shadow of Fear, 2012)**
***Back to the Grave* cassette (self-released, 2013)**
Split LP with Deathless Bastards (Symphony of Destruction, 2014)
***2014* tape (self-released, 2014)**

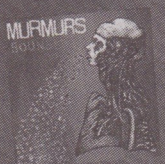
COMING SOON

IRON CHIC / LOW CULTURE SPLIT 7"
SOMERSET THROWER 7" EP
PURPLE 7 - GULF OF THE AFTERGLOW LP

Sonic Avenues ST LP

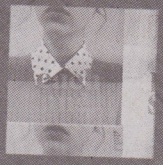
Prince ST 7" EP

Bear Trade Blood And Sand LP

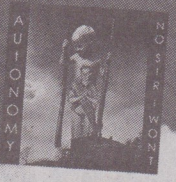


Murmurs Bound LP

Failures Union Tethering LP


Beach Slang 7" EP

Cancers-Fatten The Leeches LP



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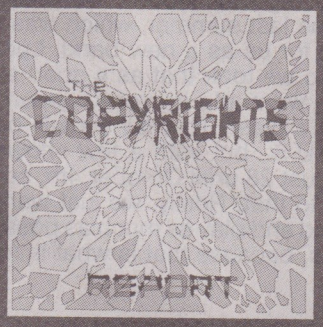

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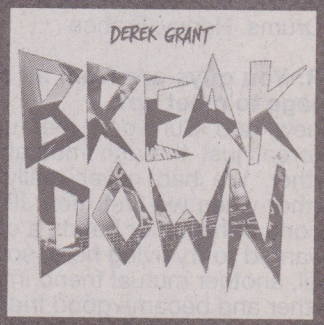

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MYMANMIKE

MyManMike is a DIY fastcore/powerviolence band based in Seoul, South Korea that started in late 2011. Three members, three continents, three countries: USA, France and South Korea. Interview by Kaleb H. Christ from Sacred Plague Records. Photos by Laure Marchal, Ken Robinson, and Cho.

MyManMike is:
Sunwoon: Bass and vocals. Seoul, South Korea
Mathew: Guitar and vocals. Cincinnati, Ohio, USA
JP: Drums. Nancy, France

MRR: You guys are from all over the place, how did you manage to meet up?
Mathew and Sunwoon met up soon after Mathew came to Korea, just through mutual friends and going to shows together. We had never really talked about playing music together when we first met. JP came through Korea on tour with one of his other bands a couple years later and decided he wanted to try living here, so when he came back to live in Seoul, another mutual friend introduced us all. We all hit it off together and became good friends and finally decided to give playing together a try.

MRR: Are there any interesting previous projects any of you have been in that have done any touring or notable releases?
We all have had other bands in the past, or currently that are interesting, to us at least (maybe not to anyone else). Sunwoon plays in another band called Same Old Story in Korea that has toured in Korea. JP plays in a band called Escarres from France that has toured pretty extensively (and is the band that brought him to Korea in the first place), and Mathew played in a band called Mosquitos Can Kill from the US that toured a bit on the East Coast and Midwest. These current and past projects are all pretty different from each other, and definitely different from what we are doing in MyManMike, but they definitely influence us in some ways.

MRR: How long have you been a band, and are there any interesting shows or tours that you have played?
We have been together for about two-and-half years now. We have played lots of great shows here around South Korea. We also got to have a pretty big tour (about two-and-half months) through a lot of Europe last summer, which was our first tour and a pretty big test for us as a new band. Luckily none of us killed each other, so we took that as a good sign. Outside of those experiences, we made it over to Japan for a couple shows and that was a blast. This fall we will be in North America (mostly in the U.S., but with a few shows in Canada and Mexico) from August 28 until October 4th, so we are definitely looking forward to that. Really, we just want to have the chance to move around and play as much as possible with new people in new places, because that is what is most fun for us.

MRR: What is life like for punks in South Korea? Are punks mainly from the big city or are they suburban kids?
Seoul is dirty and beautiful, fucking huge, and gigantic. The punk scene is within a few neighborhoods and mostly nowhere else. As far as what life is like for punks here, certainly it differs case by case. Seoul is a metropolis city, so mostly everyone lives within the city, despite class. There are punks from all over the spectrum of social class.

MRR: Are there lots of ladies in the scene? People from abroad?
There are some women in the scene, around 10% maybe. There are a few women in bands that are actively working in the scene, but the ratio is lower than the US or Europe.

Only about 2% of the people living in Korea are foreign born, so not a lot. There are a handful of foreigners in the punk scene though. Some play in bands and others do a lot for organizing shows, while others just support the scene.

MRR: Do shows happen mainly in bars or also collectively run spaces, youth centers, DIY spots etc?
Shows mostly happen at bars, they are dedicated show spaces that usually only do shows, they provide equipment, and bands only bring instruments. There are some art spaces that do shows as well as some practice spaces that try to host shows.

MRR: What are some bands, zines, labels, record stores, etc. that are we should know about?
Some good bands to check out would be Banran, Scumraid, Nahu, the Geeks, Find the Spot…a lot more. It kind of sucks to list a few without naming them all, but these are just some that pop into my head quickly. There aren't really any notable record stores to speak of. One zine that could be worth checking out is called *Broke in Korea* which is a web zine. However, there aren't nearly as many zines as you would find in other punk scenes.

MRR: Tell me something about the South Korean punk scene that would shock and confuse anyone that was visiting a show or touring there.
Something shocking? It's hard to say, but there are some differences in the Korean punk scene from the scenes in the US or Europe. For one, it is more peaceful. You don't run into as much in fighting or aggression as you might find in some other scenes. There is also an almost complete lack of drugs in the scene (aside from alcohol, which is ever prevalent in Korea). Aside from that, maybe one "shocking" thing would be the lack of a veggie/vegan culture in the scene, or in Korea in general. Also, for a city of around 20 million people, the scene in Seoul is a bit small in comparison to other places. However, the scene that does exist here is pretty great... full of good people and awesome bands that are all generally supportive of each other. Not a lot of outside bands end up touring through Korea, but if you get the chance, come!

MRR: Tell me about what types of food a band on tour in South Korea would eat. Especially vegetarian or vegan options.
Well, like we just mentioned, there isn't a real veg/vegan scene here. Almost every food that you would think might be, has something in it, usually fish oil at least (not even the kimchi is safe). There is a big food culture here, and every after-show/party revolves around going to eat together. This is something that is really great, and adds a lot to the sense of community, but it usually revolves around Korean barbeque. Unfortunately, you have to be pretty savvy to find vegan food here. If you're not vegetarian or vegan while on tour here though, you will eat a lot.

MRR: Since you've toured Europe already, what are the fucking hot spots?
Another hard one! We played a lot of shows in Europe this past summer, and we had a great time almost everywhere we went. Places that come to mind as hot spots would be Germany (in general, there seems to be a great scene there), Brussels, Ljubljana…honestly, not every show was crazy or overwhelming, but pretty much everywhere we went, we were treated really well and had a great time. We were impressed with and very appreciative of the hospitality and excitement we were met with everywhere.

MRR: MyManMike is the band name. Who the fuck is Mike?
The girl that introduced me and Sunwoon to JP (and was originally going to be the vocalist in the band when we started talking about playing together) had, or maybe has, a boyfriend named Mike (whom sadly we have never met). Whenever she talked about him she would always say "my man Mike" and say it really fast, like one word. So when we started talking about a name, someone mentioned the name "MyManMike" as a joke. When we considered the name, our friend got so mad at us that she decided to never talk to us again (to this day)…which we found ridiculous enough a reason to actually use the name. We still love you and miss you, Nayoung.

MRR: Have you ever heard of Amebix?
뭐?

MRR: Do you listen to anything besides punk? If so, what?
Punk as fox.

MRR: What does the band do besides punk?
Mat teaches English to young Korean kids, and studies linguistics at the university. Sunwoon is a cook at an American restaurant smoking meat. JP is a web developer.

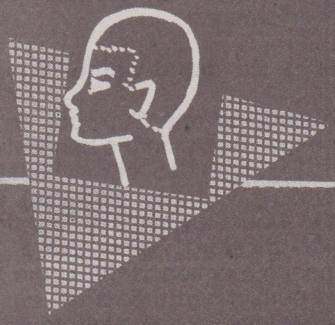
MRR: Tell us about the upcoming LP?
The upcoming LP is our second full-length recording title *I'm Pregnant.* It's a bit of a play off our first album title *Will You Marry Me?*…because obviously that is the next step! And also because Sunwoon looks a bit pregnant with his beautiful belly. We recorded all of the music live this time, so I think makes it sound a lot better and a bit more raw than our first album, which is what we were hoping to accomplish this time. The album will be available as a 12" and probably some tapes as well. It should hopefully be ready to go by the start of our tour.

Contact: mymanmike.bandcamp.com

TOUR DATES

8/28: Vancouver, BC @ 333 • 8/29: Seattle, WA @ The Metal Shoppe House 8/30: Portland, OR @ The Know • 8/31: Medford, OR @ Club 66 • 9/01: Oakland, CA @ 1-2-3-4 GO! 9/2: San Francisco, CA @ The Knockout • 9/3: Los Angeles, CA @ TBA • 9/4: San Diego, CA @ Dawg Haus • 9/5: Tijuana, Mexico @ La Prison Bar • 9/6: Mexicali, Mexico @ Kim Koh 9/7: Las Vegas, NV @ Dive Bar • 9/8: Prescott, AZ @ Dip Ship • 9/9: Albuquerque, NM @ The Launchpad 9/10: Norman, OK @ Dope Chapel • 9/11: Fort Worth, TX @ 1919 Hemphill 9/12: Austin, TX @ Beerland • 9/13: Houston, TX @ Mango's • 9/14: New Orleans, LA @ Siberia • 9/15: Tallahassee, FL @ Casa de Chihuaha 9/16: Odessa, FL @ The Goat House • 9/17: Miami, FL @ Churchill's Pub • 9/18: Gainesville, FL @ Display Art Gallery 9/19: Macon, GA @ Fresh Produce Records • 9/20: Greenville, SC @ WPBR Radio Room • 9/21: Atlanta, GA @ Dead End House 9/22: Knoxville, TN @ The Poison Lawn • 9/23: Lexington, KY @ Al's Bar • 9/24: Cincinnati, OH @ The Comet • 9/25: Dekalb, IL @ The House Cafe 9/26: Columbus, OH @ Legion of Doom • 9/27: Pittsburgh, PA @ Assembly • 9/28: Baltimore, MD @ Charm City Art Space 9/29: Hartford, CT @ Whitney House • 9/30: Providence, RI @ The Funky Jungle • 10/1: Boston, MA @ O'Brien's Pub 10/2: New York, NY @ ABC No Rio • 10/3: Philadelphia, PA @ The Nest • 10/4: Washington, DC @ Rough House

MEN OH PAUSE



Men Oh Pause is a three-piece from the southeast of England that plays dark, discordant and tetchy tunes. Their live sets are always a guaranteed visual spectacle. They recently had their debut EP released on Brighton's Tuff Enuff Records. Questions and photos by Pete Craven.

MRR: OK, introductions please...

Maureen: Maureen, 37, bass, from near Boston, Massachusetts, USA.
Flo: Flo, 26, drums, from Devon, UK.
Jacindy: Jacindy, 91, keys, from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

MRR: I know you have played in other bands, musical projects, and the like. Can you give us the full rundown on your previous endeavors?

Maureen: The Polly Shang Kuan Band, Leopard Leg, Sonny Tufts, Agatha and the Christies, Teignmouth Electron, and Jettatura.
Jacindy: Agatha and the Christies, and King Alfred, Man of Leisure.
Flo: Chaps and Ladypetrol.

MRR: How did the three of you join forces in Men Oh Pause?

Maureen: Jacindy and I asked Flo to play with us. We wanted to do a new band after Agatha and the Christies finished, and we missed making music.
Flo: I wasn't really looking to be in a band again, but I wanted to hang out with Maureen and Jacindy, and I thought it could be a lot of fun!

MRR: Was there a musical "vision" at the outset, or have ideas developed as you've progressed and gelled?

Flo: Ha ha, yes! It took us a bit of a while to figure how we were going to fit together...
Maureen: It was definitely something that developed and we gelled. We worked on one song for about four months. Now we have found our rhythm and songs are coming to us more quickly. It's really great making music together.
Jacindy: I think, to begin with, we were unsure of how we wanted things to sound or develop, and it took some months for it to feel right. As time went on our ideas and sound became more cohesive and succinct and we are now in a place where it's really enjoyable.

MRR: You all live in different cities, so how easy or hard is it to arrange practices, recording, and gigs around your otherwise busy lives?

Maureen: Yes, it can be a challenge! But we do make it work!
Jacindy: Definitely a challenge but worth it!
Flo: It's difficult and a little tedious arranging everything, but completely worth it. We've got a great space to practice in and I love the journey there.

MRR: Imagine, if you can, that I am a complete stranger, who turns up at a gig and wants (demands!) to know what you sound like. Is there a cohesive description you can give me?

Maureen: No! We have tried to come up with one. We even did a little poll asking people who have seen us, and everyone came up a blank. Though, someone at a push said Nico and the Velvet Underground, but there are only three of us!
Jacindy: Is that possible? No, I don't think so. A band without a guitar.
Flo: Hmm...I really don't think we sound anything like Nico or the Velvet Underground! Temperamental, gloomy, glitching, dark, DIY Lo-fi punk, etc.

MRR: Your 7" is out on Brighton's Tuff Enuff Records. How did this deal come about and are you happy with the results?

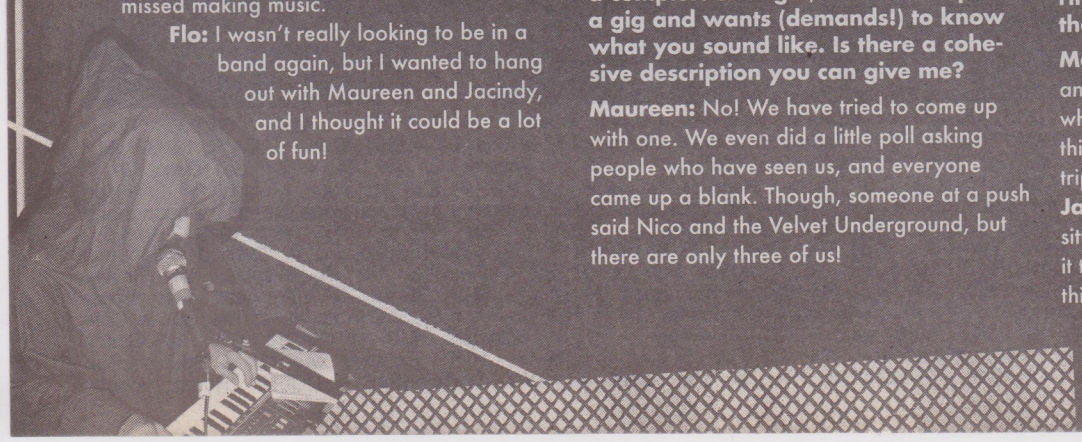
Maureen: Tobi (who runs Tuff Enuff) is a great supporter of ours and a friend. The record sounds great and we're really pleased with it!
Jacindy: Yeah, we are super pleased with it.
Flo: I'm very happy with it. Tobi is wonderfully supportive and puts out some excellent records!

MRR: Tell us about some songs, like "Sapphire and Steel" and "A Celebration of Acupuncture".

Maureen: "Sapphire and Steel" is an ode to my and Jacindy's acupuncturist. He is really good at it and is a bit of a character. When we started practicing, Jacindy and I were doing weekly appointments with him. We would share stories when we saw each other at practice. Flo suggested we write about him and I'm glad we did. He doesn't know about the song, but I have invited him to our record release show. Maybe he'll come and figure it out.

MRR: Is "Tight Chest" about being risen in the early hours by the unwelcome ring-ring-ringing of an alarm clock? Oh the joy of it...

Maureen: It's an expression of my social anxiety. I'm getting better, but I can shut down when out at gigs or the pub. Usually I just overthink everything and become a raging dork, tripping over stuff or stumbling with my words.
Jacindy: "Tight Chest" was Maureen and I sitting down one night with some ideas and it turns out we both had written really similar things.



MRR: "Concrete Woman," an ode to lady bricklayers?

Flo: Ha! Not quite! I guess it's about feeling static, stuck, being the spectator and not the participant. There's a bit of a running theme.

MRR: OK, I'm not doing so well in my assessment of your songs. Tell us what "Scarf Lady" is about.

Maureen: "Scarf Lady" was inspired by a children's TV program.

Jacindy: My boy watches this show and a character is "Scarf Lady". She is just really cool in my eyes, so I mentioned it and we went from there.

MRR: You've played a few gigs. How many and what have been the good ones?

Maureen: I really enjoyed the most recent one we played with Beat Express and Zombie Crash in Brighton. They are two bands formed through the Carousel Charity, which does work with people with different learning disabilities. It was a really good time! Also our first show at the Barn Party was a great one.

Jacindy: The Barn Party show was super fun. And definitely the Rock House show, as Maureen mentioned.

Flo: Yeah! Both those gigs were so much fun!! Our record release was really brilliant too! Our friends' bands, Alison's Birthday, Joyless Fucking, and Primetime, played with us. It was really great to watch them and just hang out with our friends.

MRR: Is there an ideal type of gig you like to play?

Maureen: Yes, a mini-tour of the US and / or Australia! It would be cool to play in some creepy old theaters around Halloween. Just any show with an awesome vibe.

Flo: Also Europe!

Jacindy: Or a backwater village hall...

MRR: Maureen and Jacindy, being mums, what do your kids think of your musical endeavors?

Maureen: Hank is two-and-a-halfx and he sings-a-long to the chorus of "Scarf Lady". When I play my bass at home he likes to get his toy guitar out and play too! He hasn't seen me play live yet, but he keeps telling me he wants to start a band with me.

Jacindy: Elieh has been up on stage with me before (not with this band) and looked so bored...My biggest supporter then!

MRR: There are times when the world can seem a pretty dark, ugly, and messed up place. So what sort of future do you hope for your children?

Maureen: Wow, heavy question! Whatever the future holds I hope my son lives a happy life and he never loses his sweet caring nature. I also wouldn't mind if he became a human rights lawyer.

MRR: Maureen, you also contribute scorching vocals to occasional recordings of local anarchopunks Burnt Cross, whose records are co-released by your husband's label, Tadpole. Is this a strictly domestic arrangement or are you generally pleased to be involved?

Maureen: I love doing vocals for Burnt Cross! I met Rob through my husband Darren. One day I bumped into him in the park, where he said he was looking for someone to do female vocals on a Burnt Cross track, and would I want to do it? I'm really pleased to be involved. Rob is great, but he made me work on those tracks! As you can tell from our songs, I don't do shouty vocals all that much.

MRR: What music are you currently listening to that is inspiring you?

Flo: I saw Barr (Brendan Fowler) play recently in London and that was the best thing I've seen this year, and maybe last year too. He's so inspirational and such an intelligent lyricist.

Maureen: I'm really enjoying a lot of Spanish punk at the moment. Las Otras, Las Timidas, and UK/Spanish bands like Frau and Irreparables. Shopping are great! I always enjoy going to watch noise weirdoes because I'm one of them—Occult Hand, Blood Stereo, and the like.

Jacindy: I have just come back from OZ and can't get enough of Nun (on Aarght Records), Multiple Man, Gravel Samwidge, Rule of Thirds and Nana Vigilante. Australia has so much goodness happening there at the moment.

MRR: Tell us about your future plans.

Maureen: I think we're hoping to go to Europe for a few shows in the fall. We are already planning on recording our new song and possibly contributing to a comp coming out of Melbourne, Australia.

Flo: We've got a song on the Tuff Enough compilation, I Know Why The Caged Grrrl Sings, which is out now and another on a Detonic compilation. I can't remember when that one comes out, but you can find the details on our Facebook page. We'll probably record some new songs soon too, venture further afield...

Jacindy: Would love to go to OZ to tour!!

Men Oh Pause: www.facebook.com/pages/MEN OH PAUSE/555328167848700

Tuff Enuff Records: www.riotsnotdiets.bandcamp.com

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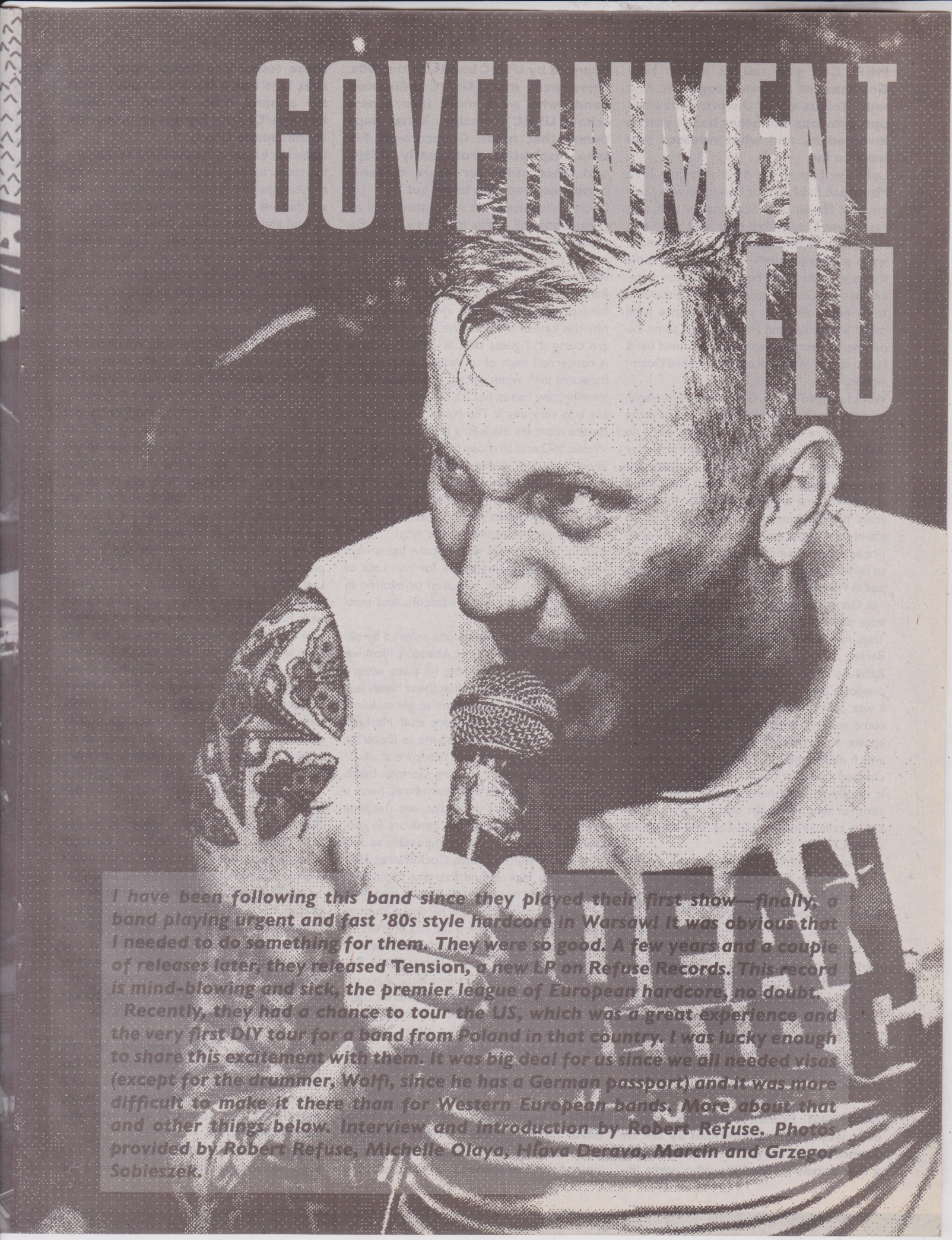


I have been following this band since they played their first show—finally, a band playing urgent and fast '80s style hardcore in Warsaw! It was obvious that I needed to do something for them. They were so good. A few years and a couple of releases later, they released **Tension,** *a new LP on Refuse Records. This record is mind-blowing and sick, the premier league of European hardcore, no doubt.*

Recently, they had a chance to tour the US, which was a great experience and the very first DIY tour for a band from Poland in that country. I was lucky enough to share this excitement with them. It was big deal for us since we all needed visas (except for the drummer, Wolfi, since he has a German passport) and it was more difficult to make it there than for Western European bands. More about that and other things below. Interview and introduction by Robert Refuse. Photos provided by Robert Refuse, Michelle Olaya, Hlava Derava, Marcin and Grzegor Sobieszek.

MRR: Can you tell us about how Government Flu came together as a unit? Tell us about the previous line-ups, previous and other bands you're involved in, and what releases you have so far.

Lipek: I've been in the band since July 2012. Marcin and Rafal asked if I could go with Government Flu on their Scandinavian tour, as a bass player. I really liked their stuff and I also knew the guys before, so of course I agreed. It was a great trip. Later I was still playing some shows with them, so I became a fulltime member. Besides Government Flu, I play guitar and some noise effects in a powerviolence band called Slow Erase and I'm also doing some experimental drones in an as-yet-unnamed band. I used to play in a hardcore band called Violent Action.

Wolfi: I jumped on the Government Flu wagon on drums in the beginning of 2011. I knew the others before the band started, so it was a no brainer to join them. I joined them just after I quit Vitamin X. But I don't see Government Flu as a replacement, ha! At that time I was already hanging around in Warsaw for a few years playing drums for the Fight. I used to travel to Warsaw from Dresden just to practice and hang around so it was not a big change to join one more band. Now I have four bands just in Warsaw.

In Germany I play drums in Vowels, straightedge powerviolence from Dresden, and Mind Trap, raw vegan straightedge hardcore from Berlin.

Rafal: As far as I remember, Marcin and our previous bass player formed the band, and I was asked to join soon after they made some songs. We played our first gig in 2008 so we have been going for six years now, which makes me really happy! The lineup has changed a bit over the years but this is the way it usually goes, so here we are! I am also in another band that plays every now and then, and is called Knife in the Leg, and one more called COLD.

So far Government Flu has released a demo 7", *Fuck Poetics* 7", *Like Letters* 7", *Holes* 7", *Are You Sorry Now?* LP, *Singles Collection* 12" and *Tension* LP. There's one more on the way. We also put out some songs on the *Warsaw is Burning* compilation.

Marcin: Everything has been said above, so I will just add that, besides Government Flu, I'm involved in a band called Cast In Iron, the only other active band I'm in right now. I used to play the guitar in Daymares, Knife in the Leg and a few more bands in Warsaw. I was also the bass player in Slip and Iron to Gold for a while.

MRR: Old Polish punk and hardcore were more influenced by UK or Scandinavian bands. There were only a few bands in the '80s who were influenced by USHC bands. In the '90s, there were more USHC influenced bands who were more into a new school USHC direction. What happened that made Government Flu take inspiration from early USHC and what older (or more current) bands inspired you to do so?

Lipek: Maybe because it's really intense and aggressive and still catchy, that's how I feel. European HC is also really great, there are/were tons of great bands (Heresy, for example) that we like.

Rafal: We've always been into this kind of hardcore/punk. Everyone always wanted to play this kind of music so that's the reason we are doing it! I guess that, as far as hardcore is concerned, each of us strays from the '80s hardcore path when getting some records or forming new bands, but it's still something we are into very much! The bands that influence me the most are Black Flag, Jerry's Kids, Urban Waste, SSD, and all those bands that all of you know very well. Newer bands from the US that I am inspired by are Panic, the Rival Mob, No Tolerance, and Prisoner Abuse. There are so many good bands that it's really difficult to name those that inspire me the most.

Marcin: The '80s era of hardcore has always been the biggest inspiration for me. Lots of good things in music appeared or evolved in the '80s generally—punk, hardcore, and metal.

I think in the first place I was inspired by old Polish bands like Dezerter, Abaddon, Moskwa, and Siekiera. I was listening to them when I was a kid and I would say that those bands (especially Dezerter) pushed me to get to know more about all that hardcore stuff. Maybe if somebody hadn't introduced me to Dezerter, I wouldn't have gotten into hardcore at all.

Later, I discovered amazing German bands like Upright Citizens and Spermbirds. I was a teenager then, but I think that was the time when I fell in love with '80s hardcore in general. Of course, it would be impossible to skip all that UK stuff like Blitz, CockSParrer, Heresy, Electro Hippies and Extreme Noise Terror and many more, which I really love. That was my way to discover US hardcore, through European hardcore. There are lots of great US bands from that time which I do love, like Void, Negative Approach, Minor Threat, Youth Brigade, 7 Seconds, Government Issue, Agnostic Front… there is not enough space to list them all! As for more current bands that inspired me, I would mention Limp Wrist for sure. They are fucking awesome. I listen to many current bands influenced by '80s USHC now. There are lots of them.

MRR: Government Flu is very active band that was able to tour outside of Poland many times. What were your favorite shows and stories from these tours? I've heard many times that it is much harder to plan tours for a band from Poland or other Eastern/Central European countries. Is that really true?

Lipek: Since I joined the band we have had four full tours, including our recent US tour and some single shows and weekends. So we can say that we are a pretty active band. Gigs in Finland and Sweden were really great, people went crazy. And of course the US gigs were really special. Every single show was a blast!

Rafal: I think that for a band from Central/Eastern Europe it may still be kind of difficult to plan an American tour, because it's connected with organizing lots of things. I think that it's good if you have someone who is interested in helping you book the shows over there. Someone who can put out your stuff so people can get to know the band first, someone who can handle printing the T-shirts, and stuff like that. What I'm trying to say is that all the help we got from Nick Tape was simply invaluable. In our case, it was also getting visas first, and that the flights aren't very cheap.

About Europe, I don't think it's really difficult for a band to go on tour. Except for the obvious problems you may sometimes have, I can't come up with any. I like all the tours we've played so far. Every single one was special. Last summer we played a tour with Between Earth and Sky and it was so cool to hang out with those guys. We also played a Scandinavian tour, which was also sick, and the first time we went so far north. We played some cool fests in Europe such as Trashfest in the Netherlands, Fluff in Rokycany, and Shittown in Copenhagen. Every trip is amazing! Weekend trips in Poland are also sick but usually too short. I love getting to know new bands, getting records, visiting cool vegetarian/vegan food spots, and hanging out with cool people. There are simply too many stories to choose from.

Marcin: For me it doesn't matter where the band comes from. If it's good, I want to watch it live anyway. In my opinion, this is the way it works. So I don't agree that it must be harder to play the gigs for the band from this or that part of the world. If you are determined and dedicated to making good music, people will want to listen to it. If you can put your energy into booking the shows, you can tour successfully everywhere. No matter where you are from—this is a worldwide community. It's just all about being authentic in what you do.

MRR: Lipek was involved in the great Napalm Over Warsaw Fest for a couple of years. Tell us a bit more about this fest. What bands were highlights for you and why did you stop doing it?

Lipek: I started it in 2006, I think. There were five editions of the fest. In the beginning the

lineup was more grindy hardcore, then more mixed with other genres, generally hardcore/punk, sludge/grind, powerviolence. My favorite shows were Hellnation, Mob 47, the Horror, Calm the Fire, and Integrity, of course.

After the fifth edition, I started to prepare the next one, but two bands who were supposed to be the so-called "headliners" quit. It came out that they wouldn't be able to come to Europe at that time. So I just quit planning it and started to play music.

MRR: Since you are a tight unit who can have a good laugh during hours spent on the way to shows, you got to know each other quite well. As we know, no one is perfect, so what are the low points of each of you? If it's not a total secret?

Lipek: I'm usually sleeping in the van, ha.

Rafał: I guess I may be a bit moody. It's not a secret, everyone knows it. However, I try not to take it out on the guys but just fight it in myself. Anyway, I love all the drives because we play really stupid games in the van, talk about some really fucked-up stuff, and always get a lot of really strange things to eat for the road. I also love listening to music in the car so I'm really glad if the driver doesn't mind. Still, I do believe we work very well as a group.

Marcin: I fart really badly sometimes and talk bullshit. But it doesn't have to be a lowpoint. What happens in the van stays in the van.

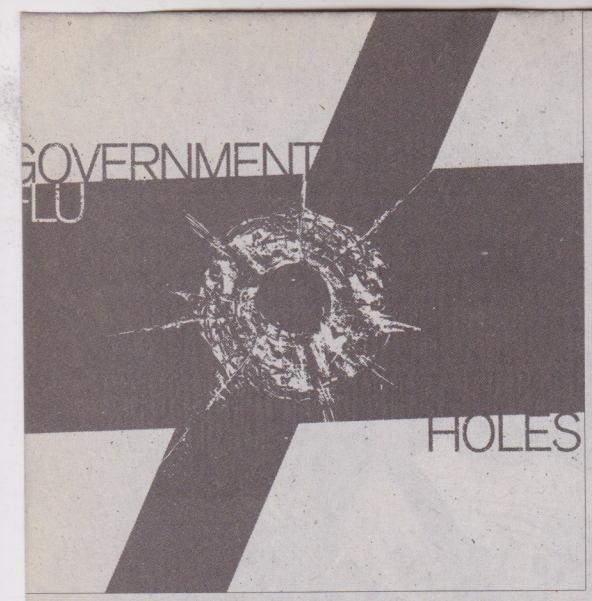
MRR: It seems as if Wolfi can't see the world outside of the drumset and he doesn't have ambitions to do anything else in life, which is cool. How are you able to play in so many bands, sometimes in two (or more!) countries at the same time? What diet and lifestyle can you recommend to all the drummers who want to have as much strength and vitality, and to hit a drum set as hard as you do?

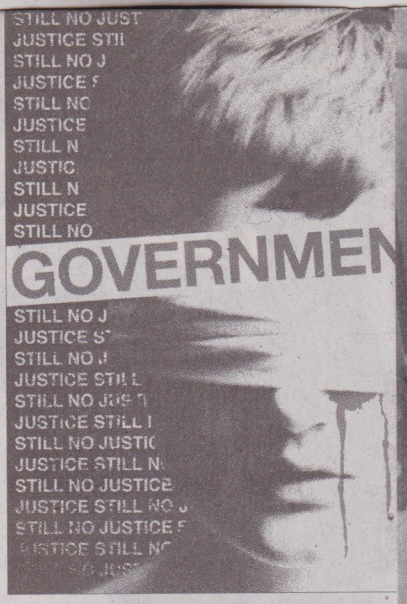
Wolfi: The answer to this question is, of course, a vegan diet, a straightedge lifestyle and the ability to recognize—and to strive for—what you really want to do. On a serious note, playing in many bands in different countries has its downsides. Most of my bands are not active all the time. There are breaks when I'm off to tour with some other band, or when I'm stuck in my hometown in Dresden to work.

MRR: Poland, as well as the rest of Europe, is now dealing with the rise of populist, extreme right-wing, and neo-fascist tendencies. In November 2013, Przychodnia squat in Warsaw was attacked by 200-300 neo-fascists. Can you tell us more about it? What's your view on it while living in Warsaw and having an insider's perspective?

Rafał: Every Independence Day in Warsaw is the same. Thousands of Nazis, right-wing football hooligans and other dickheads come to change the city into a battlefield. Lots of people get beaten up, lots of stuff gets destroyed, some people get arrested. It's always a pretty fucked up time. It's also really sad to watch so many people filled with hatred marching on the main street in the city that you live in. On the other hand, it's awesome to see many people who don't agree with them and decide to show it. Every year lots of people go out to say no to that plague.

What surprises me the most though, is that although the authorities know what this is really about and how it is going to end, they still allow the right-wing extremists to do it. It is kind of dangerous then, because they do not come for a cup of tea, but to have a regular fight. It's also fucked up that more right-wing troops from different European countries





come to support them.

There's also time for some political stuff then. Different people use the incidents that happen then in their own political games, which generates lots of discussions that always lead nowhere and every year everything is the same. The conclusion is that every year it's really fucked-up!

What is actually good about Warsaw is that for the rest of the year you don't see many Nazis on the streets. I know some places in Poland where it's really hard to have a different color skin, be Jewish, or be a punk, because you may be attacked on a regular basis.

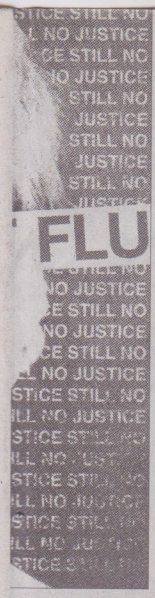
Marcin: It's true that recently you see many more of those idiots on the streets. Year by year there are more and more of them around the time of the Polish Independence Day. It is easy for the right-wing groups to win local football hooligans' hearts. Hooligans are quite stupid and it's easy to manipulate them, but those right-wing groups can efficiently manipulate regular people as well. Poland is still quite a conservative and Catholic country, in which traditional values, such as the role of family, church, faith etc., are highly respected. If you can skillfully manipulate people and present the other side as an enemy of those values, a big part of the oldest society, (which is more subject to this kind of manipulation), will go and fight the enemies of their thoughts. This is the way the right-wing patriots grow in power here.

Football hooligans are the other problem. They are looking for a fight and they will not miss an opportunity to have one. This group also includes lots of homophobic, racist, and right-wing scum, so it is also quite easy to provoke them—you just need to say that squatters are communist faggots who want to take over the city's buildings to spread their improper thoughts. It's enough for them to attack the squat. This is Polish reality. In everyday life Nazis are hardly seen on the streets, but when some national holiday is drawing near, suddenly, out of the blue, quite a lot of them come out. As I said above—it doesn't have to mean that the few thousand people that you see on the Polish Independence Day are all Nazis. In great measure it's a bunch of manipulated idiots (mostly hooligans) that are talked into believing that they have the same enemies as conservative right-wing groups—meaning gay, left-wing, or communist people, or whatever, whoever they treat as an enemy of their traditional values. It is really sad to watch this highly condensed stupidity. The optimistic thing is that year-by-year bigger groups of people meet to demonstrate against them.

MRR: The cover of your *Singles Collection* 12" features some well known characters from Poland. Can you explain who the owners of the heads that are being messed up are?

Rafał: These are the heads of the president of Poland, the late president, the head of one priest who is the head of a Catholic radio station brainwashing Polish people, and some random heads of a policeman, a Nazi…All of them create a kind of a monster that we are trying to deal with in our everyday existence. The drawing was made by a friend of ours, Raf the Might! Check his stuff out: www.facebook.com/raf.the.might.

MRR: In 2009 you appeared on the *Warsaw is Burning* compilation.



What's the situation with the local scene now? Which other Polish bands are worth checking out? What places you can recommend to anyone who's visiting town?

Rafał: I guess that our local scene is doing well! There are many bands in Warsaw that are definitely worth checking out. You should try Cast in Iron, Drip of Lies, Ill, and Iron to Gold. I guess that the Polish hardcore/punk scene is really cool! More and more bands have formed, playing different kinds of hardcore and punk. I guess that it's really diversified and when you go to the shows in different cities you may find three or four bands playing totally different stuff.

There are so many good bands in Poland. Try Calm the Fire, Alert! Alert!, the Fight, and Thug Life. Fight Them All is fuckin' sick! So many good bands! If you come to Warsaw go and grab some coffee in Tygrys Café, which also serves vegan burgers and is run by local punks in the DIY spirit which makes it a great place to hang out. Also visit Krowarzywa, another vegan burger spot!

Marcin: The local scene is quite strong now. I've been living in Warsaw for ten years, but honestly, I don't remember if any time before now there were so many good bands and so many good things taking place: The Lowest, Heatseeker, Drip Of Lies, Cold, Czerń, and many more. The Przychodnia squat is in the center of the city and it became the main place for setting up gigs. A new alternative house, ADA, just showed up on the city map and lots of things are happening there now. Warsaw is a good place to live in general. I love this city.

MRR: You're working on new releases now. The *Tension* LP is out (and actually the first press is almost sold out). Can you tell us more about this release? What are the lyrics about?

Rafał: The latest record is called *Tension* and I wanted to focus on different kinds of tension that we may feel. It can be caused by so many things. You may feel this because you look at the people you used to go to school with and you can see how your lives grew apart, how they ended up and what happened with you. You can also try to voice your opinions but you have to be aware that people usually understand things the way they want to. I feel this when some kids who are half my age are trying to tell me how I am supposed to live. I also feel it when I see so many people resigning from being in charge of their own life and letting others or something else run it. It's always linked with some social issues. Take a look!

Marcin: Besides the *Tension* LP we have also recorded a 7" called *Still No Justice*, which came out in August on Anger Battery Records in the UK.

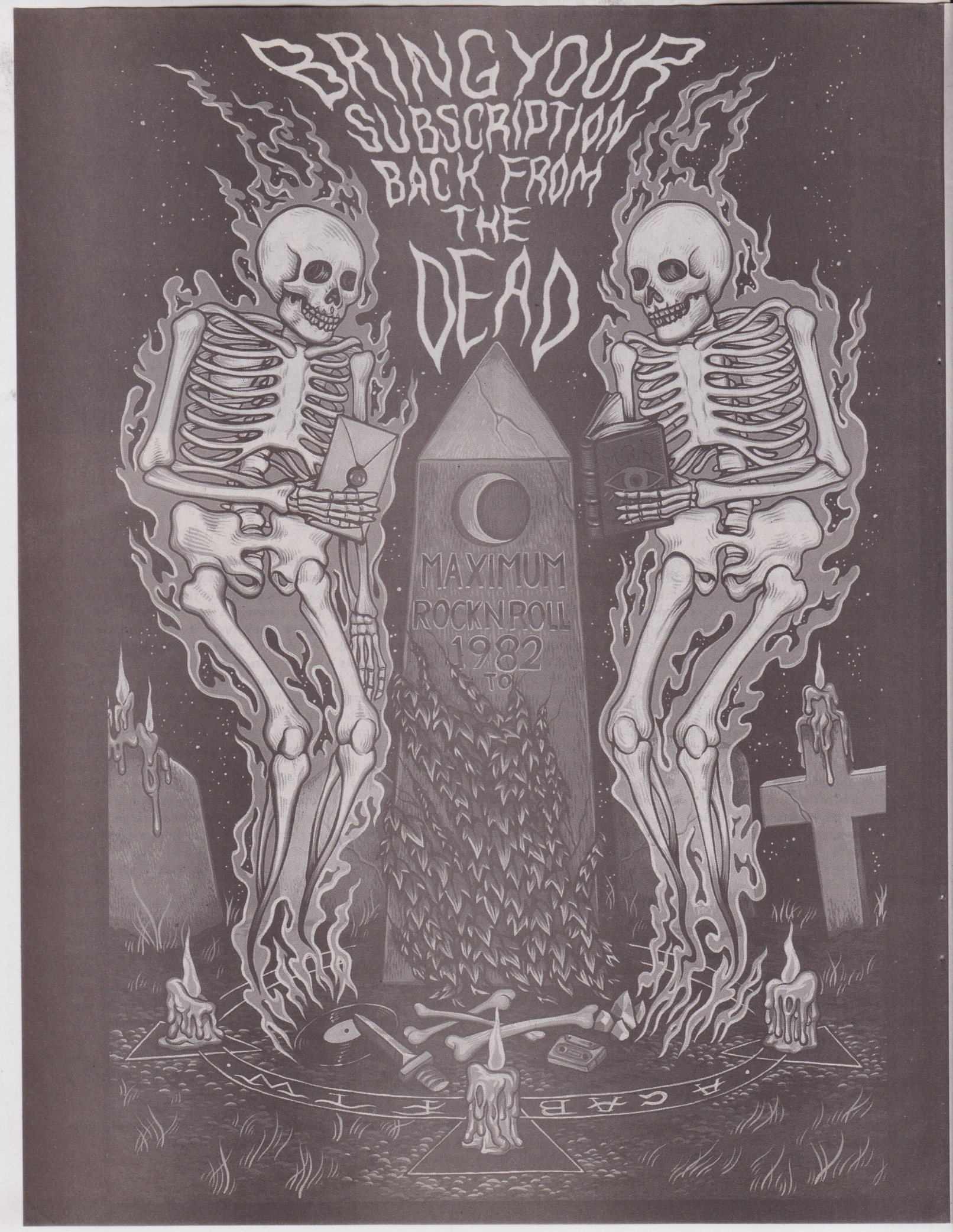
MRR: Government Flu was touring the US in April. It was the first DIY US tour for a Polish band ever. So far only Dezerter, Abaddon, and Armia had chances to visit the States, but all of them were invited by official Polish associations. Please tell us more about this tour.

Lipek: Sixteen gigs in total, in fifteen days, ha! For me it was the best tour I played. As I said before, every single show was totally wild! We saw lots of great bands, met lots of nice people, visited great places, stores, diners, etc. Many thanks here to Nick Tape from Coke Bust who booked all the shows for us. Also big thanks go to our driver Jay, who wasn't only the driver but also our guide in the US, he made this tour great. Cheers to Dave from whom we rented a van and equipment, and to Paul from Tangled Lines and Robert Refuse—roadies of the year, totally crazy duo.

Rafał: It was a great experience, and an unforgettable trip and thanks to everyone who made the effort and made it happen! Thanks to all of you who came to see us, got our stuff, and put us up.

Marcin: Tour was fucking great! We went for this without any expectations, as a band that doesn't even have any releases out in the US. All of the shows were totally cool (I must say that some of them were even fucking awesome). We wouldn't do too much were it not for the people who helped us a lot and were totally kind to us like Nick, James and Pat who took care of us and let us stay at their place in DC, and Matt and Biff who printed our shirts and covers, high five to all of them! We'll be back!

Contact: www.governmentflu.pl / governmentflu@gmail.com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Before the artfully acerbic shock-rock antics of Riot Grrrl and the rock'n'roll gender subversion of L7 and Tribe 8 came the behemoth noisemakers Frightwig, whose unbridled sludge-meets-acid punk wall of sound married the world of Chrome, Flipper and Bomb with bash'n'pummel feminism, wacky street theater and tuneful chaos. Their new effort Hit Return showcases both delirious current tuneage and revisits potent past music, like the veteran shredded disco onslaught "A Man's Gotta Do What a Man's Gotta Do" (1984), loaded with bombastic horns, bump-and-grind bass, psychedelic-discharged guitars, skittering hi-hat dance floor drums and skewering wordplay. In others, like "Crazy World" (1986), endlessly chunky guitar and moaning vocals decrying men-as-stooges still put all the limp alternative folk girl feminism masquerading as meaningful in the Spotify era to shame. Guitarist and founding member Mia d'Bruzzi reflects on old San Francisco, participating in the punk scene as a young woman, and the reemergence of Frightwig. Interview by David Ensminger. Photos by Claude Shade, Billy Douglas, Chris Ng, and Bobby Castro.

PUNK GENDER SABOTEUR: MIA D'BRUZZI OF

FRIGHTWIG

MRR: How would you describe the political nature of punk, especially given the Bay Area context, including the gay riots, right-wing skinheads, Avengers, Dead Kennedys and MDC?
Punk is never asking permission for expression. Punk has always represented personal choice to me. I believe that all politics are personal and that what you choose to put your energy, time and resources into is your political statement. That said, the time and place (Bay Area, late '70s/early '80s) where I first discovered the punk movement really coincided with the anger and rebellion I was feeling against the status quo of what was going on in America at the time. Saying, "Fuck you" to all the things the media, politicians and authority figures were trying to cram down our throats as a society really felt like the correct and true thing to do. One of the wonderful things about the San Francisco Bay Area is that it's totally acceptable to be a freak here. No one really cares that much if you differ from the norm. That's been my experience, anyway. We have a great history of social commentary and expression. I wish it were more like that today, let me tell you.

MRR: What moments, events and memories shaped your perception of punk? What did it seem to embody and project?
Coming out of the 1970s as a young woman, it felt great to cut all my hair off and declare to the world that I was pissed off at all the hypocrisy, injustice and indulgence I saw all around me. I came to San Francisco in March 1980 and found a bunch of other young people who seemed to feel the same. The music scene and the art scene were one and the same. It was just a huge raging monster of creativity; out of control energy producing out of control art and music. I don't think anyone gave a shit about pleasing the critics, if you know what I mean—unapologetic creation.

MRR: What propelled the musicality of Frightwig? What triggered songs like "My Crotch Does Not Say Go"? It seems indebted to bands like Chrome and Flipper—noise, attitude, and bending the rules.
"Musicality," eh? When we started Frightwig, we did not know how to play our instruments. And here's the important part, *we didn't care*. We still don't care, but we did learn how to play. We sounded like things were dying, exploding, being torn apart. Sounding "good" just wasn't on our priority list. We needed to express our condition, and still do, in any way we could, viscerally and without censor. I didn't write "My Crotch Does Not Say Go," but I think it's simply about no meaning no. It's actually a really funny song. Humor is really, really important to Frightwig. We will do anything for a laugh, and I mean *anything*. Flipper has always been one of my all-time favorite bands, and Ted Falconi remains one of my biggest guitar inspirations. Yeah, it's all in the attitude.

MRR: Were you queering rock'n'roll, confronting and warping gender role expectations, on purpose?
Well, yeah, fuck yeah! I was a young woman when Frightwig started (17-18), and my head was spinning with all the shit they try to feed you to make you feel inadequate and unworthy. Luckily, I figured out early on that it was all bullshit, and I also found that I got a big kick out of fucking with the paradigm. I really enjoyed dressing and doing my make-up in a way that looked really "hot" from behind, but once I turned around and showed my face, things got really, really scary. Deanna and I both subscribed to the drag queen aesthetic (I still do), and we did not try to be pretty girls. All the rage Cecilia, Deanna and I felt came out in our music. We would have fun with the outfits.

MRR: Did you feel that punk and hardcore embodied different attitudes towards women?
I guess so, but I never let it bother me. I just kind of chose not to notice that kind of stuff because I think it's silly. Although, when guys would yell, "Show me your tits!" and the like, we would always turn it around by demanding to see their dicks. The tradition of having men strip to our funk song "A Man's Gotta Do What a Man's Gotta Do" started out like that. Whenever we would have a guest star drummer sit in with us, we would always insist on dressing him up in drag, duct taping tits onto his chest hairs, stuff like that. We now are playing with a legendary keyboard player who happens to be a man. He wears a tiara and a tux when he plays shows with us. Frightwig does not discriminate on the basis of gender...or anything else for that matter.

MRR: Did punk seem more welcoming and inclusive?
Not necessarily welcoming. I remember there being all the little frissons of any social dynamic—all the little kings and queens of the scenes. We were all united in flipping off the straight world, and there was some solidarity in that.

MRR: Looking back, do you feel indie labels provided a significant alternative to majors, or were they just as guilty of poor/unfair practices?
Frightwig and all of my other bands have always been on indie labels. I have been very happy just getting an album out in the first place, and I have never felt like the victim of poor or unfair practices. That said, I have never been signed to a major label, and I have never made any money being on an indie label. Only just in the last three years have I been able to make any kind of a living playing music, and that is because I am a busker. It has absolutely nothing to do with being on any label.

MRR: How important were DIY spaces to the band? Did 924 Gilman or any other place really support the scene more consistently than The Farm or On Broadway?
I left SF for a few years in the mid '80s and missed what I understand to have been the heyday of Gilman Street. I know Timmy Yohannan was very idealistic, and I was happy to hear of his dream coming to life. I have played there over the years, and I support their mission. I found playing at The Farm and the On Broadway, which I have done many, many times, to be incredibly supportive of the scene...some fantastic times. These venues gave so much to what was going on then.

MRR: I feel women in 1980s punk and indie rock have been really overshadowed by the Riot Grrrl movement—just note the difference in media coverage this last decade. How do you feel? Is there a gap in music history?
There really weren't many women doing what we were doing in the early '80s. There really aren't many women doing what Frightwig is doing now. No one does what Frightwig does. Frightwig is kind of weird.

As far as big-mouthed women telling it like it is, well, I think it became kind of a popular novelty in the early '90s. I know that Riot Grrrl was a big deal to a lot of folks. They definitely got the media coverage, I think in part because they found a label. Everyone always needs a fuckin' label to be recognized by the media, and then the label becomes a cage.

I toured a lot with the all-female band Mudwimmin during this time. Musically, the Riot Grrrl bands usually seemed to be pretty straight-ahead punk/garage rock, sometimes with nice harmonies, and people, girls especially, really seemed to find it liberating. I think that Riot Grrrl packaged this thing up into something people could name, therefore definitely helping disseminate the idea of females playing rock music and speaking their minds to a larger audience.

MRR: On YouTube you said that the band's reemergence has been quite natural, due to playing 10,000 times [together] and feeling a real love for each other. How has that love been tested over the years?
Any relationship that has been an ongoing affair for 32 years must be strong enough to weather mighty storms. Over the years, Deanna, Cecilia and I have known each other through many phases of life. There have been births and deaths, marriages and divorces, sober times and wild abandon, fistfights and tender caresses—not in any particular order. Ultimately, our bond as sisters-in-arms fighting for equality for all and freedom of self-expression has been the glue that sticks us together—that and the fact that we really crack each other up. Because we've know each other since 1982, when I was literally an adolescent punk rocker, we all know each other pretty well, in the same way that going to second grade with people gives you an inherent feel of who they are. Even if you've not seen them in 20 years, you know who they are. That said, there have been periods when we have not been in close touch for years at a time, when our mission together was eclipsed by raising

WHAT YOU CHOOSE TO PUT YOUR ENERGY, TIME AND RESOURCES INTO IS YOUR POLITICAL STATEMENT

children, or moving to the country, or making a living. We have fallen out and fallen back in so many times that we just treat the rough times like the intermissions they have proven to be. We were called together to accomplish a mission, and that adventure is not over yet.

MRR: The new Frightwig single featuring "Hear What I Say" and "War On Women" is promoted as "songs...needed for this day and this time." What propelled these pointed tunes?

When we originally became so outraged and pissed off at the injustice of the status quo so many years ago, we decided to do what we could about it, and that was Frightwig. We said the same stuff then that we are saying with our new material. We are now provoked to say it even louder, as the circumstances demand it. The situation has not changed, and we will continue to call it out loud and clear. The current socioeconomic-political situation continues to reward the few and penalize the many. The few have set it up this way and continue to defend a greedy and unjust system to ensure their future wealth. My questions are: how much is enough? Under whose laws do basic human needs and rights weigh less than greater accumulation of wealth and commodities? Not under ours. I actually do believe that we have the power to change it up: call me crazy, or whatever, but we do outnumber them.

MRR: You busk frequently at farmers' markets and have spoken of the benefits, like free food, daytime hours and not having to deal with drunks, but do you also believe it offers a punk rock essence too, like local DIY food, a commitment to alternative networks, plus health consciousness, etcetera?

The farmers' market is the happiest place in the world. It is also a very direct way of changing the way we structure the economy in this country. If we as Americans take back the power of what we eat and to whom we pay for our food, everyone will profit except for Monsanto and the multinational corporations who have forced their products into our daily way of life. Shopping at the farmers' market benefits our immediate human condition in many ways. For instance, if you're a foodie, you cannot obtain better, fresher, healthier food unless you grow it yourself. Most of the produce brought to markets is picked the same day and transported in under four hours in a truck. Most of the produce isn't sprayed with poison. It will taste better than anything you've ever tasted. It's going to be in season and ripened in the ground, on the tree or on the vine (and the ugly ones taste the sweetest, by the way). You will not be able to get better tasting or more nutritious food from any supermarket.

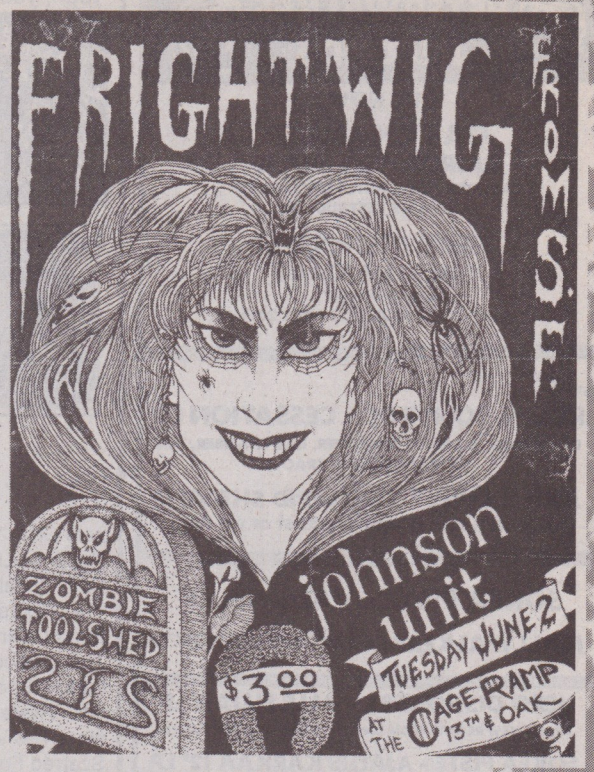
If you care about the environment, the food brought to the farmers' market is grown on small farms that use sustainable practices and use way less or no chemical fertilizers. Almost all are GMO free, and no one uses Monsanto seeds if they have any possible alternative. Most are certified organic or grown organically without sprays. The actual farmers will tell you about their growing practices, and you can make your own informed decisions regarding what you buy and what you eat.

If you care about the rampant economic inequality in America, pay the people who grow the food. They are the people who do the work. They deserve your hard-earned money. The corporate executives do not. The factory farms do not, and they are the ones who receive huge subsidies from the federal government to grow (or not grow, as the case may be) the genetically modified crops that our current American diet is built upon. Small farmers get no federal farm loans. Organic farmers get no federal farm loans. We have a choice of where we put our money. It seems to me that since profit seems to be the governing principle of our domestic policies in America, boycotting the big boys might be a way to make a difference in how the balance of power plays out. Let's think for ourselves and make our power felt. Starve the corporate entities: do it yourself, make it yourself, grow it yourself; think for yourself. Don't buy food from strangers. Human beings have been going to communal markets for thousands of years. It's our pleasure and our right to get together, buy local food, listen to some music, have a snack, get the gossip, etc. If there's not one in your community, start one! Everyone wins.

MRR: I know you have a son that plays gigs with you on occasion. Why is sharing the music experience with him so important?

I could not be more pleased that my eight-year-old son, Leon, has got a rhythm bug! I knew that he liked to hit stuff even from the womb, as he was kicking like a mule from conception on. But seriously, he loves to tick and tock. We played "find the pocket" from the time he was about one-and-half (this involves listening to a song and smacking something in time to the beat). He comes out and busks with me on a regular basis, especially in the summer when he's out of school. He gets a cut of the action. I want him to understand that he can always earn money playing music. He started on the percussion egg and moved up to playing tambourine. When he was younger, he would just play as loud as he could all the time, but he has now matured into listening to the songs and playing accordingly, which is a very valuable trait in a drummer. We've found him a stellar drum teacher this year, who is teaching him on a trap set. They are hilarious, both innate drummers. I walked in on the end of a lesson the other day and his teacher was saying, "No, it's piss piss fart fart piss fart fart! *Not* piss fart piss piss fart fart!" Piss is a snare hit and fart is obviously the kick drum. Duh?! They understood each other perfectly.

Contact: www.frightwig.org



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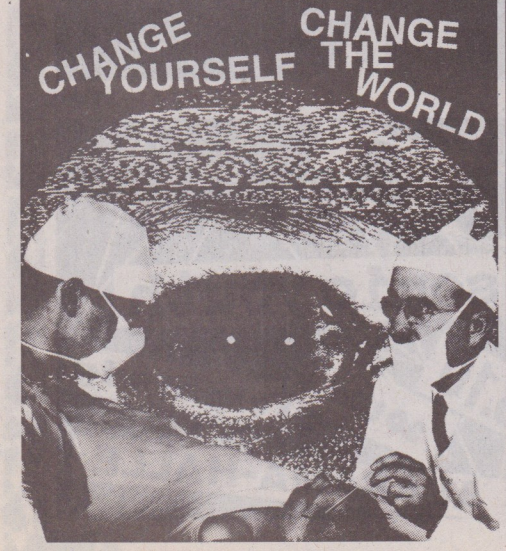

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Erste: Mein Deutsche ist sehr schlecht. Ich Studiere Deutsche in Gymnasium, aber die meisten sind vergessen. Dieser Bücher ist alle *im Deutsche. Es macht es sehr schwer zu lesen, wenn Sie nicht sprechen Deutsch, aber es gibt vielen alte flyer und fotos.*

Pinpointing the origins of 1980s hardcore is always up for debate. Influences swapped back and forth across the Atlantic and within Europe, though traces of its germination surface in all sorts of far-flung places. Originating in the latest moments of the 1970s, with its nascent steps in 1980, gathering form in 1981 and reaching full pitch by 1982, hardcore eventually arrived at similar musical, political and ideological ideas in many distinct parts of the world, but through the constraints of limited information and strength of personal creativity, scenes would often develop their own local sound as opposed to directly copying other bands. By 1983, the punk scene in America had reached enough saturation to coin the term "Generic Hardcore." But, unhindered by a lot of the business hurdles present in Europe, American labels were also able to quickly mass-produce and export the sound of American hardcore around the world. While German bands had simultaneously punched out similar rough hewn, intense hardcore, UK82 had come and gone, and legendary bands in Scandinavia had issued primal recordings, the effect of the energy, positivity and rapid-fire evolution of American hardcore was quickly and powerfully re-interpreted within Europe, leading to another ignition of bands and ideas in the mid to late 1980s. Coupled with the leftist political ideas of UK punk, and the squat community that fostered it, this scene's energy and output extended far past hardcore's temporary decline in the US in the mid to late '80s.

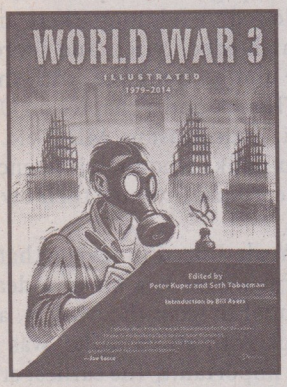
Helge Schreiber has collected a comprehensive set of interviews, entirely in German, with many of this scene's participants and threaded parts of them into an oral history that captures this explosion of hardcore punk in the mid to late 1980s in Western Europe in a nicely presented book, with ample unseen photos, record covers, and flyers illustrating the point, as well as an extensive selected discography. Each section of the book is divided into the various aspects that made the scene grow: fanzines, labels, tours, venues, bands, and even a chapter on this magazine's influence on connecting punks in various countries by acting as a source of addresses and communication. There are interviews with a variety of participants in the scene, including members of bands such as Tu-Do Hospital, the Stupids, Sons of Sadism, Heimat-Los, Negazione, Inferno, Jingo de Lunch, Leben und Leben Lassen, Neuroot, Bluttat and, of course, Heresy, whose song off of *Face Up To It* provided the title for the book and adorns the its frontispiece. Editors from fanzines such as *Trust, Artcore,* and *Breakout,* and label folks from Propaganda, X-Port Platter, Destiny, B-Core, etc., are also interviewed. In addition, there are sections on DIY, skateboarding, straightedge, lyrics, and more. There are references to the US scene and its influence, with the odd mention of Black Flag or Minor Threat, and a chapter on US bands that toured in Germany (Fugazi, Toxic Reasons, MDC, etc.), but the story is more about European punks who took influence from the worldwide explosion of hardcore and invented their own scene and sounds.

This book has languished in my "Yeah, I need to review that" corner for eons, because the all-German text is a bit of a deal breaker, while at the same time essential to what the book is, as much as the *American Hardcore* book with all its faults, was a claim that "yes, this happened and it's important." The earliest era of German punk has only recently started to get more recognition outside of its native country, and it's some of the last European hardcore where original vinyl record copies can still be found relatively economically in the US. As punk adds layer upon layer of history onto itself, maybe that isn't of primary importance to people who still have to carve out their own memories... But it is vitally important to the people who were there and their need to convey what they found, achieved and discovered to that new generation who will make their own path and offer what they learned from it. With that, the nexus of much of Western Europe's punk scene is in Germany to this day (look at an average DIY tour and how much time a band spends there). The vital point of what a member of Skeezicks, Squandered Message, or Combat Not Conform has to say might be best conveyed to someone who lives in their same town and speaks the same language, and this stakes a claim for that. At the same time, the author hints that there will eventually be a printing of this book in English, for easier worldwide reading, and I hope that's the case as it defies the "1986 and hardcore was dead" mantra in the US. You just sometimes have to look harder or elsewhere to find good music. It does seem to convey the challenges and fandom-driven push that fostered this global anti-nationalistic "network of friends" and created a lot of the scene that still echoes in Europe today, and people worldwide can learn from that.

Some of the music from this time is also maybe in need of a little limelight and critical review. Without being able to read the text, I think the biggest hurdle this time period has is that a lot of the recordings left from back then are tricky—the bands had just enough money to be able to afford to go into the studio, but went in unable to quite capture or understand their live sound, or weren't able to stay there for more than a day or two. The mixes are often weird, with caged or added odd effects that date the recordings. With some of the worst offenders, the band hit the studio right about the time they decided *Ride the Lightning* was a more crucial listening experience, losing all the charm of their early, insane-sounding, rawer punk records in the process. Certainly not true of

all records from this time—as the long list of classics in the back of the book attests—but continental European punk LPs (say a Capital Scum or Lull LP) in the time period 1987 to about 1990 often suffer in a way that doesn't quite always meet with the beaming enthusiasm and/or intensity of the band's live photos. Sometimes there are bands that just never really captured what the band was like on tape, and thousands of miles away it's hard to get that. This book's main achievement might be to bridge the gap left by some of the deficiencies of the recordings, better explaining the time with a wider vision of its broader aspects with ebullient enthusiasm. Recommended!

—Ken Sanderson



World War 3 Illustrated: 1979-2014
Edited by Peter Kuper and Seth Tobocman
Introduction by Bill Ayers
320 pages • $29.95
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

World War 3 Illustrated, like *Maximum Rocknroll*, is a long-running, contributor-driven, and unapologetically political publication. Their issues arrive roughly once a year, usually with a theme. Contributors are eclectic in style, not unlike the murals and tags on any New York block. Does that sound too high-tone? *WW3 Illustrated* is a comics anthology and I haven't seen a superhero in one yet.

Editors Peter Kuper and Seth Tobocman began as fanzine editors in Cleveland and published the first *WW3* issue in 1979 while attending the art school Pratt. Comics artist and teacher Ben Katchor (!) helped get them started. Thirty-five years of dedicated, eclectic output followed. You might recognize the editors' style from stenciled protest work ("You Don't Have to Fuck People Over to Survive") or even recent Spy vs. Spy cartoons in *Mad Magazine*.

The topics in this gorgeous anthology should also clue you in: "In God We Trust," "Herstories," "Captive City," "Autobiology," "Under Arrest," "Biohazard," "Green House," "Blue Planet," "We (Heart) NY," "New World Empire," "Promised Land?," "Going Global," "After the Flood," and "Modern Times." Their epicenter is New York but the politics ask questions with a global, timeless focus.

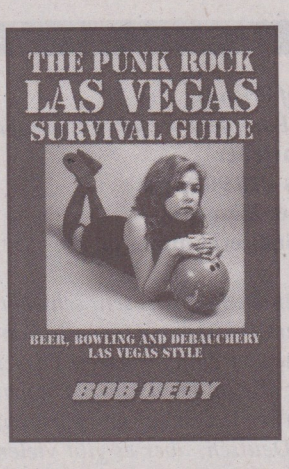
Politics aside (and I will never say that style isn't political), the work here reveals an engaging mix of the personal and architectural amid the American landscape. Again, that maybe sounds pretentious. These comics, more often than not, deal with life in the United States during wartime. See Kuper's "Bombs Away" comic (pp. 201-3) for more detail. Nicole Schulman's "Fossil Fuel" piece on the preceding pages (pp. 196-200) evokes Kathe Kolwicz's best work. For the punk purists, I'll add that the book starts with a very early Peter Bagge strip.

As with any anthology or retrospective, the framing makes all the difference, and here PM Press is to be applauded for the sturdy, full-color retrospective. The previous anthology from Fantagraphics (covering 1980-88) was timely and crucial but this is the proper collection.

This is an easy book to review: if you like political comics, then you'll appreciate this. If you find naked sentiment gauche (or are a Marvel True Believer), then this'll seem weird and unnecessary to you. The intro by Bill Ayers is passionate (and seemingly all in boldface), but likely won't convince anyone who has already picked up this book. Still, it's understandable, politically, to make such alliances. Any of us can get cynical and knock the Occupy movement; Tobocman's six-page story included here however gives an unpretentious and plainspoken testimonial.

As of 2013, they were at issue #45. The final line of this book reads "*WW3* contributors, old and new, begin work on another issue…"

—Travis Fristoe



The Punk Rock Las Vegas Survival Guide: Beer, Bowling, and Debauchery Las Vegas Style
Bob Oedy
116 pages • $9.95
Union Organizer Press

I'll start with *the bad*. This is a punk rock guide to bowling and Las Vegas, more specifically, the annual punk rock bowling tournament that takes place in Vegas on Memorial Day weekend. This fest began in Los Angeles in '97 and was inspired by the Fat Wreck bowling league. Dudes just needed an excuse to get together and drink beer, show off their bowling skills and bitch about their wives. While this book touts that it's a punk rock guide, in no way is it a DIY guide to the city of sin. I know for a fact that my friends and I would never be able to afford such an extravagant weekend in Vegas, nor would we want to. *The Punk Rock Las Vegas Survival Guide* is mostly geared towards the family-oriented working class punk. A lot of the information in this book is useful, but there's also a ton of filler. Broken up into sections, Bob Oedy directs the reader to restaurants, hotels, wedding chapels, and even funeral homes, in case you or someone you know *dies*. There's also a section that tells you what your personality type is based on your favorite beer. I found these parts to be silly—it seemed to me like the author was wracking his brain just to fill space.

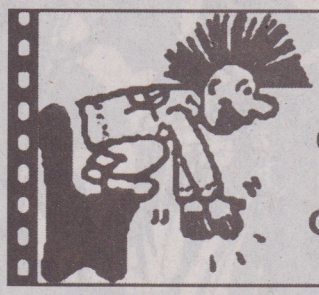
The bad parts about this book are also what make it good. Bob Oedy is a pretty decent writer, so his humorous anecdotes and the light-hearted sections keep the reader amused. This book also has a lot of blank space, large print font, pictures on almost every page, interviews, and band bios, perfect for those with short attention spans. I could see this book doing way better in zine format—maybe Bob could have even saved a little bit of money that way! (Oh wait I forgot, nobody makes money off zines. Smart move, Bob.) *The Punk Rock Las Vegas Survival Guide* covers a lot of ground and is extremely useful for those who want to get to the bowling tournament. I would even say this is a great guide to Las Vegas and I'd rather read this than a million annoying Yelp reviews.

Now for the ugly. The last half of this book features bios on bands such as Killroy, Cholos on Acid, Sorry State, and Glue Gun. I'm not a fan of soul patches, Dickies shorts, page boy hats, or old white men, so this type of punk rock doesn't appeal to me and gives you an idea of what type of punk would attend this tournament in Las Vegas.

Does this book make me want to attend the bowling tournament? No. Does this book make me want to spend a weekend in Vegas with Bob and his friends? Maybe if you paid me. Is this book amusing? Yes. Is this book useful and informative and a complete guide to the city of Las Vegas? Definitely. Just like the flashy city itself, this book is more of a novelty, a souvenir for those who partake in the tournament and a labor of love from Bob to all of his friends. For those curious about the book, it's $2.99 on Amazon.com. I'd say it's worth the price, but I'm just glad I got it for free.

—Vanessa X

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

IT'S JUST YOU HAVE NO INTEGRITY. THAT'S THE WORST THING I COULD SAY ABOUT ANYBODY.

Going to a movie matinee is always fun. The recent one I attended was full of senior citizens. I thought it was odd since the film **Calvary** is billed as a black comedy. Maybe the seniors are getting hipper. Not quite. When the film was done I heard a bunch of grumbling plus one woman apologizing to her friends for bringing them to see it. I thought **Calvary** was great.

Calvary is the story of Father James, a priest in a small Irish coastal town. He was previously married and when his wife died he became a priest. He is the epitome of the good priest. He tries really hard to deal with his parishioners who represent the worst aspects of people. Everyone does terrible things and opts to share her/his exploits with Father James.

In the first scene, a man comes into the confessional and tells of how he was molested by a priest when he was younger. He is tormented by it. He ignores Father James' insistence on going to the authorities or seeing a psychiatrist. Instead the man has a plan to rid himself of his demons. He will murder an innocent priest. He has decided on Father James. He announces he will do it in one week.

From there, **Calvary** plays out like a mystery. Father James knows who the man is, but he isn't telling anyone, not even the viewer. He spends his week reconciling with his daughter who comes for a visit after having just attempted suicide. He also deals with the various neuroses and issues of the townspeople. All the while he remains calm and respectful, even when the situation does not deserve it. He continues to deal with his town's over-the-top cast of characters in a way that has me questioning if I could ever resist yelling at them to get their shit together. The answer is no, I couldn't.

For those who aren't aware, **Calvary** is the place where Jesus was crucified. The whole film is full of religious references. Even if you don't get any or all of them, the film also has meaning outside of that arena. I know I am cynical about authority figures, particularly politicians and religious ones. Everyone is always out for her/himself, especially in movies. It is interesting to see a man who may be willing to take one for the good of everyone else. Of course, you'd rather have one of the others go down. (calvary-movie.com)

Switching to lighter fare, with a somewhat similar theme, is the latest Woody Allen film **Magic in the Moonlight**. A popular magician named Stanley, who performs under the stage name Wei Ling Soo (yes, in Samurai make up and ponytail wig), is asked by friend and fellow magician, Howard, to help him debunk a clairvoyant who is taking advantage of his friend's wealthy family. Stanley, always up for the challenge, agrees to figure out her angle. There begins the mystery of reality versus illusion.

Allen's films are usually formulaic, but he stills tells a good story. This is one of his better ones. It does get a bit cutesy when the romance starts. The mushiness is tempered with questions of science and faith. Who is right? Does doubting the unexplained make life easier? It may not get that existentially heavy, but the journey is entertaining. (sonyclassics.com/magicinthemoonlight)

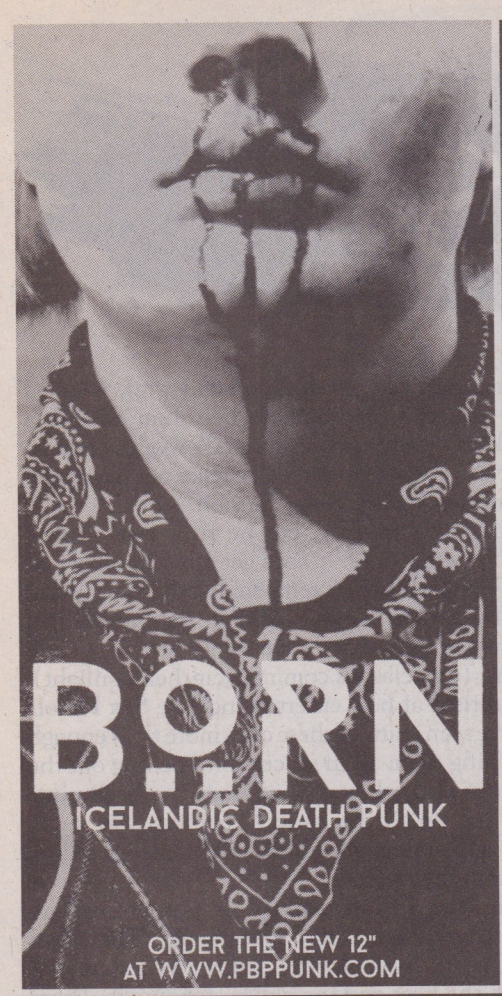
I was pleasantly surprised at how entertaining **The Sex Pistols on TV** DVD was. I have seen many of these clips more than enough times. However, watching them all in succession, spelling out the story of the Sex Pistols while they existed from the beginning, through Sid's death, and on to the various reunions was much better than watching a documentary full of talking heads telling us how important a band they were.

Unfortunately, **The Sex Pistols on TV** is not a complete collection of the Sex Pistols television appearances. There is a brief mention of the Queen's Silver Jubilee, but nothing about the band's performance on the boat and the police stopping it. There is only one clip of the band's US tour. There are detours away from the main theme with Public Image Ltd. appearances, an interview with Alex Cox (director of **Sid And Nancy**), and a special on Vivienne Westwood's fashions and Malcolm McLaren's run for Mayor of London in 2000. We know there is more out there. Too bad it couldn't all be included.

The most interesting for me was the 1979 interview PiL did on a show called *Check It Out*. Every time you see this clip in a documentary or something, it starts out with Johnny Rotten getting mad about this "comedy interrogation act" and walking off the set. The rest of band, led by Jah Wobble's extended bleep, follows. It has always painted the band as difficult interviewees. However, **The Sex Pistols on TV** shows what came before the outbursts. The hosts show the band a clip of the singer of the Angelic Upstarts Mensi calling Rotten a sellout. The male host then asks what they think of it. Rotten rightly gets pissed off. They are trying to set him up. Now the whole incident makes way more sense. There are also a few other clips from *Check It Out* where the hosts amusingly maintain their disdain for Rotten for years later.

As a bonus, there is a 20-minute preview of the upcoming documentary **Sid!**. Watching this preview seems like you get the whole story. There is an interesting collection of interviewees including Dave Vanian, Viv Albertine, Jah Wobble, Rat Scabies, Marco Pirroni, and Steve Severin. Strangely missing are all of the Sex Pistols. Even though it seems like the Sid story has been well documented, I would, of course, watch it. (mvdvisual.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, c/o Maximum Rocknroll, *PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. No guest list necessary. www.carolynkeddy.com*



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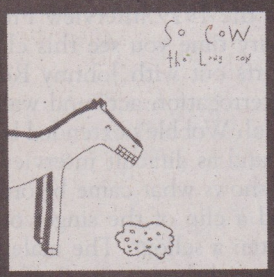

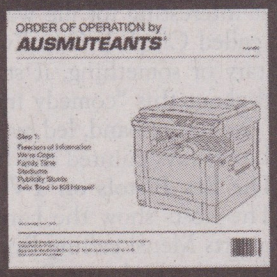

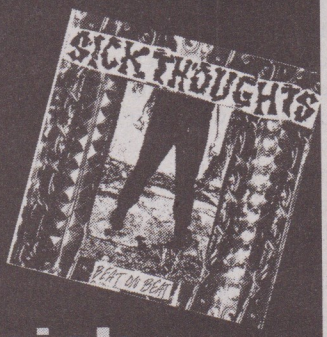

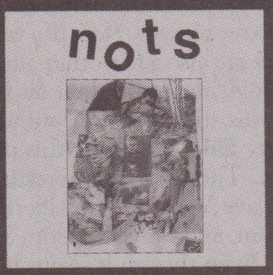

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(RM) Ryan Murphy
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(WB) Will Blomquist
(WN) Robert Collins

THE ACHTUNGS – "Full of Hate" LP

I love this album. This is some trashy garage punk from Finland. What is happening up there?!? The land previously known for metal is producing some of my favorite bands. The ACHTUNGS take the best of '60s garage, *Killed By Death* punk, and '90s garage punk and blend it all up into one tasty concoction. It's lo-fi. It's messy. It's fun. There are short, chaotic guitar solos that would make the MUMMIES proud. I can't stop listening to this album. (CK)
(Going Underground)

ACXDC – "Discography 03-13" LP

When did the second wave of powerviolence start? I dunno, but I'm guessing this is the third wave since we are probably on the fifth or sixth by now? SoCal stalwarts ACxDC have been cruising this path for a healthy minute—heavy slows, shrieking fasts, and subject matter that starts with pop culture obsession and cartoon Satanism in '03 and develops into general disgust over the course of these records. Three vinyl releases on the front, live and demo shits on the back. It's a picture disc. (WN)
(To Live A Lie)

ANOMALYS – "Deadline Blues/NO MORE!"

I became an ANAMOLYS convert after seeing their absolutely fuckin' stellar live show a few years back, so I'm happy to have this 45 to sample and take me back to that fateful, sweaty night. Thankfully, and surprisingly, they've managed to cram all that volume, sweat and abandon onto this tiny lil' slab, so there's no fluke curse here. "Deadline Blues" is as good a showcase of their talents imaginable: driving rhythm, wobbly guitar creeping and urgently spat vocal shards. "NO MORE!" is quicker and quirkier, but no less primal in its delivery. I can't remember the last Euro garage punk single I've heard that begs for repeated listens, but this one most certainly qualifies. You won't hear this shit done any better this year. (MC)
(Slovenly)

ANTI-FLAG – "A Document of Dissent:1993-2013" CD

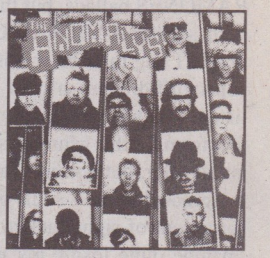
Bloody hell. I guess none of us are getting any younger. Twenty years for these chaps—good for them. I first encountered ANTI-FLAG when they supported PROPAGANDHI in 1996. A bit clichéd we thought, but nevertheless, a canny knack for an anthem or two, and well, it's always good to see some politics worn proudly on the sleeve. Since then, they've grown (don't we all), matured (I wish we all did) and—dare I say it—really improved! That mid-paced UK SUBS punch is still there, but with much more poise, swagger and assurance. A band that you can still feel good about punching your (clenched) fist in the air to, which is saying a lot. Herein you'll find an excellent Greatest Hits package (with nary a sub-par track), with tracks from each and every one of their long players. A classy way to reconnect with a band still doing the business, musically and politically. (RK)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

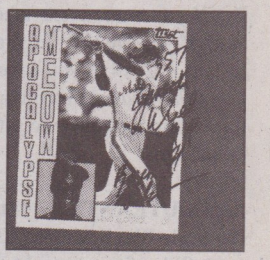
APACHE DROPOUT – "Heavy Window" LP

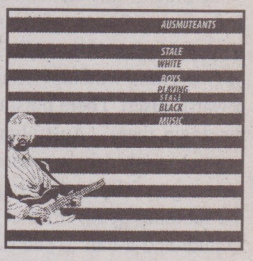
For all the pissing and moaning I seem to do about garage punk bands getting it all wrong nowadays, when one gets it right, there's really not much I'd rather listen to. APACHE DROPOUT have gotten it right since birth and on their third proper LP, *Heavy Window*, they expand on everything that made them such an outta-nowhere grabber. Their stew is made up of proto-punk stoned warriors, primal GORIES and CRAMPS punishment, hypnotic VU fuzz-blazing, and *Back From the Grave* trash. Lofty heights to aim towards, sure, but they reach 'em tune after tune. Equally astonishing is the fact that all this gunk is homemade too, which makes the overt psychedelic vibe come off genuine as hell. I'd peg *Heavy Window* as their noisiest, most aggressive release thus far, should there be anyone left on the fence. Really can't say enough good things here. One of the year's best albums. (MC)
(Magnetic South)

APOCALYPSE MEOW – "Baseball and Alcohol" EP

There is a lot I like about this EP but the music is not high on the list. It's not the worst. It's not the best. It's simple, catchy punk pop at its most formulaic. It is dynamic enough to hold attention but not fresh enough to really stand out in the crowd. I love that this record is baseball themed: the songs are about baseball, the cover and inner fold feature Darryl Strawberry, and the EP is dedicated to the '87 Mets (which I'd like an explanation for, because the most memorable thing about that year was that they narrowly missed the playoffs after winning the World Series the year before, and Strawberry threatening to kick his "redneck" teammate's ass). Luckily this album landed in a baseball fan reviewer's clutches, because it's not a super memorable performance but it's also totally listenable. (DV)
(Dirt Cult)







THE AR-KAICS – LP

Sick *Riot on Sunset Strip* style throwback garage punker that is also reminiscent of the post-*Nuggets / Pebbles / Back From the Grave* garage rock explosion of the 1980s... Wilder and more teenage feeling than most current attempts at this sound—the ALLAH-LAHS should take notes! They're going straight for that teen-sploitation '60s sound; maybe because they are so reverent it's easy to underestimate their songs and want more personality somehow. I mean the GORIES and THEE HEADCOATES mutated this ideal into new forms! But I think there's something in making an homage to a sound with no frills or additives, especially when you are talking about the teenage dream of 1965! In places they reminded me of classic era PANDORAS, but with blokes on vox! High praise. "That's Not Fair" brought to mind DILS "Sound of the Rain" and the classic RAMONES ballads, but this band is shot through with a clear AARDVARKS / BUBBLE PUPPY drag... I dug their prior 45s alright, but this LP is super tuff/dreamy, a total sound and a complete listen, which is rare, as ultimately the 45 is the perfect form for this genre. In short what I mean to say is: no filler, but not quite all killer. I wouldn't bet my grandchildren's souls on this disc. But it made for an out of sight background listen; I just can't imagine quite losing my mind to these sounds... But if you want a true take on the STANDELLS et al, if you are that guy/gal with the Brian Jones haircut in 2014, if you have the liner notes to *Back From the Grave* tattooed on yer inner eyelids then this record was made to satisfy your kind. (LG)
(Windian)

AUSMUTEANTS — "Stale White Boys Playing Stale Black Music" EP

A-Side of this record begins with bongos, bass, and a lilting Aussie voice, inciting momentary panic: was I in for a VAMPIRE WEEKEND-style spot of *Graceland* worship? Thankfully, it takes a turn… towards disco. There must be something in the water down there—Australian punks are just cranking out synth driven records. The song takes *way* too long to fully kick into gear, but it's worth it for the fabulous synth riff that repeats for nearly a full minute-and-a-half to end it. The B-Side is unmemorable, straightforward snotty garage punk with, yes, synths—it wants to be something like DEVO meets the VICTIMS. The drawing of Lisa Simpson wailing away on the back cover had me hoping for a sax solo (no dice); the one of Eric Clapton wielding a Strat with the "Fender" replaced by "Faggot" has me pissed (fuck you). (GA)
(Easter Bilby / Goner)

AUTONOMADS – "One Day This Will All Be Gone... Everything Now!" LP

At first, with the super slick production, fancy as hell lyric sheet, and a straight up reggae song kicking things off, I thought, "Even these anarchist lyrics aren't going to be able to save this record!" but these Manchester squatters aren't the sandal clad, dreadlocked ding-dongs that I thought they were at first. There's a definite '90s vibe here, and the female backing vocals are fucking brilliant. I can do without some of the straight-up reggae shit, but there's some good stuff on here. I'd totally give this a few spins for some friends while we're making chili. (DZ)
(Anti Koerper Export / Deviance / Mass Prod / Pumpkin / Ruin Nation)

AUTONOMY / NO SIR, I WON'T – split LP

You'd be hard-pressed to find a more compatible pair of bands for a split these days. There are many characteristics that they both share, but each band maintains a sound of its own. AUTONOMY continues with their thick and fluid bass parts, infectious drum beats, dark overtones, and lots of memorable vocal lines. NSIW has a more aggressive approach, but shares many of the same tactics and sentiments—it's hard not to think of old UK bands like ANTHRAX and CONFLICT. The musical arrangements do well to emphasize certain lyrical points in the songs, commanding the listener to read along. Both bands have been around for a few years now and have several releases to their names, so I don't feel like I need to launch into some persuasive rant about how rad these bands are. It's refreshing to spend time with a new punk record that's both interesting and smart, and I really appreciate the depth and conviction behind their music and their messages. Neither band seems to release anything less than awesome. (MA)
(Dead Broke / Dirt Cult)

AWESOME AND THE ASS KICKERS – "Quit Fucking With Our Crops!" CD

Goofy, Orlando-based Fat Wreck Chords-ish pop punk trio in lucha masks. There're lotta singalong tunes with several shout-outs to themselves (which OK, *is* pretty damn pro wrestling of them). But *no, I repeat, no* wrestling songs?!? How the fuck are you doing this when your drummer went the extra mile and got a La Parka mask? Sure, they mentioned wrestling the MISFITS' Jerry and Doyle in one song but it was just another silly reference to themselves. Even the track "Tombstone" is about the pizza and *not* The Undertaker's finisher. Alright, so their Facebook has two photos of the drummer in the ring at some indie promotion match but that still doesn't sell me on what they're trying to do. Now back to tunes: some surf bits ("Manshit") and loads more of annoying choruses done a thousand-and-a-half times before (see again: Fat Wreck Chords). These guys can play pretty well but I really wish they put more thought into their songs. Try again, jobbers. (JD)
(self-released)

BASTARD NOISE / BLOODRED BACTERIA – split LP

Originally released as an incredibly limited 3" CD over ten years ago, this collaboration between German hardcore stalwarts BLOODRED BACTERIA and lovably militant weirdoes BASTARD NOISE is absolutely worthy of the reissue treatment, here presented as a one-sided 12" with a silk-screened flipside. This is not so much a collaboration, in the sense that each group cooperated to produce one seamless piece, as it is a head-fuck in two acts, with BLOODRED BACTERIA's ultra-heavy looping riffing sliding slowly and inexorably into BASTARD NOISE's grating digital decay. Despite the lack of traditional instrumentation in the second act, the transition works remarkably well, as the atmosphere remains; a kind of looming dread that permeates the entirety, right up to the final synthesized moan that marks the end. This may not be quite the thing for the majority of punks, but both Skull Servants and devotees of late '90s/early '00s metallic German hardcore à la SYSTRAL and MÖRSER will eat this up with a spoon. (AU)
(Streaks)

BEACH SLANG – "Who Would Ever Want Anything So Broken?" EP

BEACH SLANG, like other pop punk bands attempting to navigate this style, sounds more like the HOLD STEADY than the REPLACEMENTS. Perhaps it's a willful denial of all the parts of a group that so many people say is the greatest rock band ever—so much so that we have to exorcise all of the many things that they did (musically) that are awful, or at least got in the way of their better parts. BS (whoops) are actually quite a bit better than their contemporaries, with occasionally clever lyrics and some anthematic dynamics. However, I thought this record was way too long for a first taste. (LP)
(Dead Broke)

BEAR TRADE – "Blood and Sand" LP

It's melodic pop punk, it's upbeat, it sounds very '90s, it all kind of runs together. I keep trying to blame the tendency to say it sounds like LEATHERFACE on the British accent but sure enough, it sounds like LEATHERFACE. Just take a listen to the anthemic choruses. Spot on—the guitar riffs, the gruff but sung vocals and lots of "whoo-hoos" going on in the background. Maybe it falls in line with PROPAGANDHI sometimes. The whole thing sounds pretty good but you know exactly what you're getting into from song one. (PA)
(Everything Sucks / Dead Broke)

BITTER FRUIT – "It Gets Worse" CD

Oakland's haunting, queer deathrock outfit BITTER FRUIT are a torrent of catchy post-punk ice pop with garish vocals. The album was recorded live at the Ouija Club / Fortress in San Francisco, and it sounds studio quality in a rad way. Damn, it would have been cool to have been at that show! The vocals are creepy crawly and the songs often follow a very bass-driven melody, often with jangle-y droning guitar chords with dissonant vibrato-laden, nail-biting breakdowns. Hearing the crowd cheer after songs is really a cherry on top of this wild trip. Second to last song, a WASP WOMEN "Kill Me" cover, is an absolute rager. These queers have me all worked up! (DV)
(Vetoxa)

BLANK PAGES – LP

Portland meets Denton by way of Germany?! Think part POTENTIAL JOHNS (or MARKED MEN / RADIOACTIVITY) and part moody melodic Portland sounds like AUTISTIC YOUTH or RED DONS—impressively they have the chops

to match any of the aforementioned bands. BLANK PAGES even has some of the pop sensibilities of a band like STATUES. While the sonic touchstones are pretty immediately recognizable, this band doesn't just sound like a studied, purposefully constructed amalgamation of its influences. It's unique and a really good listen. (P$)
(Dirt Cult)

BLOOD PRESSURE – "The Facts" EP

The blown out noise punk thing is going the way of most fly-by-night subgenres as expected, but the smart bands are taking the parts that made that sound-specific cultural detonation so compelling and injecting already killer hardcore with a serious kick in the pants. Enter BLOOD PRESSURE, blown out raw-as-fuck hardcore punk from Pittsburgh with a fiercely dirty but massive-sounding recording. Furious USHC at its base, with mountains of energy, riffs galore and a monstrous presence. File this alongside recent heavy hitters like GREEN BERET and GAS RAG, complete crush. (WN)
(Beach Impediment)

BÖRN – LP

Dark and gloomy post-punk from the land of fire and ice! Reykjavik's BÖRN (which means "children") are an intriguing bunch, three ladies and a gent, roiling out tunes that capture both the fiery aspects of post-punk and the chilling aspects of this dismal world (and I won't even take into account the weather up there). Taking sonic cues from bands such as CHRISTIAN DEATH, KILLING JOKE, RUDIMENTARY PENI and fellow Icelander post-punkers VONBRIGÐI, they blend it with catchy song writing and melodic, edgy female vocals (the woman with a bloody nose on the front cover sports a GORILLA ANGREB patch). Their lyrics are in Icelandic, but by translating their song names (there was no insert sheet unfortunately) it seems their message is one of positivity and equality. This sounds like a band done without pretension or pressure and BÖRN have managed to release a great first record that deserves your attention. (LA)
(Paradísarborgarpltötur)

BORN WRONG – "Art District" EP

Thick-ass bass sound, pounding drums and snarly vocals greet you the second the needle drops. This EP contains four hardcore stompers definitely worth giving a spin. "Everyone around me has two faces!!!" (MS)
(Schizophrenic)

BRODY'S MILITIA – "Napalm Zeppelin Raids" EP

Five tracks of rock'n'punk'n'hardcore recorded in 2011 by Kentucky's prolific BRODY'S MILITIA. Heaving layers of sandpapered distortion crumble for blazing southern-fried riffs that see-saw between the band's distinctive trademark quick tackles of classic rock grooves, galloping bare-knuckled punk, and sprinting fits of pummeling thrash. Not quite NAPALM DEATH, not quite LED ZEPPELIN, the band's m.o. for the last few years has always had a respectful and powerful nod in the direction of both, edging deeper with classic rock influences while distilling everything bookended between down to real punk primacy. Pissed off, more pissed off, and even more pissed off violent lyrics attack critics, yuppies, and loudmouths, alongside a wild nihilistic rant of apolitical fury and frustration ("Patriot Act"). While I always remember this band's earliest releases having a little tighter delivery and lock on blistering thrash, their records always feel like being dropped in a cage with a wild beast with their unpredictable lyrical and musical barbs, making for an on-your-toes, commanding listen. (KS)
(SPHC)

BROKEN BRAINS – "世界をぶち壊せ" EP

Presented rather convincingly as a lost recording just now put to vinyl, this faux-Japanese hardcore recording out of the THISCLOSE camp admirably serves its purpose as a tribute to both the G.I.S.M. / ZOUO school of early metallic Japanese hardcore and BROKEN BONES, complete with appropriated BROKEN BONES riffs. I don't think it's possible to totally re-capture the dark magic that animated those legendary Japanese bands, but this is an admirable effort, mostly due to the growling, grunting vocals. The riffing is a bit too UK-sounding to really evoke the spirit of what they're going for, but it's a hell of a lot better than a lot of bands that declare an allegiance to that style. CERVIX was probably the best 21st century band to attempt this sound, but I'd put BROKEN BRAINS pretty high up on that list as well. This self-titled EP is very limited anyway, and I'm sure the copies will find their way into the hands of punx who will enjoy them. (AU)
(Broken Brains)

CANCERS – "Dig/Moral Net"

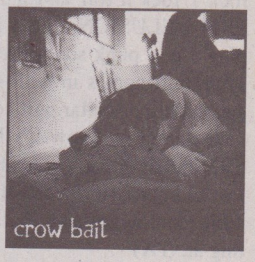
Both sides are a total throwback. Last night I was talking to somebody about the REPLACEMENTS and how I like them, but if I saw or heard them now, as a band not in the past and not a part of my past, but a current nobody band, that I would most likely hate it. So Side B is some dude whining that sounds like RANCID, or whatever '90s dude heartthrob you want to think of, playing a quiet, sensitive song—and I like EVAN DANDO—but for real, I don't wanna listen to some current dude cry about it. Or maybe it's just too DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE for me, or something. But then Side A sounds like an entirely different band and it actually kind of rules. It sounds like *Live Through This* or the perfect midpoint between NIRVANA and VERUCA SALT. Blown out, feedback squeals, girl vocals running from melodic sass to growls. Both sides are deep '90s worship and I guess in the realms of that there are certain sounds that I will always love no matter when they come into existence, and then there are certain parts that need to be welded to memory and nostalgia for me to give a shit. Sorry, buddy. (MM)
(Dead Broke / Dirt Cult / Kandy Kane / Off the Books)

CARTOUCHE – "Bread & Roses" CD

Holy shit, man, how come I don't already know about this band? Some really strong melodic French punk, with many moments sounding a *lot* like LA FRACTION. The drummer from LA FRACTION actually plays bass in this band (there are also members of KOCHISE, YA BASTA, and others), and the singer sounds *exactly* like LA FRACTION's Magali at times. Amazing! At times CARTOUCHE adds a little ska influence or bits of other styles, but the majority of this album is brilliant melodic punk. Mostly sung in French, aside from one song in German and three in English, but all lyrics are translated to both English and French. I just listened to "Obscenity" like four times in a row—one of the best choruses I've heard in a long time! If you're into LA FRACTION or anarchist melodic punk, you absolutely have to check this band out. (MA)
(Acontrario / General Strike, no info / Maloka / Rudy's Back / Zone Onze)

CAST TO WOLVES – LP

The first thing I like is the fat bass and dungeon/bunker sound. Helsinki's CAST TO WOLVES remind me of earlier GEHENNA. They've got one dragged-out track that didn't move me as much, but the others keep the tempo, and the rage, up. The lyrics deal with mental health and society's bullshit. They recorded this live in their practice space, and



use a number of songs former members contributed to—I'd be excited to hear what they do next. I wouldn't call this mandatory, but I'm pretty stoked. (JM)
(Underneath Collective)

CATHERINE SCHWARTZ – "Catherine Schwartz" EP

A four-piece from Rouen, France gives us four songs here. The title track is the winner, moving along at a good clip with a simple, strong chorus and brief, tight instrumental departures from the main theme. "Le Réacteur" and "Histoire Illusoire" are in the same vein, but don't keep the momentum as well. "Les Liens Affectifs" is more midtempo, with some bass-driven swing through the verses and pushing forward on the chorus. The lyrics are in French, but an insert describes them (in English) as "sentimental punk rock." If the songwriting were a little tighter, I'd be raving, but as it is this is a decent record. (JM)
(Emergence)

CATHOLIC GUILT –"Futile Attempts" EP

Dark driving shit that lands between '80s Orange County and moody '80s Euro punk. Guitars are straight HÜSKER DÜ (or maybe SICKOIDS), heavily flanged and wrapping their way around insistent hardcore while gruff vocals deal the dirt. Further proof that you don't have to reinvent the wheel, you just gotta do shit right. Would happily listen to this record on repeat, good shit. (WN)
(Cut the Cord That / Doomtown)

CHRESUS JIST / MODERN DELUSION – split EP

CHRESUS JIST sound like what a whole bunch of other bands do right now. Their first track is a pretty catchy, upbeat tune that sounds like what MILK MUSIC sounded like when everyone fell in love with them. You know, like an amateur DINOSAUR JR. without the ability to shred. The guitar is overdriven—heck, the whole thing is overdriven!—the vocals have way too much reverb, the rhythm section is pretty solid, and so on. The next two aren't that great, a bit more garage rock / rock'n'roll and a lot less catchy. MODERN DELUSION sound like they are about to play a pop punk song in every intro. Then some synth part comes in with some deathrock vocals and even that guitar part sounds different and the next thing you know it's like you're listening to SIOUXSIE or early stuff from the CURE. I mean, I wouldn't say it's nearly that good and maybe it's a bit more aggressive, but you see what I'm getting at. (PA)
(Crapoulet / Doomtown / HA-KO Bastards)

CIORAN – 12"

This gorgeous release sets the ambiance with a delicate, melodic introduction and after a precise melding of percussion, guitar and bass piling onto each other, ultimately releases a calibrated grind death spin. Enter severely scorned vocals with the slightest nuance of singing. I am biased, but their language sounds beautifully sincere. CIORAN of "R'lyeh, Padova" (this is where Cthulhu lives in Italy, correct? I'm down) have created an experimental hardcore/peace punk record with all the best elements and militantly executed transitions. Deathrock, grind, crust, anarcho-punk, hardcore… Even as I type this, the subtle inspirations are many. Everything storms underneath the ambiguity of a distant fog. I know this band lives far away from me, but it actually sounds ethereal and distant. Let's talk about the Francis Bacon-esque artwork on the cover in two words: also gorgeous. Very unassuming would be two more words. This is a dark brooding patient hunt of a 12" EP from start to finish. (JR)
(Here and Now / Unnamed / Forever True)

CODE BMUS – "Strike Now" 12"

Evoking the closed down dead future of Thatcher's Britain, CODE BMUS were one of the many bands that formed in the wake of the POP GROUP, perhaps the UK post-punk equivalent to that hoary critical cliché about bands forming after the VELVET UNDERGROUND? Further evidence of the dub / punk / industrial cultural triangle of the late '70s / early '80s; a radical time both in terms of musical experimentation and collusion, as well as in terms of lyrical fervor and out on the streets activism. This was recorded in 1981 at Cold Storage, the former meat locker that THIS HEAT operated out of, and I would put the sounds somewhere between the POP GROUP, THIS HEAT and *Metal Box*. Urgent guitar scratchings over both spaced out post-punk dub rhythms and Burundi drums, creating a crowded paranoid recording with intoned/passionate vocals that remind me of both MARK STEWART and GW SOK… This is a really incredible reissue, with beautifully screened covers like the OG, and replication of the liner notes which instruct bands on how to record/release their own music in incredible technical detail as well as giving a lyric sheet. There's a cool fanzine-like modern addition too, with recollections on the time period from the band. Honestly, shit like this makes me wonder why bands now aren't as fired up and exciting in the face of our current endless political repression. Why do so many punks form generic sound-a-like bands that mimic the passion and politics of a previous generation when life is just as terrifying now? Make something new… This record comes with an instruction sheet, dammit! (LG)
(Ever/Never)

COLD BEAT — "Over Me" LP

Hannah Lew was one third of the insistently collaborative Bay Area trio GRASS WIDOW and wrote many of the songs on this record while actively recording and touring with that band. You can see hints of her past on some of the songs on this record—"UV" comes to mind—but most of it traffics in dark dream pop, as opposed to the tense, dry post-punk of her previous project. Here we see a vision that is fully her own, a rotating cast of characters filling out the recording and live performances of these tracks. Lew's voice shimmers across the surfaces of these songs, at one with the rich instrumentation (cellos and synths make appearances). It's clear that this record was a labor of love, the product of a moment of transition, of grieving, of introspection. I look forward to seeing what happens next. (GA)
(Crimé on the Moon)

PAUL COLLINS — "Feel the Noise" CD

So this is the new full length from the former leader of the US band the BEAT of "Rock 'n' Roll Girl" and "Walking Out On Love" fame. Although it doesn't have the reckless energy of that 30-something-year-old first LP, this is still a strong pure pop release. Classic pop rock'n'roll à la the KINKS, the BEATLES, and even BUDDY HOLLY with three-minute, no BS, arrangements here. The production and the vocals/harmonies are strong for the genre. Shying away from the current retro skinny tie power pop revival, Paul and band have succeeded on this well crafted pop album. (RL)
(Alive)

COMMON ENEMY / EAT YOU ALIVE – split EP

Reading, Pennsylvania's COMMON ENEMY have a direct and plain vocal style similar to HALF OFF, that stretches to keep pace through scattershot delivery over two tracks of speeding thrash that reflect on touring and a *Dude, Where's My Car?* post-party hangover car song. Quick and to the point, rounding out their side with a jazzy snippet joke track, about the cryptic ape no one should ever joke about, Bigfoot! The silliness mixed with a hint of actual choruses drops a posi 1987-Mystic Records for-the-kids feel. On the flip, Italy's EAT YOU ALIVE tread a quicker fastcore path, akin to a lot of the speedier 625 Thrash-forwarded Italian DIY hardcore of the last decade or two. Four early '00s-ish complex, speed-driven attacks, with shrieked higher pitched vocals (think *Canciones Para Liberar Nuestras Fronteras* era LOS CRUDOS); amped, relentless energy framed with curt intros and punctuated with proficient and tightly played breakdowns. Lyrics are primarily in English, with poetic decries against both government and false friends, and a musing on memories and priorities in life. (KS)
(Here and Now / Horror Business / Punti Scena, no info / Suburban White Trash / Subzine / Trivel)

CONTINGENT – "Homme Sauvage/Vivons Tres Vite"

This is the Belgian band that had an EP released way back and was featured on one of the *Bloodstains…* comps, as well as a volume of *Raised on Punk*. These two numbers most likely were packed away under some punk's bed 'til now. Danger Records put out this obscure recording and I must say, in my humble opinion, these two songs, recorded in '81, are much stronger than those tracks from the first EP a year earlier. "Homme Sauvage" is a strong power pop number with a guitar intro that immediately hooked me in. Great looking package, a must for those who are into that early punk / pop shit. (MS)
(Danger)

CROW BAIT / NONA – split EP

CROW BAIT is a Long Island three-piece that is now putting out records via Don Giovanni. Their sound is somewhere between dark-sounding catchy post-hardcore and early DINOSAUR JR. wails. Both songs on this 7" have lots of JAWBREAKER influence going on. True to their guns, Dead Broke put this out, further evidence of their good taste in weeding through the multitudes of fuzzed out indie punk bands to find some of the most creative crews around. NONA is a Philly-based, head-bobbin', hair-tossin' pop band. The vocals are bratty and catchy, one of the best fuzz pop vocalists I have heard in a while. The accompaniment is on par with the vocals as well. Both songs on the 7" will be making their way onto mix tapes for sure! The sound has a fullness to it usually reserved for shoegaze bands and garage tone freaks, but NONA creates a wave of aggressive catchiness that sets this four-piece apart from the pack. (DV)
(Dead Broke)

THE CRYPTICS – "Continuous New Behavior" LP

It seems like this is some sort of BAD RELIGION worship, but not the good, early era. It's a little too slow, the lyrics are kinda off, and the rhymes seem forced and unintentionally nonsensical. I don't hear anything energetic or imaginative here. It's not offensively so, but it just seems like punk for those dudes you see around at the bars, but never at shows. This is pretty boring. (DZ)
(Pine Hill)

CRYSTAL SWELLS / SIGHTLINES – split EP

Two Vancouver, BC bands share the bill on a 7" with several virtues. SIGHTLINES start things off with some sweet pop with just enough grit in the tones. "Foreknowledge" is a jammer, with cool guitar parts that remind me of the CAROLEE stuff from a couple years ago, all sharp and a little angular but with no math or harshness. The other song is more straightforward pop punk, but the lyrics are actually not that bad (sad for the state of pop punk today). And it's really short. CRYSTAL SWELLS, on the other hand, are feedback and treble laden. Perhaps they sound like LIGHTNING BOLT for garage rockers with no time for art, and a much less insane drummer? Again, one longer song and one shorter, the latter being an instrumental this time. A nice teaser for both bands, worth picking up if you're curious about either one. (LP)
(Alarum, no info / Trbl Fckr, no info)

THE DACIOS – "Monkey's Blood" LP

The DACIOS are a sister-brother led band from Melbourne, Australia. *Monkey's Blood* is a seven-song album that was previously released in 2009. The music sounds a lot like the KILLS. Cool and tough sounding female vocalist backed with bluesy, repetitive guitar riffs creating a nice hypnotic sound. It also resembles a less drug-influenced ROYAL TRUX. The more aggressive songs are the best. The slower ones stray too much into the alt-country realm. Homeless says this album is their most limited release yet with only 250 copies available. I can't help but wonder why a label would do that to a record it claims to like so much. (CK)
(Homeless)

DANCER – "Rootbeer Station" EP

DANCER's tunes may present themselves as cream-pie '70s power-pop, immediately catchy and ready for your hi-fi, but their most distinctive and admirable quality is their ability to drench every hook in a thick coat of punky sleaze. They've upped the seediness toward dangerous levels on this new EP, especially with the title track, which is the furthest they've gone towards genuine glam thus far. It's all booming beat, guitar crunch, and lyrical innuendo, a sound they wear quite well. The two cuts on the flip are totally killer bad-boy punk absurdities, both steeped in toughness and zoo'd out abandon. When you can wrangle the same intangibles that made Akron boys like TEACHER'S PET and RUBBER CITY REBELS the bee's knees way back when, you're on the right track. They've got it and yes, you should get it too. Their fourth and finest single thus far. (MC)
(Chocolate Covered)

DARTO – "Hex" LP

Rather good bassy and heavy psych, not too far from WHITE HILLS and maybe HELIOS CREED. Vocals are often in the distance but it works out well with the repetition of the songs. Lots of random feedback and what sounds like improvised notes and chords, but it all fits in nicely. On the mellower parts they remind me of SLINT with some brooding bass parts. The flip side's "Warrening" is the only place that is remotely punk but it's a damn good mix of fuzzed out psych and shouted vocals, somewhere in the area of SHELLAC and DESTRUCTION UNIT. Comes with a mini-novel zine called *Faith*. Feels like their sound would be incredibly good live, too. (JD)
(Mother Image)

THE DEAD ANYWAYS – "Direct Me Home" CD

A sterling four-track effort of melodic hardcore. Reminds me of V.CARD, though I fear that's a pretty obscure reference. Lots of grit and sandpaper in there, and a British accent, though I've no idea where they are from. Good thing this kind of music knows no borders! (RK)
(self-released)

DEAD DOG – "Precious Child" LP

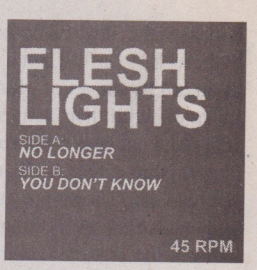
This album grows on you. Fuzzed-out super pop riffs with dual vocals and a very garage-y, lo-fi, reverb-drenched recording. Unlike a lot of other bands in the fuzzy pop rock genre, this album covers a lot of sonic ground. Most songs revolve around anthemic indie pop vocal melodies but there is a strong mix of song structures, and most of the songs are quite dynamic, ranging from sounding like SEBADOH's heavy songs, to ACID FAST-style rifftastic wails, or even sometimes like a guitar-driven spin on SLINGSHOT DAKOTA. Athens, GA knows how to do fuzz, that's for damn sure! Also, the vinyl is a really stunning acid swirl in cool tones, and the album comes with a download code. Check it out for sure! (DV)
(Dead Broke)

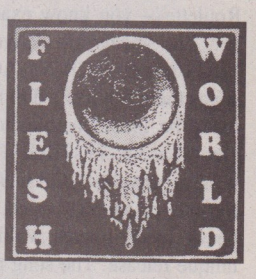
THE DEAD SPACE – "Faker" LP

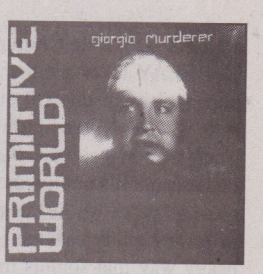
Garage pop and JOY DIVISION collide to give you gothy garage pop post-punk. This band shares members with another band whose record is reviewed in these pages this month (see the GHETTO GHOULS for further reference). It's adequately played and put together and while there's not a whole lot to latch onto hook or lead wise (nothing really pops) it also doesn't drag at all. Part of the lack of "pop" so to speak seems to come from the enduring, straightforward nature of the drums. They don't seem to react to, or accent the more dynamic guitar parts. So, while it seems like there is room for improvement, this still doesn't leave you with any lingering listener's remorse. (P$)
(12XU)

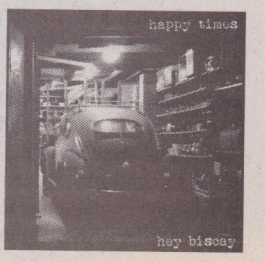
DEATHWISH – "Six Bullet Roulette"

I want to start by saying I was not familiar with DEATHWISH but as I removed the clear blue EP from the sleeve









and saw the Profane Existence label, I was like, "Oh, fuck… Yes!" Then a look at the cover, which is graced by the art of Marald; I am stoked. Side A kicks off with their namesake "Death Wish." The real stand out here is the road-thrashing guitar riffs. The rhythm guitar is the most blazing thing until the lead solo shows up, and they wreak havoc together. Overall, everything is pretty even in the mix and not too distorted, compared to the PE catalog I'm more familiar with, but it works well. These punks have nothing to hide. After all—a "Six Bullet Roulette"—you know exactly what you're gonna get. The vocals are delivered like early WOLFPACK raised by CRO-MAGS. Throughout the four songs there is never a dull moment. The production from the incomparable Jack Control / Enormous Door is as killer as HIGH ON FIRE and the writing as aggressive as COP ON FIRE. DEATHWISH's formula of Motörcharged D-beat, rock'n'roll, and heavy metal rotates within each song making a unique release. The song titles in print seem to be interchangeable too, however (uh oh). Reminds me of the "I can't believe I'm such a fucking idiot" note in *Fuck Peaceville*. If you're a collector of great vinyl artwork and limited edition EPs and looking for something new to blow off steam with the homies, give this revolver a spin. (JR)
(OSD Press / Profane Existence)

DEGREASER – "Rougher Squalor" LP

More way-gone heavy psych, this time out of NYC. This reminds me a *lot* of a way more fuzzed out, sloppy version of early MUDHONEY. The vocalist/guitarist Tim was in the Aussie band BIRD BLOBS, who were a lot more twangy and clean-toned than this. Expect loads of wah-wah, warbley, scrambled guitar solos and thudding bass. "Follow Me Down" comes off like a straightforward but drunken version of THEE OH SEES. The weird mix of slathered-on-a-bed-of-clean-traditional-rock'n'roll riffs is really interesting. Not too much else to say, other than I really like this and I love how damn lo-fi and beautifully fucked up this is in the age where goddamn COLDPLAY is at times considered "psychedelic". (JD)
(Ever/Never)

DELAY – "Circle Change" LP

DELAY takes another small step away from pop punk with this LP. It's unfortunate that that step is just a little more towards straight rock. There's no mistake that there are some good songs on here and it's not too much different to their last record, but the whole thing sounds a little dull. The first song really sets the tone, in a slow and bass heavy way that sounds more like STREET EATERS (even the guitar lacks high end, and that's a problem that plagues the whole record). Then the second song, with its driving guitar part, sounds like it's lacking something and that is either the edge of a heavy song, or the catchy aspects of a pop song. It's like it's sitting right in the middle and not doing much at all. Skip ahead to the last two songs on the A-Side—this is what the record should sound like. "Been Good" is, for the most part, a slow, sad number that sounds like a mix between the WEAKERTHANS and BRAID (yeah, weird, but it totally works for the band). That's followed by a very bouncy pop song, which is what this band is good at. The second side continues like the first half of the A-Side. There's a lackluster sounding song that is almost catchy, a slow dirge, and some mild sounding rock tunes, while that last one is actually a NEIL YOUNG song that he never wrote. Maybe this a little harsh, but I expected more out of this record and the whole thing feels like the band is trying to find a sound that it hasn't gotten to and this record is sitting in some sort of rock limbo. (PA)
(Salinas)

BEN DISASTER – "Another World" EP

This Alberta dude's website states that this is supposed to sound like classic power pop in the vein of Stiff Records and ELVIS COSTELLO. That's quite a claim, and yes, it falls short of it. Although it's not bad, it just seems like I could hear this on some rock or college radio station. Not really urgent, catchy, fast, angry, or anything enough to be power pop or punk. At first listen, I got confused and thought this was ALAN DISASTER, and boy would that be weird. To be honest, I think these songs are pretty good and have listened to this a few times, but there is a serious lack of energy and urgency which makes me just not totally dig it. (DZ)
(Crude City)

DIVIDED MINDS – "Strangers" EP

Yeah! DIVIDED MINDS plays straightforward post-punk with more of an emphasis on the punk than the post. Sometimes, it feels like the band is playing a little too fast for their skill level, in a way where it feels like everything might fall apart, but that adds to the charm of the whole record. Anyway, it has a dark, but not gloomy, sound and sticks to a punchy 16th note-driven attack, not unlike a lower tier MARKED MEN offshoot. It's good. I would go see them in a decrepit squat. (GH)
(Doomtown / Crapoulet)

DON'T – "89/Dead End Drive"

Some older looking folk play some 1980s Los Angeles-style new wave punk rock. "89" reminds me of the BRAT a little. The woman's singing voice is top-notch but lacks in distinctiveness. "Dead End Drive" slows it down in an almost DESTROY ALL MONSTERS meets the MOTELS way. There's an unlisted GUN CLUB cover that's the best thing on here just because it's such a good fucking song. Doesn't really say much for the band. Their name is poorly chosen and could lead one to make many horrible jokes. I won't do it. (RO)
(Dead Broke)

DWARVES – "Invented Rock & Roll" LP

Back in the olden times where punks like myself were forced to suffer through endless "grunge" bands searching for something remotely dangerous, the DWARVES came along like a bitch slap to the face, a bat out of shitty-SF-club-hell. Shows lasting barely five minutes, ending in fireworks, chaos, and violence—a breath of fresh air. I remember one glorious I-Beam show where Jello B. barely got out of the way of the singer's urine fountain. Piss ahead to 2014 and I'm forced to suffer through this steaming bag of geriatric manturds. Naked women on the cover. Surprise. Forays into metal and attempts at their former poppy glory. Lots of poo poo, pee pee, and wannabe offensive drug humor. Alas, not a good song in the bunch. Sad. (RO)
(Recess)

DWARVES – "Trailer Trash/Unpredictable"

OK, I will be honest, I never actively listened to the DWARVES before. Kind of exciting until you start to picture the scumbags who buy DWARVES records for the covers. I always wondered, like, how exactly do these guys talk the ladies into posing for this shit? Is it on some girl power sex positive trip? Or are they just paid strippers? Or maybe they just steal stock photos from dwarf porn CD repositories. I dunno. I guess this prolly just sounds like a super produced slicker rock club version of their late '80s selves. If you like the guy's voice or nakey covers, might as well file this one too. (GB)
(Recess)

EARWORMS – LP

Technical, metallic hardcore, with or without psychedelic lyrics, is probably always going to be divisive. This record is just that, with some of those gnarly '70s style guitar parts that BROWN SUGAR pumped into hardcore in years previous, but without the raw fury of acid eaters and blast beaters QUEST FOR FIRE. In fact, maybe they've put more hard rock than metal into their blend of hardcore, but it's still very technical. Normally I'm down with some occult shit, but this feels as if it's done more for novelty than because these dudes are really living astro. Honestly, it just kills it for me, but fans of DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN might find value in this. (LP)
(Dead Broke / Money Fire)

ESTREME BAMBOULE / SEVERE GOUINE – split EP

ESTREME BAMBOULE does seven hardcore songs ranging from straight driving to more thrashy stuff. There's a mosh part here and there, but it's pretty much an onslaught of absolutely idiotic lyrics the whole way through (like a song about setting the temperature on your fridge) but I think that's the point of the band maybe, not sure why. SEVERE GOUINE starts out with the most interesting song on the record. It's a pretty good, kind of heavy WIPERS / HOT SNAKES sounding one but with a cool, simple, kind of pop guitar part and vocals that are screaming but in a sort of cheesy rock singing way. Their next two songs are more rock'n'roll hardcore in a rather unpleasant way, like hardcore AC/DC. (PA)
(Backwash / Crapoulet / Dirty Guys Rock / Emergence)

THE FAB MODS – "The Girl Next Door" CD

French mod rock here. This also has a bit of a STIFF LITTLE FINGERS feel à la their third and fourth LPs. These guys aren't kids and they have

apparently been around a while but this is just their second LP. Decent stuff; not quite the STRIKE or the CHORDS quality, but still good guitar-driven mod. Mostly for mod completists or French locals in the scope of mod history. (RL)
(Closer)

FAT CREEPS – "Must Be Nice" LP

When a band lists DEATH and DESTINY'S CHILD as their influences I am certainly intrigued. While that may be what these Boston creeps rock in the car, I'd liken them more to the BREEDERS with a sultrier delivery. This is funeral psychedelia with a side of dream pop. I loved this right off the bat. Any band with this much drone and sway has to explore how each sonic element works with (or against) each other, or it feels like a hearse ride to a strip mall. Luckily, FAT CREEPS are more like longboarding through Piedmont Cemetery. The orchestration of the vocal and guitar melodies is eclectic but never random. The tension of the pop elements and the dirge drones make for a record you can't listen to just once. "Having So Much Fun" showcases this sound clash most wonderfully. The album was also released on tape format through Gnar Tapes. (DV)
(Sophomore Lounge)

FIRE RETARDED – "Scroggz Manor" LP

FIRE RETARDED is a good garage rock / punk band from Madison, WI. One of the things I like about them is that they're able to inject a healthy does of hyper punk energy into their songs and not get bogged down by garage rock clichés. Also, every song is catchy as fuck. The record has a perfectly fuzzy recording that suits the whole thing perfectly. They remind me of the kind of band you wanted to see opening up for JAY REATARD, as opposed to the fucking posers who usually opened up for him. Go ahead and get it. I feel like this one will really grow on me over time. (GH)
(Big Neck)

THE FLESH EATERS — "A Minute to Pray A Second to Die" LP

The FLESH EATERS need no introduction, but for those not in the know: Chris Desjardins (known to most as Chris D.) is the essence of this LA group; he was—and still is—constantly assembling and disassembling his backup band. This is the recent reissue of their classic second album (originally released in 1981) and his collaborators on this record have a particularly impeccable pedigree, featuring members of other LA punk stalwarts X, LOS LOBOS, and the PLUGZ, among others. Desjardins was an important architect of early LA punk, one of the brains behind the fanzine *Slash* and a producer who worked with the GUN CLUB and the GERMS, but it is as the generative force in the FLESH EATERS that he really shines. A left-coast RICHARD HELL, he's a man possessed, yelping and yowling through eight songs that take us from LA to Detroit and back again. The record makes as much use of marimbas and saxophone as it does drums and guitar, in equal debt to the SONICS and explosive jazz. (The current wave of saxy-punks would do well to take note.) It's an undeniably creepy and campy LP that touches on death, superstition, and magick, driven by a rootsy form of early rock'n'roll and—dare I say it?—rockabilly, for once, not a dirty word. Fans of the CRAMPS will find a lot to like here. The masterful closing track "Divine Horseman" clocks in at just over seven minutes and is a reference to Maya Deren's book of the same name, a reflection on dance and possession in Haitian Voodoo. This record was recorded in one night by a group of men who may very well have been possessed themselves and has long been out of print on vinyl. A must have for any collection. Comes with an insert contextualizing the record by critic Byron Coley, the band's longtime champion. (GA)
(Superior Viaduct)

THE FLESH LIGHTS – "No Longer/You Don't Know"

Muscle pop from the Lone Star State. Straddled somewhere between power pop and garage rock, this band seems to know how to pull together the composite parts into something cohesive and catchy. There is differentiation between the different instruments both sonically and compositionally and the separate parts all come through distinctly and at the same time gel together. Fun, well played, and catchy stuff. (P$)
(Twistworthy)

FLESH PANTHERS – "Nice Things" EP

I can get really weird about rock'n'roll sometimes. Lyrics that don't mean anything, simply repeated over and over again, with a bunch of "baby, baby, baby"'s and "whoa-oh-oh"'s, a ton of distortion to cover up a shitty riff. Sometimes, though, I find this to be exactly what I need. Nothing mind-blowing or new here, but it's pretty fucking great. (DZ)
(Tall Pat)

FLESH WORLD – "Planned Obsolescence" EP

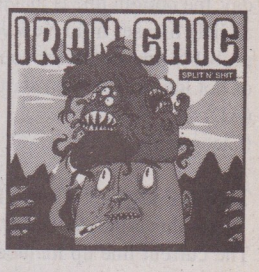
Rescued from demo obscurity, *Planned Obsolescence* contains the original cassette recordings of Australia's FLESH WORLD newly mastered for vinyl. Initially released in 2011, this EP sounds like it could be a lost Midwest USHC classic that someone rediscovered at a garage sale yesterday. This record oozes "raw" and "power" in equal measure. The guitar sounds tuned to shit in the only way that works, allowing the bass to punch through rough and ugly, while the drums and vocals proceed wildly, unhinged yet intentional. FLESH WORLD evokes the inept, chaotic fury of early VOID or UNITED MUTATION without any mimicry or direct reference; a feat that, even if desired, only seems possible to achieve through chance. Surely there are countless demo tapes floating around, from every time and place, that also touch on this kind of innocent, almost accidental brilliance: no one can force this successfully. Though this FLESH WORLD is no more, there is apparently a second recording waiting for release later this year. I'm split between apprehension and eager anticipation, but only because this record is so fucking good. "Every day I annihilate / I'm happy as a pig in shit." (SZ)
(No Patience)

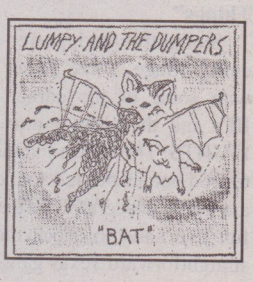
GATEWAY DISTRICT – "Partial Traces" LP

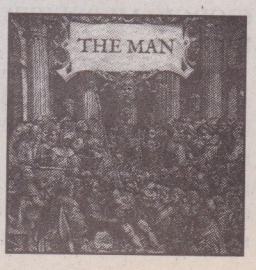
Although I can totally see this band killing it at a house show, I can also see them getting stuck in a shitty bar where nobody gives a shit. Kinda rock'n'roll-y, in an "alternative" vein, with female vocals (with a really awesome/weird sense of timing) and lyrics that put me in a good, sappy, reflective mood. It's simple, it's pretty, it rocks pretty well...I like it. Gimme. Only downer is that it's a one sided 12", and when I like a band, I feel like it's a waste of vinyl. I'd like some more music on the other side, please. (DZ)
(Salinas)

GBH – "Dover Showplace 1983" CD

GBH, now there's a band that's been around forever just kind of being around. Like, has anyone ever said, "my favorite band, GBH?" I guess it's possible, but it's damn hard to imagine. That being said, I've heard much worse live records. The recording is as good as a re-mastered 1983 soundboard tape is going to get, with a particularly sweet raw guitar







tone throughout. They do the songs you've heard, ("Give Me Fire," "City Baby Attacked By Rats"), a pretty okay STOOGES cover ("I Feel Alright") and jam out a few bits here and there in entertaining fashion. The CD includes demo versions of two songs I'm not familiar with ("Drugs Party in 526" and "Vietnamese Blues") that sound okay. "Drugs Party in 526" has a surprisingly proto-goth-y air actually. Dunno where those demo recordings are from as this CD has about as little information included as possible. At the end of the day, the bottom line is that this is a 2014 release of a GBH live set from New Jersey in 1983 and you probably knew whether you were interested in this or not long before you started reading the review. (AU)
(Cleopatra)

THE GEARS – "When Things Get Ugly" CD

Yes this is the *Rockin' At Ground Zero* GEARS. The current line up includes Axxel G. Reese and Kidd Spike from the original lineup and a new rhythm section. I actually saw these guys a couple of years ago and they were good. I love their first LP, a Southern California punk classic. This is their second album 34 years later. It's no *Rockin'* but it's still pretty good. This record carries on with their rock'n'roll sound with some sax in the mix now à la ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT. These guys have done a good job of keeping their sound from the old days with some decent songs to boot. (RL)
(Wondercap)

GET HUMAN – "Garden Leave" CD

These chaps are from Leeds in the UK. But so far as I can tell, they've been raised on a steady diet of Californian pop punk, of the J-CHURCH / early JAWBREAKER variety. Given this pretty flawless reproduction of this (admittedly excellent) genre, I'm a bit baffled by the lead track title—"The Scottish Song." Don't let my bemusement put you off though. (RK)
(self-released)

GHETTO GHOULS – "Plastic Violence/ Things"

Straightforward, power-chord-progression-oriented riffage… like Texas forbearers the DICKS with some of the garage sensibilities of OBN III's and the clean guitar sound of the FLESH LIGHTS. The howled vocal clamor is swathed in topped out, in-the-red sounding fuzz but the words are oddly discernible. This sounds like it'd be a fun live band to check out. Sweaty and muscly straightforward Texas garage punk. (P$)
(Slovenly)

GIORGIO MURDERER – "Primitive World" EP

Post-apocalyptic synth-infused basement punk anthems for dislocated garbage brains, this sounds like it was recorded in 1983 by a maniac-minded miscreant with only dollar store synthesizers and garage sale guitars. All of the songs are insanely catchy *and* malevolent, and last approximately a minute each. Perfect! What more could you want? Nihilistic Oscar the Grouch destruction sounds for those who get bored during the long LOST SOUNDS numbers… If you dig the wild sounds comin' out of Detroit / the mind of TIMMY VULGAR and are lookin' for a Southern take on a similar landscape grab this 7" immediately! It's a different style to that, of course, but similarly compulsive. There's even a spoken word number for all you beatniks… BUCK BILOXI fans will be appeased! (LG)
(Goner)

GLITTER – "Glitter Self Titled Mini LP" LP

Desperate seekers of a Canadian version of OUT WITH A BANG will find relief with this disc. Vocals are blown out monster baby style and come at the innocent listener in stereo surround sound. Repetitive and frenzied guitar sound, dumb bass, loose goofy drums, flailing impotent sounds for flailing impotent punkers… I guess Allessandro tributes in this day and age are few and far between, but I think you would have a better time with the GRABBIES LP than this LP. I know I would rather just listen to the HOMOSTUPIDS. This is an OK record, but the HOMOSTUPIDS made perfect records. Cover art reminds me of the UV RACE EPs. I actually like this, and don't mean to sound so heard-it-all-before, but listening to it just made me wanna go home and put *The Intern* on. (LG)
(Pee Blood)

GODSTOMPER / TERLARANG – split LP

Raw blastcore from two bass/drum outfits with a penchant for split releases. Malaysia's TERLARANG are disjointed and off-kilter with a truly sinister sounding bass—manic blasting crashing into ramshackle fastcore with high shrieking vocals and classic low grind backups. GODSTOMPER have surely reached legendary status by now, right? Two decades of two-piece grind violence, pixelated record covers, and inside jokes continue into the future with this split. Perfectly blown out sound on this one (you never really know what you're gonna get when you drop into the groove on a GODSTOMPER, which is part of the fun), and the jams are at the high end of their output. This band flies under the radar for most folks, but you'd have to search long and hard for a more dedicated dealer of outsider powerviolence. And the final noise track? Killer. True mutants making mutant sounds—great split. (WN)
(Active Rebellion / Beat the Meat / Distrozxione / Dog Down, no info / Grindfather Productions / No Bread / Nuclear Alcoholocaust / Placenta Recordings / Riotous Outburst / Suburban White Trash)

GRAND GURU – "War Machine" EP

Outré one-man-band out of Rouen, France. Reminds me of the garage punk duo MAGIC TRASH, or a bare bones JOHN SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION totally stripped down to the studs and propped up with an odd-thud techno beat. Howling blues vocals with an Iggy-style drawl, only the slightest accent sung to English lyrics, and simple, fuzzed out garage guitar and thud of a drum to get it done. Pretty two-dimensional stuff, but it's got some swagger. Side A's "War Machine" is probably the best song on here, catchy three-chord progression, with flat mod-style female vocals intoning "he's a war machine" over his grated howl; it's odd and charming. Not to mention "Sorry Mr. Neighborhood" on Side B, 'cause he just wants to get sloppy and rock out all night. Sorry to keep you up Mr. Neighborhood, but you know, not really and fuck off. I was kind of into it at that point, but then Side B's "Rock'n'Roll" chorus is downright irritating. But hey, there are worse things than ending on a flat note. It's a sign right? Go home kids, party's over. (CR)
(Burning Sound / Emergence / Guru Disques)

GREAT SABATINI – "Dog Years" LP

Uptempo "sludge" by way of noise rock, GREAT SABATINI mine the latter-day MELVINS catalog to produce a fairly generic and occasionally punky take on the genre. It's not as proggy or catchy as King Buzzo and Co., of course, and the 'verbed-out vocals read more bizarro than kvlt, but there are a couple of moments that I could see on a WEEDEATER record (intended as a compliment). For what it's worth, the fuzzy monster on the cover looks like a leftover from *Yo Gabba Gabba!* or *Seasame Street*, and I hate it. If you're someone who misses the glory days of Ipecac Records and the like, this might be just what the doctor ordered. For the rest of us, extremely skippable. (WB)
(Solar Flare)

GSD – "In Hades" LP

During the first song, I told one of my fellow shitworkers that this sounds like a cross between FUGAZI and JANE'S ADDICTION. From there, it switched over to a semi-anthemic barrage of that sort of SPRINGSTEEN-style pop punk mixed with BLUES HAMMER bar rock. Side two is a little more palatable and fluid than side one (which I could barely listen to). If you like your pop punk tempered by the worst aspects of *120 Minutes* (which should have been left in the '90s), then this record is for you. (GH)
(Dead Broke / Money Fire)

HAPPY TIMES – "Hey Biscay" EP

Dive bar jukebox rock'n'roll. Stripy shirts, tight jeans, whimsical hats (leather daddy, sailor, etc.), tastefully placed pins on the lapels of leather jackets. Rocking, but not wild. Step it up, fellas! Music about drinking for drinking—Last Callcore. You don't have to go home, but you can't stay here. (FU)
(Swashbuckling Hobo)

HARABALL – "Half Tux" LP

The second album from this Norwegian band—thick, heavy, smart man's dumb riffing à la CONDOMINIUM, over a skeleton framework of basic charging DS-13-style '80s US-influenced hardcore. The thirteen tracks are tightly wound to crunch, lumber and leap between thudding, plodding dirges and fast build ups, mostly boiling right up to the edge of full tilt thrashing, but extending more simmering focus on the tension that leads to those points rather than relying on pure explo-

sion. Simple, brute music played with well thought-out panache and tactful delivery in a haze of a loose, loud recording with generous cymbal ring outs and hazy room noise. The lyrics in English are indirect, oblique poetic musings with song titles like "Sack of Onions," "Off My Meds," and "Drug Tunnel Collapse." The cover features a Pettibon-esque Lon Chaney *London After Midnight* kinda cloaked figure with a melted face feeding spaghetti to another man in a bathtub full of blood and/or pasta sauce…so you get the idea. Maybe? Kinda? Or you shrug, don't give it too much thought and just nod? Or does it even matter? Yeah, something like that. Crushing tunes nonetheless, beyond solid. Numbered and limited to 500 red vinyl LPs. Art is life and life is art. (KS)
(Fysisk Format)

HITS – "Hikikomori" LP

From the press release included (fuckin' love those) I'm informed that this record is graced by Rob Younger of RADIO BIRDMAN fame as a producer, and that the band has a history of opening for once great Aussie bands way past their glory days. So fucking what? It's rehashed 19th generation hard rock punk along the lines of the HELLACOPTERS from Brisbane, Australia. The singer's attempts at worshiping his producer's vocal style are just laughable, completed by really stupid lyrics. The musicianship is very good and goes into super BIRDMAN worship on songs like "Church Song" but the songs are boring, Sidney, bpoorrring. There's a hard rockin' cover of JOY DIVISION'S "Shadowplay" that is fucking awful. Hang me. (RO)
(Conquest of Noise)

HERO DISHONEST – "Kaikki Hajoaa" EP

Four new tunes of absolutely unhinged punk from Finnish thrash vets HERO DISHONEST! Not only do we get the full on deluxe packaging treatment of hand screened covers and a download code on this extremely limited release (200, all on black) but a fantastic cover of the PROLETARIAT's "Religion is the Opiate of the Masses" (sung in Finnish!) to boot. A gnarly mix of SKITKIDS intensity and BL'AST like innovation makes this a totally killer record, ripe for a party time soundtrack and repeated bedroom moshing. This is a fun one. (RM)
(Peterwalkee)

INFEKZIOA – "Ezin da Alde Egin Sufrimenduaren Zulotik" EP

Basque band that sings in Euskara cranks this fucking EP out in such a way that immediately brought "Driller Killer"-era DISORDER to mind, due to the wall of fuzz guitars. There are other qualities to this EP that don't trap it in a complete mimicry of any particular style. The bass is infectious and guides me through this whole record. Overall there is enough energy and fury present to make this a pretty cool listen. (MS)
(Blindead Productions)

IRON CHIC – "Split N' Shit" EP

I just realized recently that people care a lot about this band, but they're way off my radar. The record cover made me have paranoid visions of drunken dudes at shitty music fests, but the music is better than the cover would lead me to believe. With good reason, I'm drawn to comparisons from the same school of punk that birthed bands like LATTERMAN and RVIVR. It's anthemic, upbeat and inspires a raised fist gripping a tall can of beer. Got it? Good. (GH)
(Dead Broke)

THE KGB – "Walls of Hate" EP

Lost recordings by the near apocryphal NY hardcore band. Recorded in 1984, the sound quality makes me think the tapes have been shifted from closet to basement over and over for the past 30 years. The music is full-on snotty thrash attack, not unlike the first SCREECHING WEASEL LP (with heavy metal licks thrown in with the punk). Maybe even some HEART ATTACK (think "God is Dead") and other pre-crew NYHC. The B-Side is by far the winner, with "Rigor Mortis" and "My School" being true USHC gems. As enjoyable as this record is, the packaging makes it seem kinda like a cash grab. You see, the drummer is none other than Fred Armisen of *Portlandia*/*SNL* fame. His face is on the cover, and the record sticker gives his name and current accolades top billing, while mentioning, almost as an afterthought, that the band also features members of REAGAN YOUTH and NAUSEA (Kenny Young and Victor Venom). As a document of a former punk who's done good for himself, this is great—IAN RUBBISH and CRISIS OF CONFORMITY didn't appear out of nowhere. I just wish the label wasn't marketing it so much towards the nostalgic *Portlandia* punk parents set, especially since Armisen has stated that the only reason these songs were even released this year was in remembrance of Young's recent passing. (FU)
(Cleopatra)

KNUSTE RUTER – "Bruddstykker" LP

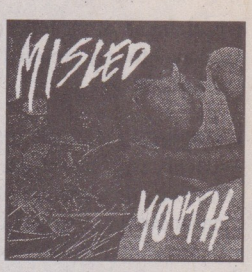
One of my Top 10 releases from 2013 finally makes it to *MRR* for review! Let me tell you—I'm an avid listener and enthusiast of '80s Norwegian hardcore, and *this* is the best of that style to come out since KOLOKOL. This is their third release, this time around featuring the distinct vocalist from STENGTE DØRER. Great guitar riffs in the classic Børre Løvik (BANNLYST, SO MUCH HATE, STENGTE DØRER, CAPTAIN NOT RESPONSIBLE) style. Well-placed harmonized backing vocals are a key highlight, much in the way STENGTE DØRER employed them. The production is top-notch, but still full and raw. The perfect balance of rock, melody, hardcore and intensity. If it evaded your radar last year, here's your wake up call. Get this! (MA)
(Ruin Nation / Sjakk Matt Plater, no info / Skuld)

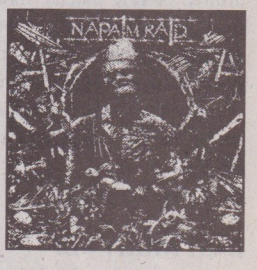
LAKES – "Carved Remains/A Face in the Ash"

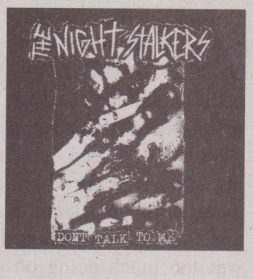
A pretty brooding offering from Australia. Personally, I'm getting tired of all the goth bands, and these days I'm less likely to check out new ones than I was a few years ago. This single, however, is really strong. LAKES sticks to a more tribal drum style rather than a straight punk one. The tones are all rich and perfectly selected to create a very dramatic overall sound. The 12-string acoustic guitar and synth lines really broaden it to the max. Overall, I'm reminded of early DEAD CAN DANCE. Melodies are starting to sink in after flipping it over from side to side a few times. Dark post-punk lovers, do not miss. (MA)
(No Patience)

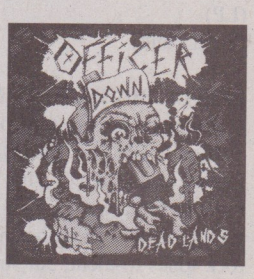
LANSBURY – "Everything Went Static" LP

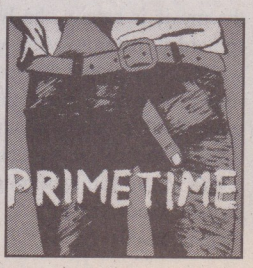
Sometimes in music, bands combine two genres in ways never heard before, and it works. Other times, it doesn't. This band kinda has me stumped. I don't really know where in between hardcore and heavy rock to place this band, but it's somewhere in there. While this is quite refreshing to hear, it's not so much a blend of the styles, but more of heavy rock with midtempo hardcore parts. The vocals are gritty and pretty minimal in most songs, and understandably so in this three-piece. This, overall, is a little too much on the melodic side for me, and not because of the heavy rock











aspect; some of the hardcore riffs are just a little too happy for my personal taste. (KR)
(self-released)

LAPINPOLTHAJAT – "Songs 1997-2013" CD

Theirs was one of my favorite tracks on the *Hardcore '013*, and getting a full dose of this Finnish outfit is a treat. Brittle hardcore in the total spirit of their countrymen, curt vocals for lyrics that are grim but determined, and a hollow bass filling out the low end foundation set by anxious drums. A few catchy moments ("Aaltis" is my fave banger on the disc), but LAPINPOLTHAJAT engage you with sincerity more than hooks. Twenty-seven tracks spanning records from 2010-2013 (I can only assume that the title suggests that the songs pre-date their physical release?). Top notch. (WN)
(Kämäset Levyt)

LAST NIGHT – LP

Garage infused, cold wavy, post-punk riffage with sing-along hooks. Sounds like they're into equal parts JOY DIVISION and the MINDS. While I cringe at most things "cold wave," this has enough character, energy and garage wherewithal to make it a compelling listen. It walks a fine line but there's enough energy to outshine any of the moody posturing often associated with the genre. Solid hooks and reckless energy are the glue that holds this one together. (P$)
(Manic Depression)

LIFE STINKS – "Portraits/Sweep it Under the Rug"

LIFE STINKS plays slogging, repetitive, noisey punk with snotty vocals. It's sort of a punker CCR HEADCLEANER, which makes sense because Justin Flowers is in both bands. As you might expect, this is some real stoned-to-the-bone, slackjawed, dirged out dirt music, and if you're not a true believer you might quickly become exhausted by the relentless and seemingly interminable nature of the songs. If you thought that there was too much going on in UZI RASH but you essentially liked them, this might be your band. (LP)
(Total Punk)

LITTLE BIG BANGS – LP

Many records suffer from a lack of variety, but St. Louis' LITTLE BIG BANGS instead fall to a feeling of unevenness. It's a fine line, perhaps one more so of track sequencing or (lord help us) mastering. Most of the songs have some real cock/bar rock tones to them, but suddenly they throw in a touch of off kilter indie rock twang or some kind of watered down *Rather Ripped* riff. Even when the music is catchy, the lyrics are head-hangingly hard to listen to. And when they threw in the whitey blues slog, I just gave up all hope. Surprisingly, the hidden track that I was dreading was quite good, a jangly psych bubblegum song with tones of reverb and handclaps. I wouldn't say that it was worth wading through the rest of the record though. Woof. (LP)
(self-released)

LUBE / NO FUN – split EP

A nice little slab by two bands that share members in addition to sonic tendencies, as illustrated in a cute little Venn diagram at the center of the insert. Both NO FUN and LUBE split the difference between high-energy garage rock and hardcore, with LUBE getting maybe a bit more ambitious when they decide to solo. Vocals are pretty much interchangeable between the two bands, channeling the primal scream of the SONICS via MUDHONEY. Spite-filled nihilism is the lyrical order of the day, but that's what we all came here for, right? I'm glad we had this talk. (WB)
(WWTA)

LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS — "Bat/X-Rod"

Originally released as part of Lumpy Records' Halloween cassingle series in 2012, these two tracks have finally made their way to vinyl, complete with a theme-appropriate neon orange and black insert. The A-Side is one of the best LUMPY songs to date, recounting a vomiting bat in hot pursuit of our protagonist, featuring pitch-perfect haunted house screams just before the second verse kicks in, and near constant guitar feedback throughout. On the flip is a cover of "X-Rod," a tune originally by Belleville, IL punks MAX LOAD in 1979, also recorded in Belleville—only 33 years later. With this release, all the LUMPY tracks but one ("I Was A Teenage Bozo") have gotten the vinyl treatment, but completists won't have to wait long, since I believe the *Collection* LP is shipping right now. As with all of Total Punk's releases, this single looks great—their signature white copy paper sleeves with red hand-stamped covers. The first pressing disappeared in about the time it takes to listen to the record and the second will be gone by the time you're reading this, but if you come across one, snap it up. (GA)
(Total Punk)

THE MAN – "Sick" EP

Shitcago is back on the map with another overblown weird punk noisefest. It's hard to believe 2004 was ten years ago back when the HoZac sound was a dime a dozen, but now Jay Reatard is dead and the MAN was apparently locked in a remote basement in, what, Humboldt Park? If these guys opened for VEE DEE I might not even go stand outside for the first song. The one-sheet compares them to NEGATIVE APPROACH; apparently that still means something in Chicago. (GB)
(Tall Pat)

MANATEEES – "Earworm" EP

"Earworm" is a danceable slice of mutant thug rock with crummy guitar solos and a brutish rhythm section that'll have you pogoing on the remains of your last few brain cells. X_X meets the DICTATORS? "Stupifyer" has a more trad-dad Rip Off Records feel, then the relentless moronathon returns on "Your Girl," which combines the two flavors for a lifelike walk thru the PCP wax museum. C'mon, get dumb. (LG)
(Ken Rock)

MAN BITES DOG – LP

Six sonically slaying songs that slam you against a wall of sound, slowly drag you through their native Arizona desert and blast you with unfiltered punk power. They kind of have a NASA SPACE UNIVERSE or the COLTRANES vibe to them, which makes sense because they seem to run in the same circle, but MAN BITES DOG is definitely much darker sounding than those two bands. This record transitions seamlessly from the slower noisy parts, to blisteringly fast punk parts and the six songs leave you with just enough to satisfy but still wanting more—which is a good place to be. (KC)
(self-released)

MARTHA – "Courting Strong" LP

English pop punk with a heavy emphasis on the pop. Jangly, bouncy, earnest, catchy as Ebola. Any band that peppers their lyric sheet with quotes from Terry Pratchett and Frank O'Hara is gonna be on my good side immediately. This band obviously takes great effort in their songwriting, and it shows. If the kind of pop punk/indie pop that DELAY, SWEARIN', or even LEMURIA have is your thing, then MARTHA is also your thing. Some seriously quality stuff. (FU)
(Salinas)

MARTHA / SPOONBOY – split EP

Literally, every piece of art/visuals on this entire record is exclusively pictures of the same three-year-old kid. Very mysterious and distracting. But when I stop wondering "Who the hell is this kid?" I realize this record fucking rocks! But in order to share my opinion of how much this record rocks, you have to *really* like pop punk. Because you are waist-deep in some emotional pop punk poetry on this beast. We've got some serious tears in the pogo-pit here. MARTHA is a band that proves to us that MEASURE-style East Coast pop has crossed the Atlantic and is infecting inhabitants of the UK, while SPOONBOY just keeps getting better. Is MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE Washington, DC's best pop punk band of all time? If you can think of someone better, please write their name on a postcard and send it PO Box 420 Idon'tknowwhatI'mtalkingabout, USA, 'cause you're wrong. (FS)
(Nervous Nelly)

MISLED YOUTH – "Waste" EP

In the long, proud (and, in this case, pissed) tradition of DC hardcore, MISLED YOUTH has come at us with a respectable debut EP that epitomizes the anger and frustration of scene politics, worthless people, and giving up. Taking a page out of the BLANK STARE playbook, there are no veiled threats or overarching critiques, only direct accusations and short, nasty fucking songs. This thing is over before you know it, and as a courtesy to your roommates I would remove any breakables from the room before you drop the needle on this sucker. It's like that. Members of COKE BUST and METH LAB trading blast beats for more traditional hardcore punk fuckery. A scorcher, don't sleep. (RM)
(Refuse / Society Bleeds)

MOTH – "First Second" LP

Unexpected releases are sometimes gems from the depths. MOTH just came to me out of nowhere. Hailing from Copenhagen, this is their third release and first full length. It's like listening to a Dark Entries reissue but this was just recorded last fall. Everything seems to be covered in this album: dreamy coldwave pouring over with an unexpected warmness, BATCAVE floor jammers rich with hooks, and minimal synth room-brooding soundtracks. Arrangements sometimes linger far from the starkness of their predecessors but each instrument comes in at the right time. Walk through these cold Copenhagen streets and face your demons. (AP)
(Mass Media)

MOTHER'S CHILDREN – "Lemon" LP

Hailing from Ottawa of Canada this is apparently the second LP from self-described "tough power pop with a heavy taste of early '70s glitter" band. I am not sure I am going to agree with that assessment. This is soooper sugary pop punk; makes me think more of late '70s UK shizz à la BARRACUDAS or PROTEX, sometimes even reaching DICKIES levels of sugarosity. Sounds like shit aged Oakland punkz would listen to in order to keep a foot in the current music scene. It is real good if you feel like hanging out in a teenagers' bedroom, but I'm kind of sugared out as of late; kind of wish some of these current day "glitter" bands would hone in more on the raw'n'gritty side rather than the *Top of the Pops* one. (GB)
(Taken by Surprise)

MURMURS – "Fly With the Unkindness" LP

This might be the best crust-pop record I've heard all year. Pop punk made by kids who are clearly crust-lords. It's got pop hooks, melodies and harmonies for days, but also has a dark inner core. There is a distinct '90s Bay Area pop influence behind these tunes. You can definitely hear their love for CRIMPSHRINE and (early) FIFTEEN on this thing. But unlike many crust-pop records of the past few years (SNUGGLE, CRACKBOX, RECKLESS) these guys get down with some JAWBREAKER. An odd twist. I like it. Okay, so there is a lot of name-dropping going on in this review, but these guys are hardly a rehash band. MURMURS have created an album that is both original and fresh while blatantly wearing their influences on their sleeve. An awesome record. Well worth checking out. (FS)
(Dead Broke)

NAPALM RAID – "Storm" EP

My old band had the pleasure of playing with NAPALM RAID on their first US tour, and all of us (even the D-beat skeptics) were blown away with their performance, and this EP is just as impressive if not more so than the early material. Drawing heavy influence from DOOM in particular and the UKHC scene of that time in general, NAPALM RAID deliver here four tracks of tortured vocals, heavy riffs, and raging solos in short sharp shocks that any punk can appreciate. The recording is a bit tinny, but everything comes through okay and the energy the band put into the recording comes through no matter what, infusing these songs with an urgency that is undeniable. There is a slight metallic edge that is new to me in their work, but it's not so much a departure as an evolution, and perhaps a welcome one if the next material is as good as this. (AU)
(Imminent Destruction / Rust and Machine)

THE NASTY – "Primitive Motive" LP

Full on raging adolescent punk out of Dover, New Hampshire to satisfy your "primitive" desires. The surprisingly well-constructed tunes, unfortunately wear out their welcome rather quickly. Had they trimmed this down to just the choice cuts, I'd probably be spinning this on repeat. A solid effort and I'm waiting to see what comes next. (RM)
(Star of David, no info)

NERVOUS TREND – 12"

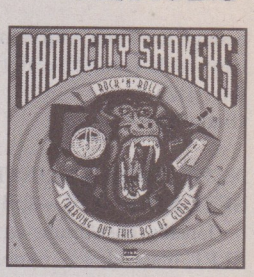
If you're someone like me, you grew up in the '80s and you loved it. Maybe you were at a swim meet and the older kids in their MTV jackets, bangles, and knee-high All Star sneakers were blasting their cassette decks around the pool. Maybe you caught some brief hypnoses of a vocalist, an echo-y guitar and undulating drums. Maybe it was TEARS FOR FEARS or SKELETAL FAMILY, PAT BENETAR, HEART, CYNDI LAUPER… Fuck, perhaps it was *Jem and the Holograms*. Something made you want to dance like *The Breakfast Club* headbang, but secretly, you demanded more grit. A bit more darkness. You needed a raw Jell-O-sugar speed rush of punk rock in those radio tunes. Fast-forward 30 years to Australia and NERVOUS TREND. Released on vinyl by 1859 Records from their 2013 sold-out demo tape, you have the chance once more to have these impressive songs. I mean, this performs on the level of the strongest bands in the post-punk deathrock movement, from the excellent song writing to the complementary tones of each instrument: powerful throbbing bass, scrapping guitars from the CHAMELEONS, CHRISTIAN DEATH, and BELLICOSE MINDS. As for the brevity and power of the lead vocals, contemporaries PLEASURE LEFTISTS, BELGRADO, LA FRACTION, CRIMSON SCARLET and ARCTIC FLOWERS come to mind, which all make singing sound easy. The lyrics are deeply psychological and political. "Senseless," my favorite song, sounds like the theme song of Brienne of Tarth ripping through the battlefield with tears and blood streaming down her face. My point is, this sold-out tape released now onto vinyl kills all without a shadow of a doubt. When you feel like shit, when you want to dance, when you want punch through a wall… you need this. (JR)
(1859 / Black Wire)

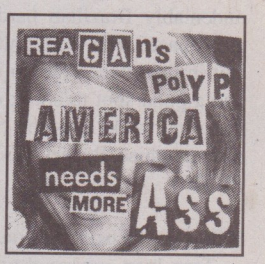
NEW GODS – "Sex and Destroy" EP

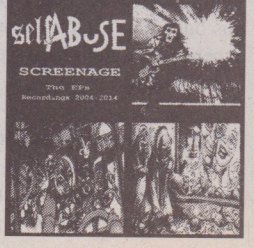
The vocals in this kind of remind me of Keith Morris. But while NEW GODS manage to produce that classic '80s punk sound, they don't at the same time. In an age of sub-sub genres *Sex and Destroy* says, "Hey, remember punk rock man?" None of the riffs are convoluted, but nothing is over simplified either. The vocals are just angsty enough, and the lyrical content packs a punch without being too in your face. This is a good Punk, (with a capital P) record. The cover also features the vocalist wearing clogs, which I think is a much cooler fashion choice than '90s dirtbike moon boots or whatever you freaks are wearing nowadays. (KC)
(self-released)

NEW SWEARS – "Junkfood Forever, Bedtime Whatever" LP

Is there a term for this stuff yet? Beardos in multicolored wayfarers and small jean shorts singing bubblegum-y short numbers about making out, snorting drugs, and rock'n'roll? I am thoroughly embarrassed to admit that I kind of like this shit. It's a pretty good mix of HARLEM'S early hooks and a little POOKIE AND THE POODLEZ for good measure. You could easily write this off as three chord filler written by forever-teens from Neverland, but these guys are competent







enough to switch it up from bubblegum to serious party rock. I am still really embarrassed that I like this. (DZ)
(Bachelor)

NEW YORK AGAINST THE BELZEBU / SETE STAR SEPT – split EP

Japan's bass/drums grind duo SETE STAR SEPT blast eleven rumbling noisy, screaming, shouting, thrashings fits that fit patterns but also have the loose energy of total improv and expansion in a pure explosion of noise. The astute recording captures each quick kick flip of snare drum throttle, gargled vocal screams, and distorted amplified noise spew. On the flip, Brazil's NEW YORK AGAINST THE BELZEBU—a grind band I was unfamiliar with but date back almost twenty years with a lengthy discography—kick out ten 60-second or less noise/grind blasts with a more haphazardly lo-fi recording that emphasizes whatever slides by at the right moment: the garbled Portuguese screams, tin pan sounding drums, warbling distorted guitar. It all works, an undeniably Brazilian hardcore attack amped to grind pace, with a delightful people-banging-on-shit-in-the-kitchen feel to it. Both sides are great, and a good spot to check out both bands beyond the grind freaks crossing off lists to complete the discographies. Rager! (KS)
(SPHC)

NOLLS – "Losing Game/Here Before"

Tape loop enhanced two-man band from Finland, paranoid and skuzzy, reminding me of a danker REMO VOOR. The recording is so lo-fi it's somewhat like listening to a melancholic post-punk band practice in the next room. Somewhat like a less hysterical, less wired, but more ramshackle CATATONIC YOUTH? Operating on the lower frequencies, close to dustbin level. The cover features two sketchbook drawings of wolves playing drums/guitars and looking strangely contained yet over the edge. Interesting record… (LG)
(LOT)

THE NOVELTIES – "Kill the Novelties/Meet the Novelties" 10"

I was pretty sure these guys were Germans from the song titles but am informed they're Swedish. Oh. I reviewed their last record. Ignorant Yank. They've got song titles like "Natzi Natzi" and "Hippies for Food" that warm my heart and are some of the standout tracks. Their better songs remind me of the VAGEENAS or NO-TALENTS but none really take off with any Nazi speed or fury. It's '77-style Euro punk and I really enjoy the female vocals but it still ain't all that. "D.U.M.B" is a catchy tribute to some old punk bands. Pretty funny. Sounds like they had a lot of fun making this but I don't think I would repeat my listening experience of their hard work. (RO)
(Ken Rock)

NV'S – "Trust Fun Suicide" EP

This EP gives us three songs of tried-and-true garage punk. Poppy, fast, melodic and sharp, just like your favorite MUFFS song. These guys don't give you anything new; you've probably heard bands play songs just like these ones many times before. But I don't think this is the kind of music meant for someone looking for something new. It's meant for people that already know what they want, and they want more of it! And if you are looking for catchy pub-punk with attitude, this will be something you like. (FS)
(Big Neck)

OFFICER DOWN – "Dead Lands" CD

Don't be fooled by the Pushead-esque rotting skulls cover. These Brits excel not at insane thrash, but more the melodic hardcore end of fast and furious punk, lots of big choruses and musical tangents. This is their second full length and it makes me want to dive into their first one. Apparently they're stalwarts of the DIY scene too. Good for them. Good for your lugs too. (RK)
(TNS)

O INIMIGO – "Personalidades Plásticas" 12"

Unfortunately, I missed their live appearances when they came to the Bay Area, but I heard lots of high praise. An upbeat, mainly midtempo drive is their backbone on this 12", but the melodic guitar work is their biggest strength. I don't know any Portuguese, but there is a Karl Marx quote in the opening track. The vocal style is in the whine / yell tradition and, I'm sorry, but I just don't like it—though I sense the confidence and passion, which is obviously a good thing. Overall, I'm picking up on a heavy DC post-hardcore vibe, done pretty well. It's their fourth record, and I can definitely tell. (MA)
(Amendment)

ORDEN MUNDIAL – "Obediencia Debida" LP

Two years after their highly acclaimed self-titled LP on Basura Records, Mallorca's ORDEN MUNDIAL strike again! If you thought their first record was a brilliant shredded blend of simplicity, distortion and aggression, you are going to love *Obediencia Debida*, which finds the band tighter than ever, spitting out five menacing tracks per side, every one a solid slap in the face. Opener "Lideres" is one minute and twenty seconds of unstoppable razor sharp guitars, crashing drums, and a singer whose throaty screams command your attention—the tone is set and what follows are sixteen minutes of genuinely pissed off hardcore punk! The sound on the guitar is distorted but not blown out, with chord licks and scratches punctuating the bass, solos slicing up the speakers. During the speedier guitar abrasions I almost hear a slight Norwegian black-metal quality, not so much in the compositions or speed, but in the harsh pitch and empty-basement expansion and rusty nail texture. There are slower, more plodding songs, like worm-beating "Gusanos," or "Son Fantasmas" which has such a demented quality it sounds like the musical equivalent of punching a wall in a fit of fury: you start fast and pound until you almost have no strength left in you, screaming long after you're done pounding. The drums crash and plod along at all the right moments, filling out every inch of available space, blotting out any possible quiet moments (which, when put to use, are highly effective), working in tandem with the bass, that coats everything with its cavernous vibrations. Their anti-authoritarian lyrics are perfectly set to music, which is confrontational and urgent. ORDEN MUNDIAL's sound and songwriting is distinct, making their tracks on both the *Mallorca Punk* compilation and *MRR*'s recent *Sound the Alarms* comp instantly recognizable—hardcore punk of highest caliber, listed under O for Outstanding, along with WRETCHED, ANTI-CIMEX, CRUCIFIX, DESTINO FINAL and SUDOR. Comes with signature killer artwork, released by the punk world's greatest label, La Vida Es Un Mus. Runner up for Record of the Year? It's on my Year End Top 10 list either way. (LA)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

PERTTI KURIKAN NIMIPÄIVÄT – "Jarmo" EP

If you have never heard of this band, they are a Finnish group comprised of four men (who are all well over the standard "punk age") who all live with learning disabilities. They formed this band in their group home to release some tension and have now put out a few records. They play rudimentary, driving, fast, angry punk. This new EP is the most concise and inspired stuff I've heard from them thus far. Did they get an editor? They blast out four angry punk songs about their shit getting taken and things they don't need. It's simple and to the point. I love it. (GH)
(JT Classics)

PISS TEST – LP

I think I reviewed this band's EP a while back when it came in to the rag, but I like this one a lot better. PISS TEST plays ragged, catchy non-hyphenated *p-u-n-k*. They sing about getting jaded because you lost your friends to drugs or God. They sing about having to get shitty jobs and being broke as fuck. It's the kind of record you put on when your friends are drinking on the porch and you're throwing your empties at the shitty fucking yuppies who moved into your neighborhood and have the audacity to jog by your fucking shithole of a house. You know how no band sounds like DEAD MOON, but you can tell when they have DEAD MOON records in their collection? Yeah, it's like that. (GH)
(Jonny Cat)

PIZZOAR – "År 3000" EP

Another highly collectible Swedish punk gem is made available again, with a nice booklet with photos and info in Swedish. This is my first time hearing it and I'm enjoying the rawness, which is similar to that of other punk bands from the period, mixed with the pop sensibility of EBBA GRÖN. They look so young! If you have any interest in old Swedish punk or the *Killed By Death* comps, you'll wanna hear this. (MA)
(Re-Ken)

PLOW UNITED – "Goodnight Sellout!" LP

This is the kind of pop punk that bridged the gap between the snotty self-depreciating '80s Gilman/Bay Area pop punk sound and that East Coast

melodic hardcore / emo / pop punk chimera that bands like SAVES THE DAY and NEW FOUND GLORY did in the '00s that ended up re-defining the term pop punk for a whole lot of people. Sometimes I even hear a beefy Midwest sound that could easily be by a band like DEAR LANDLORD or DILLINGER FOUR. The record was initially released by Creep Records in 1996 but was remastered (by the DESCENDENTS' Stephen Egerton) last year. A hodge-podge of poppy punk sounds that definitely hold up nearly 20 years later. I wish more bands in this genre sounded like this—fast, loud, snotty, with a strong dose of self-congratulating self-deprecation. Favorite record I got this month, fersher. Definitely recommended. (FU)
(Dead Broke)

PRIMETIME — "Tied Down" EP

This post-punk quartet formed in November 2013 for First Timers, a fest of brand-new bands all playing their very first shows. It was an amazing weekend all around, but PRIMETIME was far and away the highlight. Bands like KLEENEX and DELTA 5 are immediate reference points, but these ladies trade in much of those bands' signature angularity and tension for slowed down, churning riffs, reminiscent of the VELVET UNDERGROUND'S "Sister Ray" or the STOOGES' "I Wanna Be Your Dog." The first track, "Tied Down," is an instant classic, declaring the terms of a no-strings-attached relationship and letting a persistent would-be lover know, "I want your body, not your mind / don't wanna see you all the time" with the in-your-face aplomb of a modern day girl group. Yet another reason to be jealous of the vibrant London punk scene. (GA)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

PROCESS – "Our Future? What Future?" 12"

Wow, I'd been aware of this band, without having picked up any of their material up until now based on reports from friends about the quality of their demo and live show, but this 12" exceeds expectations. It is not surprise that DISASTER are thanked in the liner notes, as this is total third generation DISCHARGE/Clay Records worship, right up there with WARCRY at the heights of the style. The tempos are admirably moderate, allowing the riffs and the shouted vocals to carry the tunes, ably underscored by rock solid D-beats and Rainy bass lines. To be honest, I wish there was a bit more bass in the mix because the tone is so dirty and spot-on, when it does shine through the guitar-heavy mix, things really come together. Minor quibbles aside, this is definitely one where I wish there was a reviewer copy because now I have to track one down for myself. (AU) (Urgent Warning)

PROTESTANT – "In Thy Name" LP

Hoooly shit! I've always loved me some PROTESTANT, but this new record is something else entirely, departing from their well-honed dark hardcore attack to embrace the hateful, raw filth of black metal. Cory's unmistakable vocals (and the occasional massive breakdown) provide a link to the band's previous discography, and the throat-ripping fury of metalpunk is definitely there, but they've rebuilt their sound from the ground up with some deliciously lo-fi production. The whole thing is overflowing with jaw-dropping riffs, played with the passion and precision of a band a decade into their existence. Easily one of the top black metal/crust crossovers I've heard—and believe me, I've heard *far* too many in the last several years. I would have to say that this is also PROTESTANT's best, most consistent full-length to date. Trends come and go, but *In Thy Name* is the real deal. An instant classic. (WB)
(Halo of Flies)

THE PRO-TOOLS – "Misanthro-PC" EP

Guitar wizard-laden hard rockin' Aussie hard rock with what seems to be a strong influence from both the bad—(AC/DC, GG ALLIN at his worst and smelliest) and the good (ALICE COOPER, the HARD-ONS). I could've done without the excess guitar wankery on "Succubus," although "Sympathy Root" is better, yet this is just SLOPPY SECONDS crossed with a shitty HANOI ROCKS outtake. There's an OK-ish cover of WARSAW's (aka: JOY DIVISION) "The Drawback" but even that falls really flat. Stick to the Sunset Strip and the lame-o bars you came from, dudes. (JD)
(Conquest of Noise)

PUFF – "Identitätsverlust" EP

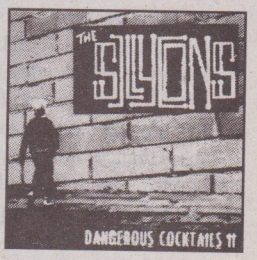
Unhinged, weirdo Berliners are here to take over your brain! These reacto-punks spit out three tracks of jerky, synthy punk jams, with space-y bleeps, kraut kinks and lots of thick, up-lifting bass lines—it's tight yet shambolic at the same time (so it's really good!). The singer screams, laughs and spits out his lyrics in a way that is both aggressive and melodic, the fact that it's all in their native German making this all the more distinct. Dirty synth fuzz lurks beneath tracks that seem to have been configured for Dionysian deconstruction. I can imagine this band's diet consists of staples such as the SPITS, SCREAMERS and DEVO, peppered with some NEU!, MUMMIES and CRAMPS. *Sehr interessant*. (LA)
(Mondo Mongo / Slovenly)

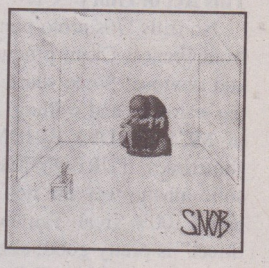
THE PUKES – "Too Drunk to Pluck" CD

Apparently, when punks get longer in the tooth, they downsize their instruments, and go semi-acoustic. These girls (and the occasional boy) gleefully bash out a series of punk covers (and originals) on the ukulele (lots of them), albeit with bass and drums keeping it all semi-kosher. I gotta say I love the DISCHARGE medley, and their version of the VIBRATORS' "Baby Baby" is exquisite. COCK SPARRER, DEAD KENNEDYS, RAMONES and WIRE get the uke treatment too. And the originals ain't half bad either. (RK)
(Hoo Ha)

QLOAQA LETAL – "Nunca, Siempre" LP

Recorded in 1983 in Valladolid, Spain, mastered 30 years later right here in California, and released shortly after by the Mallorca based Metadona Records, this legendary punk tape has finally been properly dignified in the vinyl format. Like their contemporaries in Spain, you can tell their sound resulted from simultaneously digesting both first wave punk and proto-hardcore, recalling a bit of CICATRIZ and KANGRENA but also the gloomy side of PARALISIS PERMANENTE. However, while exuding darkness, QLOAQA LETAL is not campy, just genuinely creepy and candidly cynical about their social reality: "life spits on me / luck deceives me / glory avoids me / death grabs me." While becoming a classic of the *punk ibérico* repository, they definitely developed their own sound here and it's amazing! The bass pulsing percussively over a crudely fuzzy guitar tone, Rouky's warm and gritty vocals, and the intriguing electronic sound of the manual drum kit are all elements that make this stand out in their time period. Furthermore, they often infused their live shows with elements of theatrical plays! The package includes an insert with lyrics and photo clippings from the period showing their wonderful freak aesthetic, and prompting me to shudder thinking about what it must have been like walking around conservative Valladolid in the early '80s looking like that. Possibly attributable to LA BANDA TRAPERA DEL RIO, the word "Cloaca" (sewer) and its associated imagery became a Spanish punk signifier, which one could interpret as





a message reminding the new pseudo-democratic regime obsessed with cleaning its own image that the shit still has to go somewhere. Awesome record and cool artifact. (LT)
(Metadona)

RADIO BIKINI – "Alcoholocaust" LP

TRAGEDY is such a popular band. But why weren't DEFORMED CONSCIENCE, DISSENSION, and HAIL OF RAGE as popular? Was it just too fucking ugly? On *Alcholocaust*, their first LP after two splits and a CD, RADIO BIKINI from Holland add a filth dimension of blasphemous crustcore vocally pitched to that popular TRAGEDY sound, but of course there is plenty of UNCURBED / E.N.T. / DISRUPT screaming included. The songs are short, but fuck that epic crust shit... RADIO BIKINI is all FLEAS AND LICE classic Euro crust with all the critical cues of that era. The heaviness and grit of the record sounds great for being a somewhat reblazed trail. "Fuck Occupy" into "Democrazy" has been the clear highlight for me on consecutive listens with memorable lyrics, ripping drums, climbing lead guitars and a bass that keeps its undercarriage disgusting. The LP includes a glossy 20-page comic zine filled with awesome drawings to illustrate each song's message and themes. There are also hundreds of photos of party times they've had. This comic zine makes the *Rush Hour of the Gods* book look like a pamphlet. The "making of the record" strip is hilarious, because putting out a record is no easy task! The cover art is a dumb-founded skull with tops of cans for eyes surrounded by barbed wire wreathed in bottle caps (this is the second record I'm reviewing this month with art by Marald, where is his art book?!). These tunes inspire me to drink a few, sit back and embrace our disappointing world. Aah, cheers RADIO BIKINI. I will need a copy from one of the nine labels. (JR)
(Chaos Alliance, no info / Death Trap, no info / Headbones Merch / Mankind Disaster / Selfish Satan / Svoboda / Underground Punk Support / Yoan / Zuada)

RADIOCITY SHAKERS – "Carrying Out This Act of Glory" CD

No frills '70s proto-punk/garage-y punk'n'roll from France. Clean production but not too slick and obvious. Some sharp guitar that's heavy on the wah-wah and wailing. A huge ode to the likes of MC5, RADIO BIRDMAN, STOOGES and sometimes TURBONEGRO. Their playing is solid all the way through, even when the songs aren't 100% great. The cover of MC5's "Shakin' Street" is pretty good, although "Rems Jaguar's" mix of a Fred "Sonic" Smith riff with a touch of GLUCIFER and MOTÖRHEAD is much more fun. Altogether a good party / drinkin' kinda band. While some would just dismiss as "generic bar rock"—that's *not at all* what I'm hearing. (JD)
(Closer)

RATOS DE PORÃO – "Seculo Sinistro" CD

It seems that these Brazilian hardcore punk pioneers have gone the route of thrash metal. I don't know when this happened, as I haven't heard anything after *Crucificados pelo Sistema*, but I imagine they've been playing this style for a long time. I don't really listen to metal, but I know I hear SEPULTURA and SLAYER in their sound, and there's a recognizable ANTI-CIMEX cover among the thrashing. It's really vehement stuff, and lyrically it seems like they're still on our team (the punx, of course). Diehard fans of the band and thrash metalheads take note. I'll stick with the punk stuff. (MA)
(Alternative Tentacles)

REAGAN'S POLYP – "America Needs More Ass!" CD

Spaceage drum machine insanity, a complete mindfukk that is more of an experience that a listen. I'm currently trying to figure out "Pissed in the Fire at the K.O.A," and I think REAGAN'S POLYP are trying to be funny, but on the other hand… they might be truly advanced. Maniacal psychedelic freakouts, blips/whirs/shrieks, and songs like "Stop Sucking My Cock," "Don't Fuck the Snack," and the title track "America Needs More Ass!" This shit is really, really weird, like some rednecks got accepted to art school in Providence but then got kicked out because they ate each other's poop for fun and then they went into a cave with MELT BANANA and took drugs. A lot of drugs. Also, this band was from Arkansas and released a shitload of sounds in the '90s, many of which have been inexplicably reissued. My face hurts. (WN)
(Vetoxa)

REAGAN'S POLYP – "Deadenator" CD

A reissue of 1998's supposed "noise-rock classic" by these Arkansas master trollers and I have to say that I'm pretty unimpressed. First things first, the whole racist / sexist / un-PC shock rock thing is just so beyond played out; I know you're trying to ape ZAPPA, but instead of satirical and biting y'all just sound ignorant as fuck, not to mention boooring. The opener "Bridges of Asses" encapsulates the whole disjointed mess rather well, starting off with some truly awful PAUL SIMON-esque crooning before awkwardly segueing into spastic art-punk fuckery and then back into terrible "parody" pop that honestly takes my mind back to MOXY FRÜVOUS. Ouch. The sheer breadth of styles and sound pulled off over the course an hour is certainly nothing to sneeze at, and there's a definite DEVO-ish ear for oddball hooks, but one gets the feeling that REAGAN'S POLYP made it to the 30 album mark (!) with the help of some not-so-judicious editing. There are moments here worth exploring, such as the synth warfare on "Hello Alien," but few will have the energy to pan for gold in this sea of mediocrity. (WB)
(Vetoxa)

RED GLOVES – "Lucky You!/Twins Call"

Thick sounding, melodic punk from France. There's a touch of rock'n'roll swagger in the guitar leads and vocals. The A-Side is a strong rocker that is just on this side of the punk/rock line—DRIVE LIKE JEHU / HOT SNAKES with a bit of that early '00s radio "rock revival" sound. All in all, a solid two songs with some great interweaving bass / guitar lines. (FU)
(Emergence / Geneva Punk Ska / Impure / Red Gloves / Slow Death)

RED TAPE – LP

Dumb cartoon cover of a sexy nun whipping a priest wearing a ball gag. Not really turning me on, as this fantasy is tired and contrived like this record. The artwork is even etched into one side of the platter if you care. Must have cost a buck. Epitaph Records-styled punk/hardcore with slightly rougher guitar. Gag me. (RO)
(Pine Hill)

RESIST CONTROL – "Cessation" LP

The general tack taken by Buffalo's RESIST CONTROL is hyper-fast drumming, driving straightforward hardcore, à la DEAD NATION, with a bit here and there to shout along with. They dabble in some disjointed, uglier material, like in "Unanswered," "Act 1, Scene 1," or the closing instrumental piece, which is fucking good. They don't always do this well, but—on a LP especially—they might have been better served diversifying more. Some of the straight-ahead thrash is pretty sick, but after a couple tracks I'm ready to move on. The lyrics are right on but not outstanding. I say this all the time, but an EP would've been a better choice. (JM)
(Feral Kid / Peterwalkee)

RETSAR BAÏ NAÏM – "Hochelaga" EP

Spastic hardcore from France. The screamed vocals and straightforward fast moments remind me a lot of LOS CRUDOS, but these guys have lots of change-ups to break up the songs a bit. Lyrics deal a lot with life as a punk out in their city on bikes or with spray-paint, and frustrations with their community's right-wing politics. Not the most pleasing hardcore sounds for my taste, but they're coming from a place of sincerity and honesty that I support. (MA)
(Crapoulet / Emergence / Satan Crackheads, no info)

RHYTHM OF CRUELTY – "Dysphoria" LP

A second release from this Canadian two-piece. With an intro that sounds like it belongs on a power electronics tape, I knew I was getting into something distorted. Angular, loud and distorted guitars seem to dominate this record, which is amazing when songs are fast, but the slowness of some of these tracks turns that style into something monotonous and lagging, lacking the manic dissonance that I crave. The drum machine is pretty simple frill-less/fill-less, the reverb turned pretty high up on the vocals. My advice: play fast and don't look back. Overall, this record is pretty tight, just avoid the sleepers. (AP)
(Crude City)

ROMAN CANDLES – "Yorba Linda/Crystal Cathedral"

This sounds like Plan-It-X Records. It's self-released and all, but it's that standard kind of sloppy, midtempo pop punk with overly emotional

sounding vocals that sound like they are trying to yell but constantly gasping for air (and way out of key). You could also say that it sounds like DEFIANCE, OHIO but without the extraneous instruments and a bit more simplified. Top that off with a really blown out recording that makes the guitars difficult to stomach and there you go. (PA)
(self-released)

THE ROMANÉE COUNTEEZ – "99 and A Half/Thru the Wires"

'80s teen movie new wave party rock. Not as clever as OINGO BOINGO or as catchy as the EURYTHMICS, but kudos for nailing that feel and sound perfectly. Horns, synths/keyboards, female back-up singers, the whole thing. Makes me wanna do a triple lindy. (FU)
(Closer)

SELF ABUSE – "Screenage: The EPs, Recordings 2004-2014" CD

Old Brit geezers who decided to get back together for the new millennium, and give it a welly once again. This is what they came up with over the previous decade. And pretty damn good it is, too. Reminds me a lot of the finest moments of the DESTRUCTORS. Rockin' straight ahead punk with lashings of rock'n'roll. A couple of tracks bizarrely bring to mind the (UK) MOB too! Excellent that they've still got it in 'em. (RK)
(self-released)

SICK THOUGHTS – "Gonna Be Your Dog" EP

As you might guess, the title track is a cover of the STOOGES' classic but a few lyrics are changed and the arrangement is nice and raw. So, this makes sense I'm reviewing this the same day I met a bunch of dogs in Duboce Park. SICK THOUGHTS are all from the twisted, young mind of Drew Owen outta Baltimore. The first original is a riffy number that's er, "downer power-pop by way of ALICE COOPER and TONY MOLINA." I love the gnarly, teeth clenchin' vibe of "Something for You" as it reminds me a bit of LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS. The final song has sharp-as-a-javelin chords and twisted keyboards. Great stuff all the way through. (JD)
(Ken Rock)

THE SILLYCONS – "Dangerous Cocktails II" CD

So who's ready for some SILLYCONS?! Hell knows I wasn't. Judging by the name, judging by the cover art, judging by the first riffs, I thought I was going to hear pop punk. I certainly did, but as each song went on, the SILLYCONS get exponentially better in my opinion. Like a giant eyeball moon getting closer and closer to you from the sky. I was like, "Wait. This band just trapped me in its blank stare". Dual vocals switch back and forth like WESTON versus RESTARTS. I believe Alex has the pop punk style but I'm going to guess it's Krusty whose gruff voice plows through the tunes, reminding me a little of MALIGNANT TUMOUR. This guy really has one of the coolest, most gruesome voices I've heard in a while. "Le Tche," in French, has some perfect swagger right in the middle of the album. Everything is slightly off tempo at times, like watching windshield wipers, or a new drummer who just fell in love with the ride, which sounds so tinny, but feels really punk. There are catchy choruses I find myself singing along to and simultaneously asking myself, "What the hell are you saying?" It's like the high of an ADICTS song. My favorite lyrics are in the knuckle-dragging "Lazy Blade," "Witness how the West was made / Deep cuts from a lazy blade / The body of Christ is lacking a heart / The body of Christ is coming apart." All through, the SILLYCONS' *Dangerous Cocktails II* is like a road trip. When you happen upon a strange town, and think, "Oh, I could never live here. Wait, I could totally hang for a bit… Yes, I will recommend this place to my friends." Don't let the batwing doors hit you on the way out. (JR)
(self-released)

SIMPLY SAUCER – "Baby Nova" LP

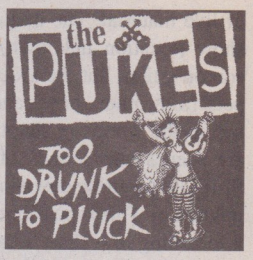
More like a 12" EP, this is apparently five old songs newly recorded by a reunited SIMPLY SAUCER. In the mid-'70s SIMPLY SAUCER musta been a weird sight roaming the streets of Hamilton, Ontario, and their posthumously released '74–'75 recordings *Cyborgs Revisited* are right up at the pinnacle of the emergent '70s proto-punk sounds worldwide. Listening to these new tracks, it's apparent they went out of their way in the studio to try and recreate those '70s analog sounds, but this sounds a lot more like the turn of the century Detroit Rawk reunion era of RADIO BIRDMAN via HELLACOPTERS than authentic '70s. Great to see they're back at it, hopefully playing some live shows; this is good, but, like, I'm not reaching for *Cyborgs* when I wanna listen to the SAUCER?! C'mon. Gray splatter wax, yo! (GB)
(Schizophrenic)

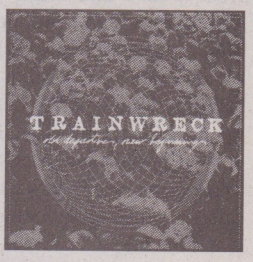
SISSY SPACEK – "Lead Their Exit" EP

The unrelenting stuff of nightmares. Way brutal. In the quest for the most extreme sounds, everything speeds up and becomes increasingly unrelenting. Kids who grew up on hardcore just upped the ante until the fastest notes melded into one terrifying sound, they found themselves as noise drone weirdos. At some point this becomes the thing that everyone does, it's tired and clichéd and calling for a return to roots. They decide to leave their bedrooms, move backwards and start a hardcore band. Slow down that harsh drone just enough so it's notes and not just forever. But the noise freakdom cannot be entirely shed; they're not just going to ditch all those pedals and shit. And instead of keeping with the twenty-minute jam format, songs will never clock in at more than a minute. OK, OK, powerviolence. (MM)
(Dais)

SISSY SPACEK – "Window Hammer" EP + DVD

If you are curious about prolific Pacific Northwestern noise grinders SISSY SPACEK, but are unsure of where to start, I would humbly suggest this release, possibly their latest. The record itself offers up one side of bass-drums-vocals grind, an avalanche of twenty-second songs, and one side of bass-drums-vocals-hissing-electronics grind/noise, which is more a wave of seething static. Both are great, as SISSY has been doing this for over a decade now and they're sharp as a whip when it comes to this brand of sonic violence. It's all so very airless, without the tired convention of a slow burner to close things out, just lightning fast from start to finish. I know that some grind/powerviolence purists don't like the high and screechy vocals, but those dudes can go fuck themselves. Spazz grind can sometimes feel like noiseniks making fun of grind and hardcore, but SPACEK have always been able to walk that line with aplomb. Part of it is that they're fucking shredders; they never pull their punches when it comes to weird ideas, and they always sound so goddamn pissed. I'm not actually sure if "Seven Dwarfs," the B-Side, is a remix of other material (possibly the A-Side) or a whole cloth new piece, but it's comparable to *Incomprehensible Dehumanization*, another record of theirs I had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages recently, if somewhat less orderly. Fantastic. The DVD that comes with the seven inch is a healthy dose





of live material. The main program focuses on a show (location unknown) featuring Jesse Jackson on guitar, but the video is intercut with snippets from other shows and, at one point, a field trip to the woods to shoot guns. Also slipping in are scenes and sounds of SISSY SPACEK and SMEGMA getting down in a living room (location unknown). This is possibly the best presentation of a recording of a show I have seen. Also included are videos of two other shows, sans Jackson, and edited only to take out the breaths between songs and any technical difficulties. An excellent half hour of grind. *Grrrriiiinnnnnnd*. (LP)
(Chondritic Sound)

SKAVEN – "Discography" LP

Compiling their self-titled 7" along with material from splits with DYSTOPIA and STORMCROW, this LP gives us the entire recorded output of the short-lived SKAVEN, who managed to leave a lasting impression on the East Bay (and worldwide) crust scene in just a couple of years. For those of you who are unfamiliar, SKAVEN did a fairly upbeat take on the legacy of classic UK crust like HELLBASTARD and AXEGRINDER, but with the decidedly '90's vibe of contemporaries such as ELDOPA. Along with an undeniable skill for writing catchy fucking songs, their two bass/one guitar setup yielded a fairly idiosyncratic sound; just listen to those bass leads at the end of "Reflective Skin" and you'll know what I mean. A truly gorgeous lyric booklet collects some of the most depressing sentiments you'll ever find in a punk record, but what else would you expect from a band that shares members with ASUNDER? Great liner notes too, including the story of how "a member of a well-known Bay Area band" bit someone's ear off in a massive crusty-versus-skinhead brawl outside one of their shows. A top-notch remaster by Brad Boatright and a whole slew of posters and inserts complete the package, making this hands down the definitive SKAVEN release, a must-grab for any scumfuck worth their own filth. (WB)
(Skuld)

SNOB – "Harassed" EP

The visions of CRASS from stiff delivery and lyrical themes, but kind of a mess (this is a compliment). This ditches the sparser sounds and instrumentation of said band and piles twenty thousand times of heaviness and a disheveled disposition onto it. There are hints of a nu goth ARCTIC FLOWERS vibe, but it's all plunged deep into cacophony. Almost off, but not at all taped-together-chaos, holding on for dear life, but not in desperation, just in sloppiness. (Again, compliment). (MM)
(self-released)

STORMTROOPER – "I'm a Mess/It's Not Me"

Heavy, but not as heavy as a name like STORMTROOPER would imply, STORMTROOPER were London based pre-punks / pub rockers that released one lone well-distributed DIY 7" circa 1975. This here is a hand-numbered out of 500 legit repress which, unlike the OG that came in a flimsy stamped die-cut sleeve, has a full color picture cover replete with barcode and elaborate photo/history insert, and in all likelihood is actually rarer than the original 45. I remember picking an OG up for a couple bucks in the mid-'90s and thinking, "This is a kinda punky sounding bar band," and it's true, but "I'm a Mess" is still one helluva cracker. Radical. (GB)
(New Red Archives)

STRASBOURG – "Sexe et Violence" LP

Dissolute French minimal synth punk landscapes, invoking their forefathers MÉTAL URBAIN but also mining similar Ballardian territory that many of the early Subterranean Records groups advocated with a true nihilistic yet somehow serene sound. Definitely more on the "Driving Blind" end of things than "122 Hours of Fear." Sounds like something that Dark Entries or Superior Viaduct would reissue, except it's happening now. Insidious, otherworldly synth patterns over dense beats, whilst a vocalist intones creepily… The B-Side is a strange tape loop breakdown that's almost like listening to CHROME on the wrong speed, looming synthesized bass lines and shrieking hysterical synth echoes create a desolate effect that's disconcerting and all encompassing. If you are a fan of early Industrial Records this might be up your alley? (LG)
(Le Turc Mecanique)

SUBTLE TURNHIPS – "Redhair With Some" LP

Homeless' latest punisher comes in the form of the fifth album from this French underdog outfit. It's pretty cool to see interest spike in this band, as their recordings have always impressed and show no loss in potency in 2014. These TURNHIPS stand above much of the Euro garage lot as their attack is much more direct, coating some bombast over UK post-punk or classic DIY sounds, capably offering sharp art-punk and bursts of caveman riffing in fairly seamless fashion. Powerful and sneakily clever shit here. I say go for it. (MC)
(Homeless)

SWEARIN' – "What A Dump" 12"

Dang! This record is super good. SWEARIN' has put out two LPs already and both seemed "okay," but not amazing. This record however is amazing, and leaves me wondering if I never gave the other releases enough attention. *What A Dump* is a vinyl pressing of their original six-song demo tape, released several years ago. It skates the line between pop punk and indie, encompassing both equally, while also bringing in hints of emo and grunge. It's like if the BREEDERS were a punk band. Or if MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE discovered GUIDED BY VOICES were their new favorite band. Within the six songs they show depth, complexity and soul. My head has been thoroughly turned. Find this! (FS)
(Salinas)

SYSTEM SHIT / VITRIOLIC RESPONSE – spit EP

SYSTEM SHIT are old school, I remember these guys from an EP or split that I picked up in high school as DISRUPT-style crust and, sure enough, here they are spitting out grindy crust with high/low vocals just like they were in the mid-'90s. They're a perfect match for their split-mates, the UK's VITRIOLIC RESPONSE, a band that totally captures the same vibe, though they spice up their side with samples and a NAPALM DEATH-esque short grinder. I dunno how essential this is in the grand scheme of things, but it's a fun listen for anyone who has abiding nostalgia for that inimitable political '90s crust/grind style. (AU)
(FCR / Direct Hit / Positive Cacophony / Rotting Head)

SONNY VINCENT – "Cyanide Consommé" LP

SONNY VINCENT is one prolific bastard. He's been at it for almost 50 fucking years. Best known for fronting NYC's '70s punk band TESTORS, he's toured throughout the years with such badasses as VELVET UNDERGROUND's Maureen Tucker and Sterling Morrison, recorded and played music with the likes of the STOOGES' Scott Asheton, Thurston Moore, Lou Reed, Cheetah Chrome, Ernie Knapp (CHARLES MANSON) and Kim Shattuck just to name a few. So, with all that said, I admit I'm not one to idolize. Frankly, I get sick of seeing old, chewed up punkers still stroking themselves to their unwavering groupies, mouths agape still ready to swallow. Seriously, for fuck sake, just stop it. But I must say, '70s NYC punk influence is alive and well, still pulsing through the veins of SONNY VINCENT's work. Songs "Jealously," "Supernova" and "Corner Stone" are as good as anything the TESTORS could dish out, VINCENT's voice still as snotty and raw as it was in his twenties. Solid hooks, fast and anxious delivery—it's good. I'm not a diehard fan of TESTORS, or VINCENT's subsequent work, but this is pretty solid. (CR)
(Big Neck)

TERCER MUNDO — "Ser Nosotros Mismos" LP

In the years since their instantly classic and universally lauded first EP, the punks behind TERCER MUNDO have relocated from Monterrey (epicenter of the Mexican drug wars) to Mexico City (a place with plenty of its own problems—and the subject of this month's scene report). Their 12" isn't quite as in-your-face as that record (which famously featured a photo of a naked, legless female corpse, shot in the chest and captioned with the phrase "Mexico 2012—60,000 human beings dead. Now go party and score some cocaine."), but it doesn't have to be. They got your attention. This is more subtle, but no less incendiary. I can't help but think of *Presionados*, the 1989 LP by XENOFOBIA, who also hailed from D.F.. The cover of that record features *los cerdos* facing an angry mob, fists in the air; the back of this one has a lone man pelting a rock at a wall of

faceless cops. In 30 years, how little has changed—in fact, it seems like things have only gotten worse. *Espero llegar al día/ que acabe esta pesadilla*. TERCER MUNDO take elements of classic Mexican hardcore and make them their own—they pick up the pace, put blistering guitar leads and solos on top. Bile drips off the vocals, provided by Dave Rata (of RATAS DEL VATICANO), who seems to be the primary songwriter here, also playing bass and guitar on these recordings. A contender for record of the year, it comes in a hand-screened sleeve, with a risograph printed insert with lyrics in both Spanish and English. Pick this one up while you can. (GA)
(Cintas Pepe)

THEE MVPS – "Oh Sally/Amok Time" EP

Two songs steeped in BLACK LIPS-esque jangly rock vein. There are fuzzy guitars and echo-y vocals. The songs are catchy, but as much as I like poppy, garage style rock, I am really getting sick of this sound. (CK)
(Slovenly)

THIGH MASTER – "Head of the Witch" EP

So THIGH MASTER is from Melbourne and they seem to really like the CLEAN, but then, don't we all? The three songs on this little record all reminded me of the *Vehicle* stuff, a little more introspective and not quite so bouncy. Oddly enough, I also get somewhat of a BIG DIPPER vibe on the start of the B-Side, but that might just be the chords they chose more so than any element of song structure. I like this, and I like *Vehicle*, and if you like *Vehicle* then this record will at least get a smile out of you, because, goddamn, these kids are going for it. (LP)
(Tenth Court)

THRASHINGTON D.C. – "The Smadja EP"

Dead and gone, THRASHINGTON D.C. recorded the A-Side of this EP on their last tour in 2011. "Too Fat For This Shit" starts off with fast, straightforward hardcore and goes on to a bouncy, catchy chorus. "Bretagne 44" is like the chorus, but all the way through. This track would be a fan favorite—easy for Francophones to sing along with. The B-Side is a dance remix of their song "Kill My Boss." Perhaps club-goers will be radicalized. The insert has the lyrics and a photo collage featuring their butts. If you'll buy an EP for one good song, this'll get you by. (JM)
(By the Kids for the Kids / Crapoulet / Emergence / Navarro, no info / No Glory)

TRAINWRECK – "Old Departures, New Beginnings" CD

Germany's long running powerhouse TRAINWRECK are back at it with a proper full length, after a long string of EP and split releases over the course of the last eight years. Drawing from the muscle of bands like the CURSED and the melodic cacophony of YAPHET KOTTO, TRAINWRECK have fostered a sound that has certainly matured while still brimming with explosive energy. *Old Departures, New Beginnings* showcases their versatility by capturing the punishing side of the band while balancing it with years of growth and tempered hostility. In the tricky world of sub-genre hardcore TRAINWRECK have managed to maintain a high level of integrity and with this release continue to produce unique, uncompromising records. Equally as aggressive as their early work and just as passionate, this album incorporates traditional hardcore signatures with progressive, chaotic songwriting. With past releases on Adagio 830 and Vitriol Records, among others, and having shared the stage with bands like GRAF ORLOCK, COMADRE, and JUNGBLUTH, this record will fit nicely among their discography as well as that of their peers. If you are a fan, you will not be disappointed. If you are interested, this is as good a place to start as any. (RM)
(Rockstar / This Charming Man)

UNFUN – "Shores of Lake Erie" 12"

Did this band break up? Am I wrong? Whatever. I have never followed this band too closely besides playing the occasional show with them, but this one-sided 12" is pretty fucking great. They do a thing that is a little hard to describe, which is play that style of midtempo (and slower), gloomy, Northwestern, gruff-voiced punk that that feels almost trademarked by JAWBREAKER and DILLINGER 4 before them. On paper, it sounds terrible but in execution, it's incredibly beautiful and a raggedly great record. Each song is brief and to the point, but contains incredibly catchy choruses and memorable hooks that will bury themselves in your brain for days. Many will categorize this as pop punk, but it's so much more. I respect bands who can take a genre and transform it into their vision rather than relying on the parameters that have already been set for them. On the flip side of that, the recording quality is sort of bad, but it also lends to the gritty character of the record overall. Get into it. (GH)
(Dead Broke)

THE UPRISING – "Screaming from the Inside" EP

Raging mid '80s UK political hardcore demo unearthed and given a proper release. File alongside BROKEN BONES, ENGLISH DOGS and the like, a frenetic pace that barely lets up for the odd intro and crazy catchy (and vaguely metallic) riffs. This demo has made the rounds for years, and Not Like You did it proud with the vinyl release. (WN)
(Not Like You)

USELESS EATERS – "Desperate Living" EP

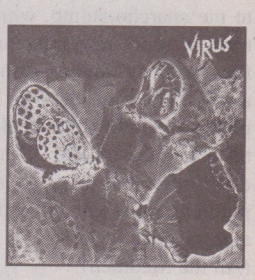
SF by way of Memphis garage sounding minimalist KBD punk with some healthy shimmy and sweet keyboard action thrown in for good measure. Apparently this band rose to prominence and gathered acclaim as the opening band for JAY REATARD on his last tour. That's worth noting because while the band doesn't necessarily sound predictable (thanks in large part to the addition of the synth), they do sound exactly like a band that would open for JAY REATARD… i.e. catchy garage punk with a Memphis sound and sneer. Enjoyable stuff. (P$)
(Slovenly)

VILLAGE OF WEEDVILLE – LP

Lotsa trite-ass geetar lixx coupled with a not-so-thinly veiled vibe of drinkin', fightin' and fuckin' tells ya all ya need to know about VILLAGE OF WEEDVILLE. Assuming one can peg NASHVILLE PUSSY as an A+ outfit for this shit, these villagers are squarely a C–. I will tip my cap toward "She Eats Pussy" though, as rhyming "muff" and "can't get enough" is basically cool. LP sleeve features a goblin nailing a screaming turbo-breasted woman on top of a hot-rod adorned with a confederate flag. So yeah, pretty classy stuff. LP came with an issue of *Loud Comix*, which I promptly ignored. (MC)
(Rock'n'Roll, no info)

VIRUS – "It's Not What It Appears" EP

Gillingham, Dorset's VIRUS was formed by teenagers in 1983 and released two limited edition cassette demos before splitting in 1986. They toyed with reunions in the 1990s until two original members reformed the band with a more permanent, active status in 2006. They've since released two full-



length CDs of new and rerecorded material. This two-song red vinyl EP, limited to 300 copies and released as part of All The Mad Men's singles series, is actually, aside from an appearance on Mortarhate's *We Won't Be Your Fucking Poor* compilation in 1985, the band's first appearance on vinyl. "Nuclear? No Thanks" questions the use of nuclear power and ties into the cover's use of mutated Fukushima butterflies. With a heavy reliance on melody directed with shining guitar, there's an almost early '80s Orange County feel to the anarcho-stomp, which tilts a whole spectrum of sound and influences full circle. On the flip, "Fallacy" builds from a rhythmic dirge to assail the loss of idealism and aspiration as people lose faith in punk idealism. It's inspiring that the members of VIRUS haven't lost that sense of wonder, and this is a great dose of chanting political anger carved with guitar driven hooks and grit. (KS)
(All the Madmen)

VERMIN – "The Primal Fog" EP

Here is a Floridian trio with an unmistakable admiration for DISCHARGE. They keep it raw and stripped down, but I'm thinking more first wave European hardcore than noisy blow out. Short, concise lyrics are faithful to the D-beat tradition, but steer clear of the cliché war imagery. Big vocals with some tasteful reverb keep it roaring from beginning to end. For fans of D.H.K., but also MAUSER. Solid! (LT)
(Urgent Warning)

THE WET – "Bad Habit" EP

Surfy VU-worship garage punk band the WET debut with an infectious rambling three-song EP that makes you want to do the twist like a drunk muppet. The production is like a time warp—this album on first listen sounds nostalgic. Gritty female vocals mix in with sharp hypnotic bass lines and crisp, seducing guitar chord sweet sweeps and attacks. All three songs are solid, with the middle track "Bad Habit" really showcasing their ability to break free of the old garage psychedelia sound for some more raw riffs during the chorus. This EP thoroughly shows that the WET may be a modern relic, but they are no one-trick pony. Inspired most obviously by Reed and Co., but also with that unhinged cohesion à la PRIESTS, and sometimes reminiscent of the VIOLENT FEMMES. They end the EP with a haunting, building rambler that ends with a STOOGES / STONE ROSES nod, singing "'cause I want you to wanna be my dog, 'cause I wanna wanna wanna be adored" which rounds out a strong showing. No lyrics included, so apologies if that quote is off, but otherwise, this 7" comes packaged with a simple fold-over sleeve with great layout and photography on display. I'm already dripping but looking forward to getting more WET as soon as I can. (DV)
(Tall Pat)

WHODUNIT – "Welcome To..." CD

Some nerdy-looking studio types play some pulp fiction inspired, '60s-tinged, slightly punky rock with horrible Euro accents. There're even photos of them recording this masterpiece. Dudes sitting down playing in headphones hunched over a hot mixing board really gives me that gritty punk vibe. Somehow they got a hot chick to pose for the back cover. Maybe she really digs comic books. They really like the CRAMPS and even lift one of their tunes. Truly awful. (RO)
(Closer)

WILD YOUTH – "Wot 'Bout Me/Anti You"

Goddamnit, I still never got this fuggin' *so* exotic South African jewel, what a friggin corker! Shit is a monster. I guess I'll never get an OG. You guys all suck. I guess the B-Side is a re-recording of their song from 2013, somehow it's pretty hard to tell this is a new recording, maybe they meant it's a new recording of a boombox cassette from 1977. Best record ever? (GB)
(Retrobution)

WWHIRR – "Modern Hypocrisy" LP

Guitar-free heaviness from Malaysia, anguished crust sounds with an obvious MITB bent in the slow parts. WWHIRR shine when they slow it down; vocals are devastating and the riffs suck you in…I admit that I miss the guitar when they speed things up, but they do call themselves Discomfort Powerviolence, so perhaps that's the intent. Lyrics are internal, frustrated and spite-filled… very ugly sounds. (WN)
(Merciless)

X-RAYS – "Jameson Shot" EP

Revved up punk'n'roll with wailing guitars that don't suck and a snarly buncha vocals. These are just basic drinking punk songs—so obviously don't expect a treatise on the state of humanity here—still, they play with a good level of intensity. "Drinking for my Baby" is pretty generic *but* the bass and guitar tone is pretty rad. The last tune "Retaliate Now!" has more of a strum into big late '80s / early '90s grungy punk à la NEW BOMB TURKS (who seem to be the primary influence of this band) and a bit of MUDHONEY's "You Got It". Nothing too special but not bad at the same time. (JD)
(Big Neck)

YES MISTRESS – "Drunk Again" EP

Southern California band that apparently has some connection to SHOOT IT UP, not that you'd pick up on that much considering the relatively uninspired sounds contained here. Three of the four tunes are lame speed-freak rock saved only by weird horn or synth bursts, while "Clothes Pins" stands far above it all as the punkest tune in the set. Not a good ratio here, so I'm gonna say pass on it. (MC)
(Ken Rock)

THE YOLKS – "Kings of Awesome!" LP

While all of the band's previous efforts have delivered the goods, *Kings of Awesome* is just bursting with spirit and attention to the classic good-time rock'n'roll form that is all too rare these days. The A-Side is just one hit after another, teetering between genuinely innocent and itchy teenage hormone rave-up, taking '60s punk and updating it with VU cool. The B-Side switches gears toward an organ-driven R&B crescendo that has me convinced that each and every YOLKS show ends with a whipped crowd stomping and slipping on a beer-saturated dance floor. Hope I can catch it in-person some day. Kudos to Randy for releasing 2014's ace summer party platter...get yours *now*. (MC)
(Randy)

ZEX – "Wanderlust/Escape This Life"

Two songs of killer anthemic '77 punk from Canada. This might be the most AVENGERS-sounding record I've heard since the BAYONETTES. Although, they add in all kinds of cheesy (I don't mean it in a bad way) guitar solo stuff, gives it kind of a JOAN JETT feel at times. They kind of bounce back and forth from hard rock to punk, and the end result is insanely infectious. These songs will be rattling around in my head for days. (FS)
(Wired for Sound)

ZUSTÄNDE – "Reihenfolge der Lieder" EP

Five-song EP from this German outfit. Very melodic and energetic shit, immediately comparable to the MARKED MEN, in that they can conjure memorable and immediate hooks out of non-stop buzzsaw guitar itchiness. Mile-a-minute punk that oughta please sweaty poppers the world over. (MC)
(Kink)

V/A – "Kiss of Million Dollars" CD

Yeesh, knowing what little I know about the bands on this CD, I'm not stoked on having to review it and mostly...yeah. I know and like DERIDE, and their three tracks (save the spaced-out intro stuff) are more of the same garage-meets-hardcore that you expect from this crew. WAGPLATY threw me for a loop by starting off with a really kick-ass bandana thrash style hardcore tune, but that quickly devolved into their usual "quirk for quirk's sake" style songwriting. ANTONIOTHREE have a trumpet player and sound like one of the bands that made me embarrassed that I grew up in DC in the early '90s (read: fake " soul" vocals, songs that stick around way too long, super hard posing). And, oh boy...HOLLYWOOD MASSAGE VIBRATION. Ex-members of a shocking list of amazing bands making the kind of music that dudes who aren't really into music anymore but still have guitars laying around make. The frustrating part is that there are a few brief flashes of really solid hardcore lying around amid the bits of bad jazz, soft-rock, and "world music" that make up the bulk of the tunes. Ah well, we can't all age gracefully. Since the DERIDE tracks are fairly forgettable this is an easy recommendation to avoid. (AU)
(Hardcore Kitchen)

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1859: 1859records.storenvy.com
Acontrario: acontrario-records.blogspot.fr
Active Rebellion: McCarthy's Business Centre, Enterprise House, Education Road, Leeds LS7 2AH, UNITED KINGDOM; activerebellion.com
Alive: alive-records.com
All The Madmen: allthemadmen.co.uk
Alternative Tentacles: alternativetentacles.com
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Anti Koerper Export: antikoerper-export.de
Awesome and the Ass Kickers: awesomeandtheasskickers.bandcamp.com
Bachelor: bachelorrecords.com
Backwash: kaps84@hotmail.fr
Beach Impediment: beachimpedimentrecords.blogspot.com
Beat The Meat: beatthemeat869@sbcglobal.net
Big Neck: bigneckrecords@uas.net
Black Wire: blackwirerecords.com
Blindead: blindeadproductions.com/
Broken Brains: x4298x@gmail.com
Burning Sound: burningsound.net
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Chondritic Sound: chondriticsound.com
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Cleopatra: cleopatrarecords.com
Closer: closerrecords.com
Conquest of Noise: conquestofnoise.com
Crapoulet Recrds: crapoulet.fr
Crime on the Moon: crimeonthemoon.tumblr.com, coldbeatcoldbeat@gmail.com
Crude City: crudecityrecords@hotmail.ca
Cut The Cord That...: ctct-records.tumblr.com
Dais: daisrecords.com
Danger: dangerrecordsparis@gmail.com
Dead Anyways: thedeadanyways.bandcamp.com
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Deviance: steph.deviance.free.fr
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Dirty Guys Rock: dirtyguysrock@gmail.com
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Doomtown: doomtownrecords.bandcamp.com
Easter Bilby: easterbilby.bigcartel.com
Emergence: emergencerecords.blogspot.com
Ever Never: evernever.records@gmail.com; evernever-records.bandcamp:com
Everything Sucks: everythingsucksmusic.com
Fat Wreck: fatwreck.com
FCR: rippingthrash.com
Feral Kid: feralkidrecords.com
Forever True: veganjustice@ymail.com
Fysisk Format: PB 8828 St., Olavs Plass, 0130 Oslo, NORWAY; www.fysiskformat.no
Geneva Punk Ska: genevapunkska.com
Get Human: gethuman.bandcamp.com
Going Underground: 1822 G St, Bakersfield, CA 93301
Goner: goner-records.com
Grindfather Productions: grindfatherprod.com
Guru Disques: gurudisques.bandcamp.com
HA-KO Bastards: facebook.com/HA.KO.Bastards
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Headbones Merch: headbonesmerch.com
Here and Now: stillburns_pdhc@hotmail.com
Homeless: homelessvinyl.com.au
Hoo Ha: thepukes.co.uk
Horror Business: Am Kapellenknapp13, 59379 Selm, GERMANY; horrorbiz.de
Imminent Destruction: iminentdestruction.bigcartel.com
Impure: impuremuzik.fr
Jonny Cat: crapexplosion@yahoo.com
JT Classics: jtclassics.co.uk
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Ken Rock: ken-rock.com
Kink: kink-records.de
La Vida Es Un Mus: lavidaesunmus.com
Lansbury: lansburypgh.bandcamp.com
Le Turc Mecanique: leturcmecanique.bandcamp.com
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Lot: nolls.contact@gmail.com
Lube: lubesemailaddress@gmail.com
Magnetic South: magneticsouthrecordings.com
Maloka: malokadistro.com;
Man Bites Dog: manbitesdogaz.bandcamp.com
Manic Depression: manicdepressionrecords.com
Mankind Disaster: mankinddisaster.blogspot.com
Mass Media: massmediarecords.bandcamp.com
Mass Prod: massprod.com
Merciless: merciless.records@gmx.de
Metadona: metadonarecords.com
Mondo Mongo: slovenly.com
Money Fire: moneyfirerecords.com
Nasty: thenasty.bigcartel.com
Nervous Nelly: nervousnelly.storenvy.com
New Red Archives: newredarchives.com
No Bread: nobreadlabel.blogspot.com
No Fun: thenofuns@gmail.com
No Glory: nogloryrecords.bandcamp.com
No Patience: nopatience.org
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Placenta Recordings: placentarecordings.blogspot.com
Positive Cacophony: facebook.com/positivecacophony21
Profane Existence: profaneexistence.com
Pumpkin: pumpkinrecords.co.uk
Randy: randyrecords.bigcartel.com
'Recess: PO Box 1666, San Pedro, CA 90733; recessrecords.com
Red Gloves: redgloves.fr
Refuse: refusemusic.net
Retrobution: retrobutionrecords.co.uk
Riotous Outburst: riotousoutburstrecs@yahoo.com
Rockstar: rockstarrecords.de
Roman Candles: 5082 Wendover Rd., Yorba Linda, CA 92886; romancandlesmuisc@gmail.com
Rotting Head: rottingheadrecords@gmail.com
Rudy's Back: rudysback.free.fr
Ruin Nation: PO Box 105824, 28058 Bremen, GERMANY; ruinnation.org
Rust and Machine: rustandmachine.storenvy.com
Salinas: PO Box 32257, Detroit, MI 48232; salinasrecords.com
Schizophrenic: schizoprenicrex.com
Self Abuse: selfabuse.co.uk
Selfish Satan: selfishsatanrecordings.com
Sightlines: 103-659 Ave E, Vancouver, BC V5T 1T2, CANADA
Sillycons: nl-nl.facebook.com/TheSillycons
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Slovenly: slovenly.com
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Snob: snoblondonpunk@gmail.com
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Zone Onze: zoneonzerecords.com
Zuada: pt-br.facebook.com/zuada.recs

DEMOS

Send cassettes and CD-Rs to: MRR Attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Please note, anything other than vinyl or CD will be reviewed in this section. CD-Rs with no artwork will not be considered. Reviews by Lydia Athanasopoulou, Matt Badenhop, Kyle Canyon, Robert Collins, Dan Goetz, Greg Harvester, Camylle Reynolds, Jason Ryan, Shit Zoo.

ACCIDENTE – Perhaps I've been under a rock (or just living with blinders), but eternal thanks to Asheville's Cesspool Sounds for regurgitating this 2011 demo for my digestion. Brilliant, speedy, melodic hardcore in the purest (and most glorious) sense of the word. Vocals are obviously the highlight here—passionate, flawless lilts essentially commanding sing-alongs. Spain is killing is right now, and ACCIDENTE join bands like LA URSS and ABSURDO who can make you dance and sing without ever wondering if you are still punk as fukk. There's a LP from earlier this year (that I now need) but this demo was reissued stateside for a Mexico/US tour that passed me by without even stopping by my coast. This band is really, really good. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics/translations included, c/o Cesspool Sounds, 93 Buchanan Ave., Apt. A, Asheville, NC 28801, cesspoolsounds.blogspot.com, accidente.bandcamp.com)

ANIMALIA – *El Ser Humano...Es El Animal Mas Cruel* – Opening guitar riff is straight MINOR THREAT, and then the band launches into disjointed and passionate Spanish-language punk. The pace is frantic and jerky and the vocals throaty and intense—raw, fiery, and awesome shit from Chicago. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, rolandomota22@yahoo.com)

BAD DATES – Punk rock'n'roll groomed for the bar. Crooning male vocals that lack any kind of teeth or attitude, this is pretty smooth grooving shit with tastes of power pop and old school UK punk. Worth noting that the cover art is pretty stupid—I'm all for raunchy and raw, but you start making jokes about stabbing women with your "art" and fail to provide any context to imply that you might be "joking" or making some kind of "social commentary," then our relationship is probably not going to flourish. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, no info)

THE BLACK BLACKS – I took one look at this band's name and was ready to tear 'em apart, because it's a stupid name (but I'm also guilty of this offense). Anyway, this band plays above-average RAMONES-style melodic punk with thick guitars and no-fucking-around drumming. My only complaint is that the vocals sound a little bored most of the time, like they're just reading the lyrics off of a cue card. Drink a cup of coffee, dudes, and give it some "*oomph!*" (Greg) (12-song CD-R, lyrics included, theblackblacks.bandcamp.com)

BLACK ZINFANDEL – I put this band's tape on, pressed "play" and got nothing. I fast-forwarded to side two and got the same thing. Y'all sent a blank tape, dudes! I had to resort to listening to it on Bandcamp. Get your shit together! The music? Catchy, straightforward, jangly garage punk that sits somewhere in the vein of the LOVE TRIANGLE and the FALL-OUTS—too fast to be garage but too garage-y to simply be punk. They know how to sit on a groove in the way GOLDEN EARRING would but don't drag it out until you wanna kill yourself. I would definitely go see this band and spit beer on them until they wanted to fight me. I mean that as a compliment. Get this tape, but demand that they put music on it first. (Greg) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, sorrystaterecords.com)

BLANK SPELL – This demo is the perfect combination of punchy pogo and kicking death. There is something almost proto-grind and blackened about the guitar riffs after being put through a UK82 filter, though this is not an "extreme music" band at all. BLANK SPELL creates a gothic, progressive, debasing sound with the vocal punctuation of IMPERIAL LEATHER. Wild no wave solos create wonderfully dark chasms between her haunting powerful vocals. Everything on this tape happens with pure, raw urgency. Actually, BLANK SPELL remind me a bit of Oakland's new power-gloom punks A PRIORI, and I'm just going to suggest it: they should do a split. Those two bands would be the ultimate complement to each other. In all its purple glory, this demo tape is intoxicating. I expect to hear a lot more from BLANK SPELL. Get this. (Jason) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o World Gone Mad, aaronjm@epix.net, blankspell.bandcamp.com)

THE BLUES – *Sings the Blues Vol. 1* – Total and complete improv mindfuck no wave free jazz art fuck from a guitar and a saxophone. This is so indescribably outside of your comfort zone and so totally punk. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, no info)

BULLGATOR – *Hog Roast* – As the name might suggest to fellow '90 leftovers, BULLGATOR regurgitate AmRep alt/noise rock with boring precision. I feel like I would have loved this when I was 21-year-old, but I cannot imagine a 21-year-old enjoying this in modern times. But then...a band was jamming down the hall from me last week that sounded exactly and un-ironically like NIRVANA, so maybe I'm not as hip as I thought. (Robert) (12-song CD-R, lyrics not included, bullgator.com.uk)

BUSTED OUTLOOK – I knew the day would come when Rich from PERMANENT RUIN, IN DISGUST, SOURPATCH, etc., would step out from behind the drum set and front a hardcore band, and the end result is everything I imagined and more. BUSTED OUTLOOK bust out four songs of intelligent, dynamic, and moshable-as-hell youth crew that bring to mind equal parts early-mid 2000's Bay Area hardcore that ended up on 625, and the present-day Painkiller/New Scene bands, yet is considerably original and raging for the genre. The intro is sick, the vocals are pissed, the drumming is spot-on and makes its mark on these songs, and the songs are well-written and feature zero recycled riffs. I wouldn't mind if the recording was a tad less muddy, but it's not that big of a deal. Hardcore bands these days rarely write lyrics that are anything beyond an afterthought, but Rich's words espouse the power of positive anger, self-care and finding confidence in oneself, and takes on norms that think using oppressive words is "edgy." This is basically everything I like about youth crew with nothing I don't, and I hope this is just the beginning. (Dan) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Warthog Speak, 2745 16th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, bustout.bandcamp.com)

CACHIMBAZO – I'm not sure if the drums are intentionally weird or if it's one of those glorious accidents of ineptitude (I think it's the former), but it took me until the third song to listen to anything else. And when I did? I got kicked in the teeth by forceful Spanish language hardcore from New York. Vocals are intense and commanding and the songs are straightforward but CACHIMBAZO do plenty within a relatively simple framework. I went back and listened to those two songs I lost in my "What the fuck is that drummer doing?" haze...those songs rule. This demo was made by two people and hopefully this turns into a functioning band because this shit is killer. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, hardcorebrainslug@gmail.com)

THE CHARLEY FEW / KNUCKLEHEAD – Two songs from each of these Oi!/street punk bands. Both are decent enough but neither leaves much of an impression on me, though the CHARLEY FEW belts it out with a little more gusto. (Matt) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, $5 ppd, 1629 South 10th St. #2, Philadelphia, PA 19148)

CORRECTION – This has breakdowns in all the requisite places for a tape that has an all caps "STRAIGHT EDGE" in large text as part of the artwork, but Gothenburg's CORRECTION bring a total Scandi-crust tone to the main riffs—think SKITSYSTEM without the D-beat. There's also a late '90s touch when the pace slow downs and the band picks up the anthemic guitar leads with some metallic crunch. This tape consists of songs that will be on a future vinyl release, so grab this in advance if you feel like you need more excuses to mosh in your bedroom. (Shit) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Flophouse Tapes, 1326 Newton St. NE, Washington, DC 20017)

THE CRINGE – I'm never quite sure how I feel about vocals that straddle the line between snotty and sassy and the CRINGE are only fueling my uncertainty. This is power chord and synth driven punk that might get simplified as KBD/Dangerhouse Records style; it's energetic, catchy, and played by people who are in other hardcore bands and hopefully aren't MURDER CITY DEVILS fans. After watching a live video I'm more inclined to like this since the vocals don't come across quite the same as the recording. I'm sure some people think the vocals are the best part, I just don't think they're for me. I like the CRINGE just for making me have to think about whether I like their tape or not. This review was a little late and since they're from the Boston area this seems to be sold out already, but I'm sure they'll have something new soon. Looking forward to hearing another release. (Shit) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, xnthompsox@gmail.com, 19 Green St. Unit #1, Salem, MA 01970)

CROSS STITCH – I generally want to hear any band who starts their demo with the line *"Hey girl, I heard you were a dinosaur,"* so I was pretty pleased when I popped this gem in the deck. CROSS STITCH are kinda shy about going for it, and their restraint is what makes these women (more) awesome—warbly, meandering post-punk that keeps the weird high in the mix without ever settling into any kind of groove. The 2014 embodiment of punk in all its "do-whatever-the-fukk-we-want" glory. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd, drugparty.org, crossstitch.bandcamp.com)

LOS CULITOS – Oh shit! This is pretty fuckin' good! Spanish language, melodic punk from Finland with female vocals? Sure! Fuck it! When they play fast and upbeat, they sound like a mix of Dangerhouse-era punk and some of the poppier side of the RUNAWAYS. When they slow it down, it unfortunately incorporates a little bit of a blues-rock feel and gets boring. This has its ups and downs, but overall, it's a great tape, easily one of the better ones I've heard this month. (Greg) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, facebook.com/losculitospunk)

CUM RAG – This rules. Total mindfuckslaughternoisepunk for those of you who need the cool thing…yeah, it's yours. But for the rest of you who love innovative and weird punk rock, Halifax maniax throw five tracks of absolute mania into your face. Can you catch it? With your teeth? Try it with your ears, kid…it's easier. Bombastic and killer Canadian punx, this is raw as shit and awesome. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, 8224 Union St., Halifax, NS B3K 5H1, Canada, cody_cross@hotmail.com)

DAILY RITUAL – Catchy and kinda dark melodic punk from Singapore in the MARKED MEN/SOVIETTES vein. Three guitarists listed on the credits, maybe that's what gives an extra bite to their jangle? This is the very definition of infectious, with brilliant lyrics to sing along to. Sold. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, dailyritualptown@gmail.com, www.runstate-tapes.com)

DELETIONS – Smart and swampy, keyboard driven raw garage punk. I keep reminding myself how happy I am that the recording is rough, as DELETIONS have a brilliant edge that a proper studio might polish off a bit too much. Vocals are snarky and sharp rather than snotty and punk, and everything is dark in a way that makes you want to look closer and focus, trying to decipher DELETIONS' message. "Fermented Town" is total weirdsville, and I like it. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, exequals@gmail.com, deletions.bandcamp.com)

DISORDER – *More Noize* – Three tracks recorded by DISORDER in 2012 and disseminated by Malaysia's Black Konflik…but do you want DISORDER tracks recorded in 2012? *Yes, you do!* All you pogo / noise / chaos mongers take note, because even though DISORDER should logically be not worth half a shit thirty years into their run, this collection shows they have not matured, grown up, or branched out…they are still making More Noize and it rules. "Victim of Police" is an absolute classic, but each of these tracks is a messy affirmation of total commitment. Lifers. (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Black Konflik, PO Box 28, 27600, Raub Pahang, Malaysia)

DON'T TRUST ANYBODY – *The 5 Degrees of Separation* – Hard hitting and earnest hardcore from Salt Lake City. Definitely on the crew tip, with hooks galore and catchy breakdowns, but these boys *earn* their hardcore classification with blistering fast riffs and a smart lyrical assault that dwarfs the sounds. MODERN LIFE IS WAR with 7 SECONDS determination (though I think they'd prefer if I dropped a NYHC reference—the SOIA cover rivals the original). Beefy recording and a visual presentation that makes the CD-R format completely excusable. As a fan of hardcore, you need to get this. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, lyrics included, c/o TK, 1137 E. Lorraine Dr., Salt Lake City, UT 84106, ladrillo7890@gmail.com, dtahardcore.bandcamp.com)

DOUBLE CHEESE – I used to like garage rock when it was direct, fierce, full of energy and, well, *punk!* Increasingly, I hear more and more garage stuff that is just lazy dudes playing some tired bluesy chords and running their moaning vocals through a reverb pedal. I mean, this isn't a new development, really. It's always been happening. Getting to the point, I don't mean to slam these guys, because they're good at what they do and people love this kinda shit. Two dudes. Guitar and drums. Minimal garage rock. "Tascam 3" is a beautiful, fucked up trainwreck of a song that feels on the verge of falling apart the whole time, but also just sounds like YOUNGER LOVERS on drugs. Some of the other songs drag out on the same riff too long for my tastes. It's good for what it is. (Greg) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, cheaptrashtapes.bandcamp.com)

DRAGSTER – *Ganja War* – Two-piece garage rock from France. There's a fair amount of spunk in the vocals, but it stays pretty one-dimensional throughout the whole recording. Pretty boring to me. (Matt) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, sixtonnesdechair.com)

DREAM JOURNAL – Punk rock music from the United States. Not retro or rehash, but now and today and awesome. There are hooks, mosh parts, riffs (fukkn *riffs*, seriously), and it's catchy in a way that makes you want to punch stuff, but punch stuff with all of your friends like you are all punching the same stuff at the same time and you are working together punching stuff and you all love it and it makes you all better friends. The dark parts are rad, and that weird underwater vocal thing in "The Pool?" That was a really good move, kids. This demo rules. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd, drugparty.org)

DYE – Rudimentary, disheveled but in a good way, with killer vocals and chords that scratch and drag you along. Seven tracks of straight-ahead hardcore, peppered heavily with audio clips that sound like they're from a scientific lecture, often slowed down to pleasant-acid-trip speed, with a rough-around-the-edges production that kind of coats everything under a blanket of proverbial basement dust—into it. Taut riffing, charged drumming and perfect hardcore vocals, '80s USHC intensity in a 2014 reality—this is great! P.S.: So sorry for the late review! (Lydia) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, $2 or trade, c/o Get Loose Tapes, 12905 Water Wheel Cove, Austin, TX 78729)

EL JIMMY – This is some weird, overproduced, Fat Wreck-style metal/punk hybrid with vocals that sound a little bored. Sounds like early PROPAGANDHI played through a BC Rich without the politics. Woof. (Greg) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, madcitymultimedia.bigcartel.com)

FEEL NOTHING – The tape closes with a NEGATIVE APPROACH cover. That's the sound and the vibe that FEEL NOTHING are going for, and they fukkn nail it. After a midtempo violent mosh starts the tape, these boys trudge through meaty hardcore with such ferocity that you almost welcome the occasional explosive fast parts as relief from the punishment. Lyrics are beyond bleak and their delivery reflects exactly that. Can only imagine what the live show is like…I'll be standing in the back. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, feelnothing.org)

FEVER DREAM – *Masses* – If I say '90s basement punk, you know what I mean, right? East Bay influence on the dual screaming vocals, but this kinda melodic but still aggressive midtempo punk brings to mind a time more than a band or a genre, and that's a success. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, feverdreambk.bandcamp.com)

FISCAL CLIFF – This band is from Oakland, but I've never heard of them and they're awesome! Is it weird to compare bands in 2014 to a mix of '80s-era FLAT DUO JETS and *Hate Your Friends*-era LEMONHEADS (maybe just the vocals)? Well, I'm feelin' that a little bit. They play driving, slightly (and engagingly) out of tune, solid indie-punk with a cool vocalist who has a weird vibrato voice. It's shambolic, triumphant, and fucked up in all the right ways. Damn! When can I see this band? (Greg) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, codyvoorhees@gmail.com)

GAS CHAMBER – *Kairos Will Erase* – Right off the bat, this seems like it should've been reviewed by Robert Collins, but so it goes. Essentially this is GAS CHAMBER's *Corpse With Levity* EP from a few years back, augmented by a series of sparsely arranged noise tracks. While the songs from the previous EP are still an

interesting take on fast, hectic hardcore (flanged-out bass taking center stage), I honestly prefer the droning new additions, apparently collected from various performances and archived recordings over the years. At 60 minutes in length, *Kairos* is a loose but haunting exploration that bookends the earlier material well, particularly on the first side with "Prone (Intro)" transitioning to the 7" opener as if that was always the original vision. Side closer "IX" is my favorite track though, with a steady high-pitched ringing tone surrounded by wandering wails of feedback and delayed guttural emanations, culminating in a looping crescendo; I'm not sure whether it was two minutes long or twenty, but either way works. (Shit) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, c/o Peterwalkee Records, 299 West Delavan Ave., Buffalo, NY 14213)

GAS STATION OF LOVE – *Learning Curve* – Lo-fi (or even shit-fi) home recordings from Tyler, TX that seem to have more of an emphasis on "I'm bored out of my mind at home" than "I'm gonna make some quality shit to throw out to the world." The songs ping-pong between goofy, almost poppy songs with a drum machine, to sample-laden noise (also with a drum machine). It's not even attempting to be engaging, which is either amazing or god-awful. That can be your decision. (Greg) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, c/o Evan, 323 Chimney Rock #914, Tyler, TX 75703, nogrecords.com)

GIRLS IN LOVE – Like a mature version of snotty garage punk, but still plenty ugly and delivered with attitude that doesn't really care if I like it or not. It's awkward and fukkd up sounding, but honestly…? A half hour is way too much for me. Take the thirteen best minutes and I'm down, but this thing drags on for way too long. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, lyrics not included, no info)

HEALTHPROBLEMS–*Counterproductive*– Most of the lyrics here deal with not living up to heteronormative gender roles, or simply challenging expectations of achieving the "normal" American life. They let us know where they're coming from right off the bat on "Androgyny"—*Man or woman / Androgyny / What do you see in me*? There's solid drumming and bass, but no guitars. At the forefront we have heavily echoed vocals that are very commanding yet mostly hard to understand without the lyric sheet. Some tracks take a straight punk approach while a couple of others are more plodding and experimental. Blend up some early MEAT PUPPETS and FLIPPER with some queer-alienation-oriented lyrics and you're somewhere near HEALTH PROBLEMS. (Matt) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, healthprobs@gmail.com)

HOLD ON TO YOUR BUTTS – *When Ya Gotta Go* – Spastic, energetic, blasting outsider hardcore. Solos that appear to be intentionally ridiculous (even though they are tasteful) and a pace that is utterly relentless. I confess that I'd like to have the lyrics to "Shoot Her!" but otherwise this demo is a banger. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, Destroy All Hipsters Records, no info)

HOT MESS MONSTER – These mountain freaks march a path forged by BLATZ/GR'UPS and WHITE TRASH SUPERMAN. High praise, as anyone who knows me will understand but, for those of you who don't, HOT MESS MONSTER are a reminder of a time when punk sounds were as all-inclusive as punk communities are supposed to be. Group vocals, smart words (and comic-style lyrics sheet) suitable for solitude or reflection, and catchy as hell sounds, suitable for getting rowdy. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Cesspool Sounds, 93 Buchanan Ave. Apt. A, Asheville, NC 28801, cesspoolsounds.blogspot.com)

HOT TIP – So many tapes from Buffalo, New York over the last couple of months. All different…and almost all good. Rust Belt, fukkn A. HOT TIP pound the shit out of noisy dirges, forceful and compelling like WHITE LUNG (especially on "DNA") though these women are *way* dirtier sounding. Vocals and a wild-ass guitar grab your attention while the rhythm section skips the frills and holds shit solid like they are supposed to. I like this almost as much as the DASHER demo that kicked my ass a few months back. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, c/o Bitch Face Records, 359 Parkdale Ave., Buffalo, NY 14213)

MIKE HENRY LEAK – This is stupid. This dude wrote and recorded the nine songs on this tape in thirty hours and it really sounds like it. The music itself is repetitive rock jams that sound like a third generation mash-up of the STOOGES and some AEROSMITH knock-off. The lyrics are just the kind of dumb shit you'd expect with song titles like "I Like Your Ass," "Anarchy Rules" and "Suck My Balls". The delivery is energetic, at least. (Greg) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, mika@alho.net)

MOLLUSK – *Colony of Machines* – Drawn out epic melancholic and atmospheric arena crust. Painfully slow and meticulously constructed tracks that require maximum attention, but it's a patience that is rewarded with full immersion in sound and feeling. File alongside but ahead of better-known bands like ISIS, I guess, but I feel like this is way better. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, lyrics not included, mollusk.bandcamp.com)

MOONHAG – *Demon* – First song sounds like a PINK FLOYD outtake crashing headfirst into spastic, snarling, psychedelic hardcore. Second song sounds like an UPSIDEDOWN CROSS outtake crashing headfirst into spastic, snarling, psychedelic hardcore. Third song is laidback '60s garage, and the final track is SABBATH through a vaguely inept "first punk band" filter. These Canadians have hit on something that is at the very least interesting, but I fear that they might be actual geniuses. Total outsider punk, a chaotic and jumbled mess that's both intent and intentional. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, moonhag.bandcamp.com)

MYSTERY SQUAD – *Strange Creatures* – Polished punk from Saskatoon, which is probably super far from your house. Total NAKED RAYGUN vibe (I'm talking *Understand?* era, and eat shit, naysayers, that record kills) with a focus on the slightly slicker end of things. Put this band on a stage with 7 SECONDS or BAD RELIGION and you're gonna make some fans. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, wastedwax.com)

NARCOLEPTICS – Burly, blown-out D-beat with rapid-fire, reverbed vocals. A lot of bands that do this style either go for top speed without much heavy or vice versa, but NARCOLEPTICS pull off both, and the drummer does some crazy fills without losing any precision. This band is great at writing songs that keep you on the edge of your seat, as well as writing three-chord riffs that will make you want to clench your fists and jump up and down. (Dan) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, narcoleptics.bandcamp.com)

NIETOS DE PUTA – *Maqueta 2011* – "Grandkids of the Whore" is straightforward midtempo D-beat hardcore from Spain. It sounds great, isn't super distorted, and doesn't do much to stray from this style of punk. The vocals in Spanish are coarse and delivered with sharp rhythm—everything manages to be lethargic and manic at the same time. It is calculated and repetitive and spazzes out as soon as it seems comically or overtly simple. "No, no, no-no-no!" Aw yeah-yeah, I love this tape. For fans of WRETCHED, RAJOITUS, and other rawking bands. (Jason) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, Alta Intensidaz Tapes, teodorohdzz@gmail.com or nietosdeputa@gmail.com)

PADKAROSDA – *Art of My Liberation* – Wow, stunning work by a newish, I believe, band from Budapest, Hungary! This band sounds like it might have just fallen out of a time machine, coming from the mid '80s, but at the same time this sounds so passionate and engaged, it proves that quality punk is timeless! The vocals are gritty but melodic, spat with attitude on top of eerie, scathing, melodic guitars, a fucking immense, rhythmic bass backbone and inventive drums that keep this all tumbling along at the right speed! There are just so many elements here worth discussing, so many good references I can't put my finger on yet—I discover more with every listen! This will appeal to lovers of older Euro hardcore (think Ex-Yugo, Germany, Spain, and Scandinavia) with a slight metallic twang à la DEZERTER or POST-REGIMENT (though *not* metal) with interesting compositions, really stunning lyrics and ne'er a dull moment throughout. The production is just a tad hollow sounding (in a good way), which gives the sound an old school feel. A really well-made cassette, I bet this band sounds amazing on vinyl. Get it! (Lydia) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd US, chokekore@yahoo.com)

PAGAN PISS – The lyrics to "In A Cage" are more than enough to get my attention, and the rest of this tape does a more than competent job of keeping it. Forceful US hardcore punk with intense female vox and a determined pace *(and presentation)*. Personal lyrics and a no bullshit attack—good shit. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, 119 Fuller St. SE. Apt. A, Grand Rapids, MI 49506, letsgodosomecrimes@gmail.com)

PEASANT – Cavernous Texas metalcrust; driving NWOBHM from the music and menacing marble-mouth growls from the vocalist. My initial impression was admittedly kinda *meh*, but these dudes hooked me after a few tracks with seriously sinister numbers like "Go to Hell." This one's a sleeper but you shouldn't snooze—vinyl

in the works for 2014. *And* they included their phone number, which is a nice touch…drunk dialers rejoice! (Robert) (9-track cassette, lyrics not included, peasant-tx.bandcamp.com)

PISS PISS PISS – *Never Heard of Amebix* – Nothing I can say more than a big ass "Fukk Yeah." This is meaningful and intentional hardcore punk, exactly the kind of shit that I keep hearing people say they are sad about because it doesn't exist anymore. Kinda D-Beat, kinda Euro HC, kinda '90s US hardcore, and one hundred percent awesome. Great presentation, great band. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, sacredplague.com)

PMS 84 – When a tape opens with a pogo "Ode to Joy" intro, you probably already know whether you're going to like it or not. For those on my side of the fence, this is UK82 made by some real Americans. Yes, this is well-tread territory, particularly as of late, but it is a better territory than most and these Portland punkers do it well. Members of LIFEFORM, VIVID SEKT, and KOWARD, in case you were wondering. Strictly good songs here, but "Boots Keep Laughing" is an instant classic. After playing this tape I've got SAVAGEHEADS and COMBAT ZONE queued up—PMS 84 is in good company. Highly recommended US82. (Shit) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, 7104 N. Interstate Ave., Portland, OR 97217)

POOR FORM – Pop punk gets you laughed out the door at *MRR*, but I'm into it. Well, when it's good. And this is good! Former members of SIREN SONGS pick up where that band left off to bring you this new Vancouver basement punk. Their singer/guitarist, Legs, is really gonna hate this, but her voice has some definite traces of Annie from THIS IS MY FIST/AMBITION MISSION and that is a great and beautiful thing. These songs are tight as fuck and feel like a step up from SIREN SONGS in different ways. The other singer/guitarist does that gruff-voiced thing that seems to happen a lot in the Northwest and it's a good counter to the other vocals in the band. If you're into solid melodic punk, you're gonna wanna track this tape down. Trust me. (Greg) (8-song cassette, microscopic lyrics included, poorform.bandcamp.com)

POOR WHITE TRASH – *Kentucky Scumpunk* – People who know me or have read my reviews probably won't believe this, but I love the shit out of this CD-R. Being from Alabama, I have a soft spot in my heart for punk bands who let their Southern accents shine through. There's a ton of fucking short, angry, rough, catchy punk songs about getting drunk, taking pills, going fuckin' nowhere, jail, feeling insane, dead-end jobs, driving drunk, and cocaine binges. No hyperbole. No nuance. It's just fucking nasty, catchy punk. I'm sure this sounds best sitting outside, drinking 50 beers and blasting this as loud as the stereo will go, but I gotta go to work tomorrow. (Greg) (18-song CD-R, lyrics not included, c/o No Hope in Hell Records, 492 Leavell Ridge Road, Lancaster, KY 40444, nohopeinhellrecords666@yahoo.com)

RAZORHEADS – *Razorheads* – While their first tape *Black Leather Hounds* was a burst of heavy raw punk, RAZORHEADS have upped the ante on this second offering. The Motörcharged energy is still present, but the song lengths went down from two (or sometimes upwards of three) minutes to a mere minute and change, leaving only perfectly distilled ragers. Take the metal power and fury of '80s Japanese HC but bring it to 2014 with the reverb and rhythm of current bands like S.H.I.T. and WARTHOG. Hopefully that sounds pretty fucking good to you. Apparently this recording was meant for a 7" that has yet to materialize, so we are graced with this tape for now. I hope that means the final version will have more than just these three songs, but thankfully this is dubbed on both sides so I can keep flipping it over and over and over. (Shit) (3-song cassette, lyrics not included, dgonx69@gmail.com)

REA RESPIRATOR – *Släpp Loss Alla Band* – Fukk yes! Insanely manic '80s Swedish hardcore culled from two 1986 demos and unearthed by Croatian label Aftermath. Spastic bursts just a hair this side of utterly inept, frantic drumming and a singer that strains to slide melody into the equation (his efforts on the title track are especially compelling). Think RAPED TEENAGERS but way more off the rails and rougher around the edges—great find! How many more bands like this from around the world must there be…just waiting for the internet to stumble upon them. (Robert) (15-song cassette, lyrics included, prisonerof_state@yahoo.com)

RED DEATH – Crossover thrash from DC, RED DEATH cite early COC and the ACCÜSED among their influences and that's plenty evident—they do it well and have a strong recording to boot. When crossover is played by contemporary punks I can't help but associate it with the crop of bands that erupted in the early to mid-2000s playing fast HC and thrash like MUNICIPAL WASTE and DIRECT CONTROL. That's a positive association in my book, plus they do a DISCHARGE cover at the end of the tape. (Shit) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Flophouse Tapes, 1326 Newton St. NE, Washington, DC 20017)

SELF HELP – The cassette medium isn't perfect, and the reproduction on this one is shitty way past the already forgiving DIY acceptability standards, but this shit *rules*! Vocals are somewhere between BLATZ and NUCLEAR FAMILY and the tunes are addictive, energetic punk fucking rock. Sure, I wish it sounded better, but I've still been listening to this jammer all damn day, and they get about a thousand bonus points for covering my (second) favorite GIRLS AT OUR BEST song. (Sorry kids, "It's Fashion" is the indisputable champion.) (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, selfhelpstl.bandcamp.com)

SHITTY FRIENDS – The sound quality on this tape is true shit. The recording keeps wavering in and out like someone put a vibrato pedal on it, or like you're listening to it while someone is bopping their hands against your ears over and over, which makes it almost unlistenable. That's too bad because the songs sound pretty good under this shit veneer. Catchy, hook-layered, energetic and fun punk, not unlike NEW BOMB TURKS on a good day with more of a hardcore influence…like they only listen to BLACK FLAG's *Damaged*. Does that even make sense? There's also a flawless cover of AGENT ORANGE's "Bloodstains", which is really good, but feels extraneous. Great tape, shitty cassette quality. (Greg) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, 836 3rd Street, Lancaster, PA 17603, weareshittyfriends.bandcamp.com)

SHITTY NIGHTS – Snotty garage hardcore. Slightly melodic and 7.5/10 on the recently created hook-o-meter. Strained female vocals, raw jangly guitar and a fuzzy *(blown out?)* low end. Three songs, over in a flash. (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics not included, letsgodosomecrimes.com)

SILENT PORN – Awkward, plodding mid paced goth punk. Rudimentary bass and drums with keyboards lurking in the shadows and spoken vocals lifted from late '80s post industrial/goth. The better tracks are a little buried behind a monotonous mood setting opener, but once this one gets rolling it's time to light the candles. More keyboards, please. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, letsgodosomecrimes.com)

SKULL PRACTITIONERS – A demo from NYC that features four completely different sounding songs. Psych/garage in nature, with a fair amount of experimentation going on. Pretty self-indulgent, but not bad. (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, skullpractitioners.bandcamp.com)

SNÄGGLETOOTH – *Road to Nothingness*– Remember the monster Motörpunk demo these kids dropped a couple of years ago? Well the vinyl that followed was even better, and now some Canadian punks have crammed all seven tracks into one black plastic shell. *Consume this, you fukkrs!* Fist-banging, unabashed INEPSY worship from Singapore with tasty leads and a galloping pace that never once lets you get your breath…but when you are raging this hard you don't need to breathe! (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, runstate-tapes.com)

SORROWS – Fuck everything. SORROWS rules. Review over. Okay, not over. SORROWS is super tight, on-point NYHC, but not that chugga chugga shit…more like GORILLA BISCUITS' *Start Today* with fewer breakdowns and played by cooler people with smarter lyrics. I keep wishing that more bands would sing about some real shit and SORROWS dives into it headlong as Krusta (ha!) sings about gender issues, sexuality, chronic illness/pain, and sexual abuse. It's real as fuck. The musicianship on this is top notch and is schooled by fucking years of DIY punk. I don't know. I put this on thinking, "Yeah, this is cool", but then it just hit me hard…like a car hit me once on 5th St. Pay attention to this shit, you fucks. Posi in theory, real in practice. Features former and current members of ZOMBIE DOGS, CARNAL KNOWLEDGE and AYE NAKO. (Greg) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, sorrowstheband@gmail.com, sorrowsband.bandcamp.com)

STERILE MIND – While the sound is familiar and not particularly groundbreaking, this is exactly the type of hardcore I can get down with these days. Rather than spending their time writing breakdowns for pit-turds to assert their masculinity too, STERILE MIND whips up great riffs at a galloping pace and achieves a fantastic and balanced sound. I hear bits of POISON IDEA and DEATHREAT, as well as Japanese hardcore

(especially in the vocals). The great thing about it is their ability to avoid predictable arrangements and maintain a consistently ferocious delivery. So much of the popular hardcore these days is so contrived and by the numbers, it bores me 'til my brain itches. I understand that this tape was a collaboration by two guys, but they'll be playing shows as a full band by the time you read this. Highly recommended! (Matt) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, 340 Capp Street Apt. 1, San Francisco, CA 94110, sterile.mind.contact@gmail.com)

SUNSHINE WARD – Japanese influenced hardcore from Boston. Not quite what I was expecting with the AMEBIX homage in their name, but definitely not disappointing. The song "Progress" is a little more street punk influenced than the rest but it doesn't feel out of place. From start to finish this demo is unrelenting—it's over before you know it, and I bet you'll be playing it so much your tape deck will get tired of it. (Kyle) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, crushkyledestroy@gmail.com, sunshineward.bandcamp.com)

TIED DOWN – This is bitter shit from Buffalo standing side by side with the mid-'90s sound of SNAPCASE *Lookinglasself*, etcetera. In a world where we make and break friendships with the click of a button through a screen, TIED DOWN reminds us of the real struggle we faced in the 1990s: having to look at each other. The song themes are the typical YOUTH OF TODAY vibe about pushing back, being blind, pointing blame, looking back, the shirt on your back, and of course, not getting stabbed in your back. Fucking f-bombs galore. If you have a varsity jacket, Champion superhood, or remember drinking quarts of whole milk in front of CBGB's to counteract the spikey drunx, this one is definitely for you. If you're of the new generation of Youth Crew wall-crawlers, get on this. I'm not going to say it's as fun as revisiting MADBALL's *Ball of Destruction*, but it is a solid release and a welcome reissue of their sold-out demo. "Everybody on the stage!" Okay, everybody off the stage. (Jason) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, blackdotsbuffalo.storenvy.com)

UGLY PARTS – *Wet* – Wow, tight, pissed off hardcore punk from New Brunswick, NJ! Fucking intense! The singer sounds like a misfit foaming at the mouth, screaming, moaning and groaning; the drumming is full and tight, with lots of battering fills and D-beat attacks; the guitars are not overly complicated (which I like), with noisy feedback bits, creepy solos and sharp riffing. Dark, with killer mystic artwork, and one of the best audio clips since punks discovered Bill Hicks, by philosopher Terence McKenna: "Everything is becoming connected to everything else. Not only everything in the present moment, but all past moments as well are being drawn, compressed, squeezed, towards the production of the transcendental object at the end of time, which is nothing other than all time, all space shut down to an atomic dimension and handed back to us—do you see?" Fucking love this! (Lydia) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, c/o Jeff DeSantis/Bleeding Edges, 207 Woodbridge Ave., Apt. 1B, Metuchen, NJ 08840, bleedingedges.bigcartel.com)

UZI RASH – *The Garbageman's Uniform* – A note to anyone else who gets this band confused with UZI SUICIDE: They are totally different. Angular and snarky gar(b)age outsider punk, lazy dirges and fiery attitude. This band sacked it in 2012 but the tape was in the bin and I grabbed it and you are reading my words while sitting on the toilet in 2014. Time, man. It's a trippy thing. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, smartbrainsrecords.blogspot.com)

VERA MALETA – *Beyond the Town* – Witchy and not even remotely punk but extremely cool Renaissance faire music. Cello, sitar, and minimal percussion, layered vocals chant and soar, HUGO LARGO meets LSD (the hallucinogen, not the band) goes to the forest. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, c/o Let's Pretend Records, PO Box 1663, Bloomington, IN 47402, veramaleta@hotmail.com)

VIOLENCE CREEPS – Imagine the current "trend" of creeping plodding Neanderthal hardcore, down and dirty, stripped down and simple pulverizing riffs, but with all of the testosterone and posturing removed. I feel like NECRO HIPPIES pulled that vibe off at times (the vibe more than the sound), and Oakland's VIOLENCE CREEPS nail it. "On My Turf" is pure punishment, "Mental Vietnam" is brilliantly damaged, and the rest of the songs utilize simplicity as a weapon—the hooks are nasty and the guitar pierces instead of crushing. Nothing tough about this shit, which is perhaps why it sounds so very…tough. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, smartbrainsrecords.blogspot.com)

VYVYAN – Cookie cutter NOFX style pop punk, with an alt tilt. Simplistic and annoying, but what really hammers the nail in the coffin is the doubled up off-key falsetto vocals (Male? Female? Just stop.) recorded *way* too fucking loud. Made my skin itch. Ugh. (Camylle) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, vyvyan.bandcamp.com)

WEICHE – *Das Glück* – Down-tuned, heavy shit from Germany. Tonally it reminds me a bit of HIS HERO IS GONE if all their songs were slow and longer. Last song is instrumental and the B-Side plays the whole thing again in reverse. Nice looking j-card and insert. (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, weiche.bandcamp.com)

WET DRAG – *You Can Wear This Cloak to Work* – Rough Trade Records circa 1982, the punk you could dance to without sacrificing your edge or your impeccable sense of fashion. Oakland's WET DRAG are cool as shit without necessarily meaning to be (which of course makes them way cooler). Dark and awkward guitars swerve in and out of songs that tumble more than groove. I almost hear East Bay Ray in the more normal moments, but mostly this shit is out there. Male/female vocals alternate and join forces, mostly shouting and not singing and I feel like this is a tape I am going to be jamming with some frequency. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, smartbrainsrecords.blogspot.com)

WET DRAG – *Silhouette Team* – You can read the above review for a general musical description, but this four-song freak-out is far more interesting to me. Guitars remind me of early EASY CURE recordings this time around, and the overall vibe is way mellower without sacrificing any of the art punk weirdness. Into this. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, smartbrainsrecords.blogspot.com)

V/A – *Cool Bands 2* – Holy cow! You need this tape, yes, you do! This comp is chock-full of really exciting, young hardcore punk bands from Northwest Indiana, with BIG ZIT, C.C.T.V., SHITKICKERS, VOICE OF REASON, PUBLIC ASSAULT, WASTED EFFORT, SCABS and OOZE offering up between two and six tracks each (with some weird experimentations thrown in between for an added coolness). The production is solid, the artwork is killer, and every band on this is worth checking out! This tape was curated and recorded by Mark Winter, the humble wunderkind in both BIG ZIT and OOZE. Get it! (Lydia) (21-song cassette, lyrics not included, barfblogdawg@gmail.com)

V/A – *Cream of the Crop* – Maybe I just love shitty puns too much, but I wanted this tape to be called *Cream of the Comp* so badly. Oh well! This comp features mostly Boston, Portland and New York bands, with two French contributions and one St. Louis exception. About half of the songs are unreleased tracks or sessions from heavy hitters like BLOODKROW BUTCHER, LA MISMA, GOOSEBUMPS and VIVID SEKT, to name a few. The rest of the songs are selections from band's previous releases and include great tracks from: LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS, LONG KNIFE and FRENZY among others. The combination of old and new tracks gives this a really cool mixtape feel. Also the DIGITAL OCTOPUS cover of BKB's "Anti-War" is one of my favorite things on the internet and I'm very excited to have it in a physical form. If you like any current punk, chances are there is something on this comp for you. (Kyle) (20-song cassette, lyrics not included, $9 ppd, bestbefore84.storenvy.com)

V/A – *Sounds from the Cesspool* – I haven't really been to many places I could compare to Asheville, North Carolina and I've always liked it there. People are chill, even the small shows tend to be pretty fukkn fun and there's not a "scene" or "style" that personifies the town. There are queers and freaks and crust punks and hardcore kids, and from an outsider's perspective they all kinda go through the whole thing together. Like punks. And *Sounds from the Cesspool* reflects that spirit with 44 (?!) Asheville bands spanning '97-'12. There's melodic punk, anarcho crust, hardcore, weirdo music for and by fukkn weirdos. Like punks. PRINCESS THUNDERSTORM, ANGRY TRIBE, REAGAN'S BONES, KAKISTOCRACY, ATAXIA, ENDLESS BUMMER, and a shitload more; quality level is astonishing for an endeavor this large. Time to tour the Southeast… (Robert) (44-song cassette, lyrics not included, Cesspool Sounds, 93 Buchanan Ave., Apt. A, Asheville, NC 28801, cesspoolsounds.blogspot.com)

ZINES

Send zines for review to: ***MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146****. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, and email address.*

Reviewers A-Z by initial:
(AP) Ari Perezdiez
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DV) Diana Vashti
(DZ) Ryan Modee
(EC) E. Conner
(FU) Ray Suburbia
(GA) Grace Ambrose
(JA) Juliana Almeida
(JB) Julia Booz
(JD) Justin Davisson
(JM) Jeff Mason
(KC) Kyle Canyon
(LA) Lydia Athanasopoulou
(MM) Marissa Magic
(MP) Max Power
(OG) Oscar Gutierrez
(SF) Sami Fink
(VX) Vanessa Asswipe

AMA-ZINE #1 / $2, stamps or money order / 24 pgs
This is a cool little read, written by an incarcerated man near a tiny town in Texas. The look of this zine really takes me back. Handwritten (and penned quite handsomely, I might add), cool artwork, reviews of a few zines he's read, a pretty wild zombie comic, and a fairly detailed retelling of his 21-day fast. What I really liked is that it seems like the author isn't really a punk and was maybe only recently introduced to zines and zine culture, and instead of writing a magazine requesting more free zines, decided to jump right in and contribute (and it's a pretty good effort to boot). I definitely don't mean to diss on a person in prison who uses religion to help him pass his days, but I think it's only fair to mention that, without preaching, there is a good deal of talking about the lord in here. (DZ)
Eloy Martinez / 4653 Mather / Kyle, TX 78640

ASSWIPE #6 / $2, trades OK / 44 pgs
A well-edited, content-heavy zine ranging from tips on how to steal bagels and cream cheese at Safeway to meditations on Black Flag. Vanessa X is the constant voice throughout, offering reviews of East Bay libraries, spotlights on her favorite Bay Area punks, an account of LA Zinefest (in which the zine lives up to its name with a laugh out loud description of a pants-shitting incident in Echo Park), and a Bay Area Scene Report, an overview of show spaces, radio stations, and bands across Oakland and San Francisco. A standout guest contribution from Yacob reflects on records (punk and otherwise) made by people suffering from "invisible illnesses," including schizophrenia, tuberculosis, and congenital spine disease. Too often zines like this seem cobbled together but everything here is neatly in its place, associative in all the best ways. (GA)
PO Box 1196 / Oakland, CA 94604 /
asswipemagazine@gmail.com

DEGENERATE #15 / $2 / 20 pgs
Don't call it a zine, okay? With its fifteenth issue *Degenerate* is decidedly a *mag* now. This edition is peppered with prose experiments—imagined letters to a bored and boring art teacher are a highlight—and some of the most evocative writing about music I've seen in a long while. Across seven pages of reviews Sam Lefebvre manages to conjure the mutant sounds we all know and love with nary a mention of sound-a-like bands and only fleeting references to genre, a prioritization of the experience of listening to music and a refreshing change of pace from reviews that read like a laundry list of reference points. This issue features musings on Hysterics, Gag, Criminal Code, Lumpy and the Dumpers and more, alongside an interview with Pig DNA, my current favorite Bay Area band (and yours too). Cut and paste design throughout, Roses toilet paper wrapper put to good use on the front cover, surprise pages stapled in here and there, highly recommended. (GA)
PO Box 3272 / Berkeley, CA 94702 /
degenerateephemera.tumblr.com /
degeneratezine@gmail.com

FEEDBACK #13 / $2, trades OK / 40 pgs
I wanted to like this zine more, but the art kind of fell flat for me. *Feedback* is a zine that does show reviews in comic strip form. The art resembles Ben Snakepit's drawing style, which I'm not a huge fan of. A lot of the shows reviewed are at bars and mostly feature male members so you can bet I didn't really care about them. The comic strips are too short so there's not much detail, just small snippets like "the bass player really sounded great tonight." There are good parts about this zine, though. I like how John includes the flyers for each show, and his album reviews at the end (not accompanied by comic strips) were really great. If he were to apply that kind of description to his show reviews then this zine would be a much better read. Great concept though. (VX)
jhnisaacson@gmail.com /
feedbackcomics.blogspot.com

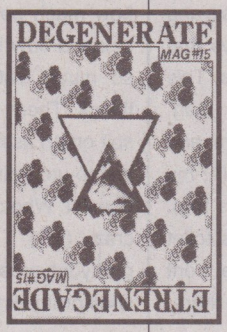
HANG UPS AND HARD WORK #1 / $3 / 16 pgs
Emma's got a couple of diverse topics, ranging from good kinds of sex to bad kinds of sex and the after effects of both. Getting fingered at a Kittie concert, there's that. Wow, sex is stupid. I hate it so much and sometimes it's cool but also I don't understand it. It feels like when we talk about it there is no levity except for when there is. Like, that feels so dumb and horrible. I don't even understand why people do that shit with their bodies. I was thinking the other day about how much porn has changed our imagining of sex and how it works. It's so tragic that there is so much lost history around these kinds of things. There is no record of the first person to spit on an asshole. These are treasures that are lost to us. Being a girl sucks. Except for when it doesn't. Who cares? I don't know anymore. I feel crazy. (EC)
prettydirtypress.etsy.com /
shes.pretty.dirty@gmail.com

HANG UPS AND HARD WORK #2 / $3 / 16 pgs
I could go on and on about how this zine is a perfect example of a capitalization of sexuality and the commodification of people's bodies, but really, I couldn't even with this, especially after reading the phrase "sex drives like muscle cars." This zine is definitely chock full of some temple of the phallus worshipping, girl-hating sex stories, such as a piece about going to see Amebix and trying to hook up with some dude. Every woman in this zine that is not the author is talked about in a disparaging tone. This came with a trigger warning but she forgot to mention internalized misogyny. (AP)
prettydirtypress.etsy.com /
shes.pretty.dirty@gmail.com

LAST NIGHT AT THE CASINO #8 July 2014 / $2 / 40 pgs
This zine is pretty pointless. Each spread has a caricature of a person the author met at a casino, while the other side has a one- or two-sentence summation of them. The descriptions are boring at best and offensive at worst, with one

making fun of a disabled Native American man because he was drooling. The drawings are marginally unique but not particularly good. There's just nothing of interest to keep you intrigued here; none of the characters seem that out-of-place in a casino setting and the descriptions of them are flat. This would make for a brilliant found-diary at an estate sale, but that's probably where it should stay for now—in private. (DV)
iknowbilly@gmail.com

MUSIC WE HATE #3 / $3.50 / 14 pgs
This is the second issue of *Music We Hate* I've gotten for review, but I missed the second issue, this being the third. No fuck around, just two interviews and a DVD. The loose theme is the moving image, which the interviews try to steer towards but the included video compilation solidifies. Dear Joey, the editor of this zine: you are an expert interviewer. You cut the bullshit intro questions that let the reader know the basics and get right to the not only deep but also completely unexpected and interesting ones. I like this assumption that people either already know the basics, or more importantly that they don't actually matter. Sometimes I don't dig the interviewees—sometimes they are turds, sometimes their answers are boring or bro (really same shit, am I right?) but there is a guide (you). If they don't say interesting shit you continue to say interesting shit anyway and even push them harder for more illustrative answers. On top of this, the format continues to improve, this issue's insides being straight ahead typewriter words, and the outside being a fine stiff paper stamped with pertinent information. Inside the front cover is a pouch holding trading cards of the interviewees. The pouch in the back holds the films. Simple but complete and precise. Highly recommended even if you don't dig noise (by the way, it's a noise zine). (MM)
musicwehate.com



NUTS! #14 / $2 ppd / single newspaper spread
This zine probably needs little recommendation by now, as Ben has managed to create a unique rag that excites, inspires, and entices punks from all over the world. This issue features a very well-written report from this year's New York's Alright fest—I didn't go to it so I enjoyed living vicariously through the author, whose moments of disappointment or disillusion and analytical/speculative expression were not lost on this reviewer. There are also a couple of guest record reviews and mini-columns from Cali and Olympia punks and an interview with Gas Rag's singer Zach, whose talk about S&M work, punks in leather and the process of defecating in people's mouths for money was titillating and revealing. As always, everything is presented with excellent weirdo/freakish style! (LA)
PO Box 1959 / New York, NY 10013 / nutsfanzine.tumblr.com

PLASTIC BOMB #87 / 3.50 euros / 78 pgs
Very cool punk and politics zine from Deutschland. Though my ability to read German is limited, I can assure you this is worth reading. Interviews with: Descendents, Autistic Youth, Misstand, Skaos, Autonomads, Catholic Guilt, and Peter Pan Speedrock, plus a tour diary from the two Italian bands Gas Attack and NoWhiteRag. There's also a ska column and a review of "*Mittelalter*-Rock" or "Medieval Rock" on the likes of In Extremo, Subway to Sally, and Corvus Corax (who seem to be *huge* in Germany). There's a good (but scary) article on the US about neo-Nazi Craig Paul Cobb and a variety of no-goodniks from the National Socialist (bowel?) Movement. It also mentions Cobb's embarrassment on the Trisha Goddard show where it was proven that he has 14% African DNA. Additionally, there's a somewhat satirical article on Vlad Putin and a short write-up on the organization Rote Hilfe (or "Red Aid") which goes back quite a ways. Another non-music article deals with watching football matches in Barcelona. There are loads of zine, demo, and album reviews but I just wish they weren't in such a small font. (Granted, not quite as small a font as *Slug & Lettuce* had.) I'd also like to see some band contacts (like a Bandcamp page) 'cause language barrier aside, a lot of these German bands look really cool. Comes with a free CD comp. (JD)
Postfach 100205 / D-47002 Duisburg / Germany / micha@plasticbomb.de / www.plasticbomb.de

POSITIVE CREED #24 / $? / 26 pgs
I have to give props to Rob for always managing to put another issue of his zine together! This one is full of hella tight interviews with the likes of Winston Smith and one of the best Rubella Ballet interviews I have ever read (They were getting ready to play a show with Marilyn Manson, whoa!), and a review of a fest where Against Me!, Rob Zombie, and Aerosmith all shared a stage. Also included are interviews with Pop Will Eat Itself, Maid of Age, and Viki Vortex and the Cumshots, plus the usual zine and record reviews. (AP)
PO Box 777 / Exerter / EX1 9TU / United Kingdom

PURE HELL #1 / $2, trades OK / 16 pgs
Pure Hell is punk as hell! Cut-n-paste Xeroxed layout, blown out contrasted pictures (and a cool photospread) and three interesting interviews with three bands you *should* know about: D.H.K. from Lima, Peru, Infernöh from Malmö, Sweden, and Damages from Santa Ana, CA. The intro/mission statement reveals a punk who enjoys learning as much as sharing and the question. "If I'm lucky maybe this will inspire some of you to start writing your own zine. It's up to us to create a lasting record of our scene, and no one is going to do it for us. You have to keep punk alive." That's what it's all about, innit? (LA)
urgentwarningrecords@gmail.com

RADICAL DOMESTICITY #1 / $3 / 16 pgs
I'd love to see the inside of Emma Karin Eriksson's home. In the first issue of her zine she offers tips on everything from cheap and chemical-free ways to abolish stains and scum from your clothing and home, to how to properly set a table, organize your miscellaneous cables, and fairly distribute labor amongst roommates, with an emphasis on reusing and recycling throughout. Step-by-step instructions and drawings illustrate impossible tasks such as folding a fitted sheet (she suggests storing it inside of a pillowcase afterwards) and some sections reveal a level of meticulousness heretofore unseen in punk houses (labeling your plugs with plastic bread-bag tags, using binder clips on the edge of your desk to keep often-used cords on-hand, and more). A clearly written, charming and useful reference. (GA)
prettydirtypress.etsy.com
shes.pretty.dirty@gmail.com

RADICAL DOMESTICITY #2: The Sewing Issue / $3 / 17 pgs
Honestly this is probably more informative and much easier to read than most of my apparel construction textbooks. While home sewing is a much different game than commercial clothing production, this shit gets down to the basics and technical things you need to know to sew. Mending and sewing patches, buttons, and notions are all included. Highly recommended for the beginning sewer! (AP)
prettydirtypress.etsy.com /
shes.pretty.dirty@gmail.com

RAZORCAKE #81 / $4 / 112 pgs
A nice cover article and long interviews with Radioactivity and Muhammadali, plus another big one with M.O.T.O., French Exit, and Narduwar's interview with Bushwick Bill. The columns range from an essay on a Leatherface

song and praise for the band Babymetal (Ugh! Count me out), to road tripping to Sturgis, South Dakota, and Rev Nørb writing about exactly nothing. Rhythm Chicken's column has a quote I could relate to: "I framed my diploma in a Jesse 'The Body' Ventura vinyl picture disc." There's also a very good article by Donna Ramone (with comic art by Steve Thueson) regarding her Arab-American perspective and experiences with 9/11 and the aftermath, along with the stupidity of our media and society. Plus, there're a couple of neat cartoons by Ben Snakepit, Liz Prince, Adrian Chi, and Lucky Nakazawa. The music reviews jump around a bit from current hardcore to more mainstream-y punk like Fucked Up. A mostly good read. (JD)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

SHEEPLE #2 / $4.99 / 32 pgs
This collection of graphics and editorial cartoons is mostly notable for its slick paper and full-color printing. It's largely entry-level and liberal. A number (all?) of the graphics seem to be taken from the internet and are frequently reprinted in such a way that the fine print is unreadable. The majority focuses on NSA spying on American civilians, though there is some anti-war material as well. One page has a "quote" from an Israeli warmonger saying the Jews run America. What the fuck? I found a small amount of decent material and plenty of reasons to pass. (JM)
Stop the NWO / PO Box 418 / New York, NY 10116

SHIT I DREW IN 2013 / $? / 18 pgs
Not a lot going on here. This zine from NY is just eighteen pages ripped from someone's sketchbook, mostly drawings of punks, skulls, safety pins, and back patches. The drawing style is a mix between bathroom graffiti and prison art, so it's not so bad. Interesting to flip through for a couple minutes but probably more interesting if you know the person. There's no contact info anywhere so maybe next time they should put that somewhere in the zine. (VX)
no info

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING #70 / 2 stamps, trades OK / 40 pgs
Issue #70?! Congrats to Billy/Idy on that alone. This is an *amazing* zine dedicated wholly to the UK Subhumans / Citizen Fish / Culture Shock axis, with occasional extra bits about Bluurg Records. The author is obviously a huge fan of the music these folks have been making for the past 30-odd years, and the writings about it definitely reflect that. Every record released by the aforementioned bands is reviewed and the whole thing is laid out in chronological order, giving an incredibly well-informed and contextualized read. This is definitely for people who are both already fans of the aforementioned bands, and for people who have no idea where to start in the huge catalog of their music. I love zines that manage to be both encyclopedic and informative, while still being personal and engaging. Hands down one of the coolest, ,and most impressive, things I've read in a long time. If the parts about Subhumans in the anarchopunk book *The Day the Country Died* left you wanting more, this zine will satiate your appetite. Gotta say, I'm incredibly intrigued by this long-running Ohio zine. If this issue is any indication of the caliber of writing, editing and research done for it, I hope that a collection is in the works. I'd definitely buy one. (FU)
516 Third Street NE / Massillon, OH 44646

THE STOWAWAYS #16 / $2 / 28 pgs
Look y'all, this may sound nitpicky, but it's really fucking annoying when you guys just casually tack "and then Eddie got a blow job from some girl and we went home and ate weed brownies" onto a story. Like, it's pretty well worn territory that it often feels like there's one girl in the crew, and only 'cause she still laughs at your dick jokes and isn't like the stuck-up or bitchy girls at school, but this really ices the cake. It's basically the real life equivalent of having a female character that only ex-ists to look good or get fucked. And don't get me wrong, I don't have anything wrong with looking good and getting fucked, but I do at least three other things just as well as the first two. Other than that *The Stowaways* is about fifteen well laid-out and long-winded pages of some guy's diary, two interviews with his best friends, and some surprisingly upbeat record and zine reviews. (AG)
5082 Wendover Rd / Yorba Linda, CA 92886

THE STUDENT INSURGENT Vol. 24, Issue 4 / $? / 30 pgs
I'm always so stoked when I see young people getting fucking angry at the government and approaching their disdain for capitalism with nuance. *The Student Insurgent* seems to be quite dedicated to giving a voice to incarcerated people and discusses spirituality and metaphysics in a way that many anarchist publications shy away from. There's plenty of weird art and cool poetry to check out and a little bit of Tiqqun right in the middle to keep it real. I hope to get more of these in my box for sure! (MP)
The Student Insurgent / 1228 University of Oregon / Eugene, OR 97603 / studentinsurgent@gmail.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #251 / 3.34 euros / 32 pgs
It's festival season in Europe, which means that this edition of the reliable Finnish-language punk and hardcore zine features reports on shows of all shapes and sizes, ranging from Belgium's Groezrock Festival to a weekend tour dubbed "Queer Punx Night Out." Extensive reviews section covering zines and records, an interview with classic English deathrock outfit Part 1 (that I wish I could read!), and a report on Lapinpolthajat's recent tour of Brazil round out this issue. (GA)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland / tv@punkinfinland.net

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #125 / $2 / 40 pgs
I love this regularly printed punk zine out of Columbia, MO. They regularly have a great band on the cover with an interview and a good mix of acts covered. It's a bit random at times, like including a full page STEVE VAI photo, but at least it's from when he played in Columbia. This issue features RVIVR on the cover, who happen to be one of my favorite bands right now. It also has a great summation of the dangers presented with the SCOTUS ruling on the recent Hobby Lobby case. There are always great photos in *TTWN* and this issue is no different, including a great snap of some street art stating, "Hey stranger, don't call me *baby*! como.ihollaback.org" which made me smile. This zine is consistently politically righteous and in tune with great current music. The first issue I saw was a few months back with my other current band crush, NERVOSAS, gracing the front. This is a very solid fanzine and for only $2 it is an absolute steal. I am happy to now be a regular reader. (DV)
PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205 / thetroublewithnormal.tripod.com

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 27, #3 / $20 for 4-issue sub in US / 8 pgs
There is a variety of radical news in this large format, long-running, quarterly paper. The US Border Patrol, counter-insurgency, and recent attacks on Gaza get extensive coverage. While I was glad to read these, I can't get behind the

Maoists in LA, whose contributions appear regularly here. The "vanguard" is bullshit. Other stories detail the struggles at West Coast community radio stations, writings from prison, and an upcoming antifascist conference in Chicago. For my tastes, this paper is a mixed bag, but there's always worthwhile material. (JM)
Anti-Racist Action Publishers / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232-1055

WACDONALD'S / no price listed / 20 pgs
Part of the Mission Minicomix empire, this lil' tract features one-page comics decrying a particular nasty fast food establishment. The small reproduction does hurt some of the darker, more detailed drawings. As is appropriate for the subject, many of the comics are disgusting. (JM)
missionminicomix.com

WAR ON MISERY #4 / $? / 32 pgs
A sprawling zine focused on the events of Occupy St. Louis. I was kind of excited about this at first and immediately was let down upon reading the headline "Occupy as... Magical Electricity." The zine creates a rather comprehensive timeline of the protests and anti-establishment occurrences in St. Louis, but the important events like the Kleiner Plaza protests are often mixed in with things such as reports of graffiting. The articles not about Occupy, such as those on labor subversion at Whole Foods and the planned rebranding and establishment of the new downtown STL, are, if nothing else, very interesting. Unfortunately the writing is muddled and the layout of the whole thing is confusing. Some stronger writers, with some better editing, would have made this zine a much better read. I don't understand how prisoner attacks on guards in Chester, IL have anything to do with political protest, except in the vaguest anti-cop porn kind of way. The piece on how to turn on your water is great and succinct. With the recent events in neighboring Ferguson exploding all over social media and public dialogue, this zine, as clumsy as it is, helps shed a lot of light on the kind of social conditions and urban milieu that lead to the types of protesting that occurred on the streets of St. Louis. Honestly, this zine isn't as good as it is informative in contextualizing (to an extent) the greater problems the people of St. Louis have been dealing with which lead to the city's recent explosion. (FU)
war_on_misery@riseup.net

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES #8 / $4, trades OK / 34 pgs
Wasted Opportunities is a zine made by an Australian dude named Justin. Let it be stated here that there is verrry little that comes from that godforsaken pisshole that I would speak a kind word about. I dig *Distort* zine, Vegemite, the Saints and kangaroos. The rest is garbaggio. But I digress...The first feature in the zine is an interview with the ever righteous Erica Freas in which she uses the term "social justice activism" a few too many times. As you may be able to gather by this point, I'm not a huge fan of hers but when she spoke about being embarrassed about busking Hole songs when she was younger, I lost it. You are not worthy of kissing Courtney's ring, my dude. The reviews were thorough and covered bands like Dead Dog, Libyans, Wet Nurse, and Against Me! In some ways, I appreciate a dude putting out a zine that covers so many female-fronted projects but this is mostly an eye-roll situation because I don't trust the intentions of "feminist men" or whatever. Also, what's with the anti-extraterrestrial message? As an alien punk, I am deeply offended! Check your human privilege, amirite? (MP)
Justin / PO Box 145 / Ryal Brisbane / Herston QLD / 4029 Australia /
wastedoppurtunitieszine@gmail.com

WICKED VIBES #2 / $4 / 52 pgs

This is a devilish comic zine, subtitled "52 page steroid sized spectacular!" In these pages you'll find high school zombies, killer robots in love, bug-eyed exterminators, contaminated mutants, bloodthirsty hyenas, old men on their deathbed dreaming of another life...A well curated zine and entertaining one-fell-swoop read, with a distinct deathly feel to every story, all written by Dillon Hallen, and artwork riding the line between humor and horror by varying artists of varying styles. Killer cover of a fly in a tie holding a gut-splattered human-swatter. Wicked indeed! (LA)
Dillon Hallen / 320 E Clarence St. / Milwaukee, WI 53207 / liquidcheesefanzine.storenvy.com

YOUR WAR #15 / $1, trades OK / 16 pgs
For a minute, I was like, who the fuck lives in Tualatin that I don't know? And then I realized that this zine is put out by the people from Violent Party who just moved to Portland from Virginia. It has a bunch of cool content, like interviews with Tom and Boot Boys, Sun Children Sun, and Slakteri. Record reviews, a rarities section, and even two pages dedicated to Portland punk news so I know about everything I'm missing out on. I'm really glad genre-specific punk zines like this are back because sometimes you just need to cut out the bullshit. (AP)
violentpartyva@yahoo.com / 19355 SW 65th Ave #192 / Tualatin, OR 97062

THE ZINE EXPLORERS NOTEBOOK #5 / $2, stamps, trades OK / 20 pgs
This zine starts off with a few pages on the passing of a dear friend. Then there's a rant about a white person feeling the effects of racial discrimination (which, I'd like to point out, is probably the whitest article I have ever read in an underground publication), a few pages of news mostly focused on police brutality and/or excessive force resulting in death, an awesome zine review section, and a few pages of letters from their adoring fans. I have pretty good eyesight for an old geezer, but I honestly had to use my magnifying glass to read this thing. The massive zine review section, which manages to cover an incredibly varied array of zines, is enough to make this mandatory reading for anyone who wonders if the internet has actually finally struck the death blow to the typewriter, pen and paper carrying artists, writers and other lovely freaks. (DZ)
PO Box 5291 / Richmond, VA 23220

ZINE NATION #2 / $5 ppd US, $4 CAN, $8 world, trades OK / 40 pgs
You are getting a zine of zine reviews, seemingly by one person who overuses the words adroit and cleavage (but not to mean the area between boobs), but I'm not sure. Anyway I can't, like, tell you in a zine review what other zine reviews are about. There's no way you won't find something you're interested in if you are a zine lover. Listen to me though—worth the cover price. Right off the bat there is an inspiring, incredible interview with Ratalia Espigadora, who is behind *Biblioteca-Fanzinoteca Nómade*, a "zine bike" traveling through Punta Arenas to Puerto Natales in Chile. You read that right, she biked for months at a time, including in snow, to bring DIY publishing to geographically isolated places. She facilitated zine workshops along the trip and reports that the participants made zines covering subjects "as diverse as femicide, dead idols, microscopic life, ecology, manga, pathologies associated with climate change, and carious teeth." Also interviewed is Jeff Miller of Ghost Pine, who is mostly reviewing a reading that Aaron Cometbus did in Montreal, but it's cute and you'll like it. (JB)
#4-425 Crawford Street / Toronto / Ontario, M6G 3J7 Canada / zinelisting@gmail.com

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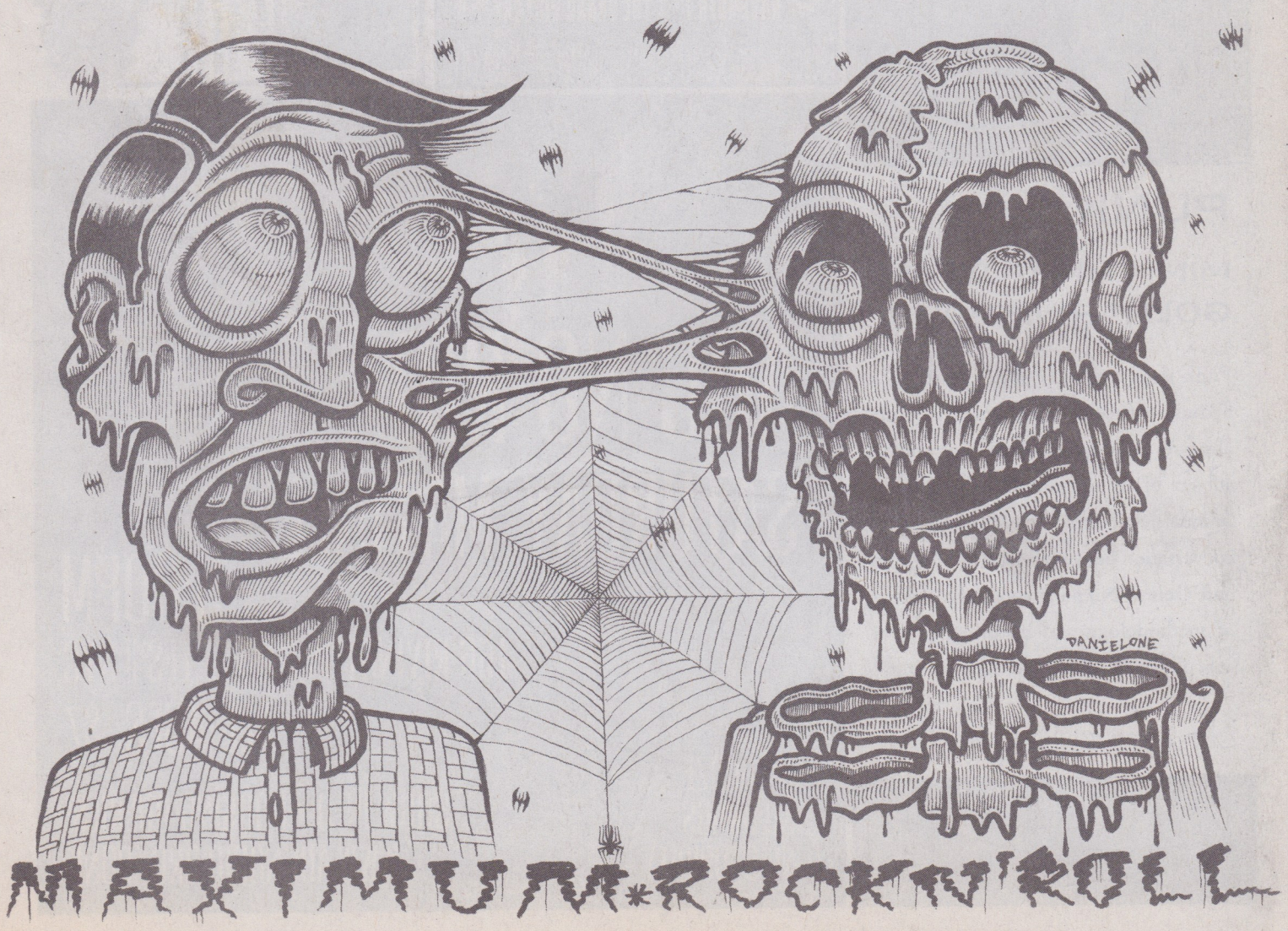
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